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The MOTHER *who Stands between her* CHILDREN *and* DISEASE

BE on your guard against insects, you mothers who protect your children.

The United States Public Health Service says: "If we wish to save the lives of the thousands of babies who die from summer complaint every year, the very first step is the eradication of flies." This disease kills more than one-fifth of all the children who die under five years of age.

Do flies carry typhoid fever? The Medical Association of Georgia says: "Fully 95 percent of typhoid in rural districts must be laid to the common house fly."

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It's so easy, too! Just use the handy Flit sprayer, spray the clean-smelling, non-staining vapor around—and you and your family will be safe and comfortable. Use it all year 'round! It's good housekeeping.

Outdoors on the porch—on your car—on picnics—on camping trips—if you will spray Flit you will keep bothersome insects away.

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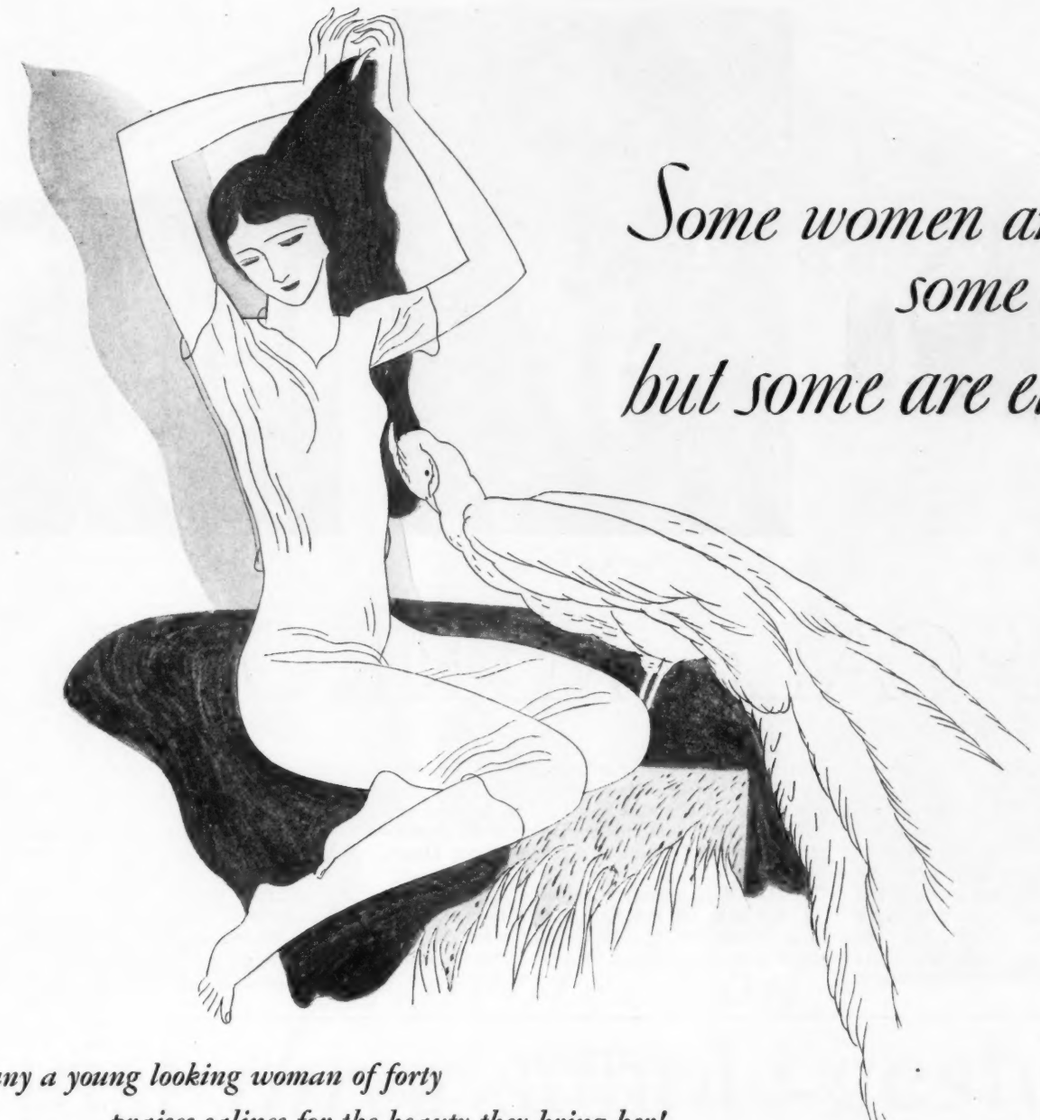

Some women are 30 some are 40 but some are eternal!

And many a young looking woman of forty praises salines for the beauty they bring her!

WHY do some women age more rapidly than others? The creams they use? The skill with which they use them?

Very probably not! For nearly all women today are skilled in the use of beauty aids—but, sad to relate, not all women pay half enough attention to the day by day state of their well-being.

The women who are eternally young in spirits and appearance are those who care for themselves not only from *without*, but from *within*. They keep themselves internally clean. And, to this end, they use the saline laxative whose complexion-improving qualities are internationally famous—Sal Hepatica.

To keep the body young and healthy, the saline method is approved by physicians everywhere. Across the sea, women who value their beauty visit regularly the wonderful saline springs and spas, and, on their doctors' advice, drink daily of these health-giving waters. When the course is completed their complexions are freshened—their health improved—their joy of life immeasurably increased.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

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* * * *

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Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Sal Hepatica

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Allan Snody

Oliver La Farge

Royal Brown

McCALL MIRRORS

SUMMER, 1925. Two huge Navy planes, engines wide open, roared down the stretch and sailed into the vast blue reaches of the Pacific, bound for Hawaii. They failed. And in the air failure is a tragic thing. Days passed and a despairing world surrendered hope. Their gas was gone—a tailspin—perhaps a faulty motor? But then, as if a wave had suddenly broken through its crest and revealed its quarry, the P N-3 was sighted with all hands safe on board, after five days of relentless pitching and rolling in the wash of the Pacific. Its commander, Allan Snody, and his companion, Commander Rogers of the P N-1, rescued several days later, were decorated for their courage. And this drama of near tragedy forms the setting of *Red, White and Green,* the first story from the pen of the survivor, Allan Snody.

OLIVER LA FARGE knows more about Indians than one of their chieftains, for he has studied them as other men study gems, mining or art. After Harvard, young Mr. La Farge—for he is only 29—made four thrilling expeditions into the Navajo country of our own West and twice penetrated Middle America, jogging twelve thousand miles across Mexico and Guatemala on horseback. These were not flying trips; each lasted for months, giving the man who set the literary world nodding its head over *Laughing Boy* time enough to know these strangers and write of them as the *Sons of the Desert.*

THERE is scarcely a reader of American fiction who has not read more than one of Mr. Brown's exhilarating stories—written for the most part during six months of the year. Thus the author is left six months in which to browse around the south shore of Massachusetts with his wife, of whom he says, "I'm still learning about women from her." And it's a wise husband who knows his subject well enough to write *His Private Practice.*

FAMOUS though married applies equally to Katharine Newlin and Struthers Burt. They met in Oxford, England, and following their marriage two years later, homesteaded in an isolated quarter of Wyoming. But the country around Jackson Hole soon blossomed into a paradise of dude ranches and the Burts' ranch was one of these. Living there the year round they wrote stories and won their separate fame. Now they own a smaller private ranch and winter at Southern Pines, N. C.

IF YOU failed to see the curtain rise last month on *M'sieu Sweetheart,* Nell Shipman's drama of the North, it is not too late to introduce yourself, in this issue, to the most sweeping and completely enthralling story of the snow country ever written—and by a woman who has lived in the fastness of the ice-bound wilderness, and knows the heart of its romance.

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Donor of happiness to two thousand childless homes

In Miniature — Alice Delafield Chapin

Who lives an eternal love story

By Mary Margaret McBride

WHEN a baby really needs a friend, he will be lucky if fate puts him in the way of Alice Chapin who has chosen to devote her life to the sick, neglected babies of the world. Mrs. Henry Dwight Chapin is founder of the Alice Chapin Adoption Nursery which has given homes and adoring parents in every part of the United States to two thousand little waifs and, equally important, has furnished a new heart interest for over two thousand childless homes.

The story of the nursery is Mrs. Chapin's own story for the past twenty years. To it, during that period, she has dedicated her thoughts, money, time and home, but most of all a great and unselfish love that never has counted the cost of what she has given.

The first episode of this extraordinary "love story" of hers occurred in the summer of 1910 when a wisp of a girl baby, wasted to skin and bones, blue eyes sunken, tiny hands like claws, was picked up by a passer-by from under a bench in Central Park, New York City. The little thing had evidently rolled off the bench to the ground. Her mouth was full of grass and she was bruised and too weak to cry or even to move. The baby was taken to the children's ward of the Post Graduate Hospital where Mrs. Chapin's husband, Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, well-known children's specialist, tended her. In spite of all that he could do, the forlorn scrap seemed to have no inclination to take hold of life again.

THE doctor could not get this baby out of his mind. That night, he spoke of her to his wife. Next day Mrs. Chapin visited the baby. She was already a familiar figure at the Post Graduate where she was accustomed to play fairy godmother to the children's ward through kindergarten classes for all who were well enough; but one glance at this baby told her that something very special was needed here. Instinctively, she knew what that "something" was—a mother. She lifted the tiny wasted body from its crib.

"This baby is going home with us," she said to Dr. Chapin.

When, together, the two had tenderly nursed little Polly back to life and health, they decided to adopt her. But just then a woman came along, who Mrs. Chapin explains, "needed her even more than we did."

So the good doctor and his wife gave up the little girl they had learned to love and threw themselves more energetically than ever into their work at the hospital —Dr. Chapin as physician and Mrs. Chapin as volunteer kindergarten teacher.

But somehow, with Polly gone, their home seemed disturbingly quiet, even sad; and Mrs. Chapin fretted because she wanted something that was harder to do than conducting kindergarten classes.

Finally she took home two more forlorn little specimens. This time she made the third floor of the house into a nursery and installed the thin, ailing babies there. Dr. Chapin gave them medical care, but in addition, they needed love and constant, careful nursing, so Mrs. Chapin withdrew from everything else that she might look after them herself.

It is her theory that no baby is too tiny to miss its mother, and that in institutions, however efficient or kindly in spirit, growth of mind and body is retarded by the lack of individual affection.

When the two new inhabitants of the nursery had been set on the road to sturdy health, Mrs. Chapin turned them, too, over to eager foster mothers, who, she had satisfied herself, would continue to cherish them. So it went for five years. The nursery had always two occupants, but never the same two for long. As soon as a baby grew well and strong, somebody who "needed" it appeared. Finally Mrs. Chapin accepted the situation. She realized that nursing neglected little waifs from unattractiveness into such charm as would win permanent fathers and mothers, was a work that few other women would care to undertake.

"It seemed to be meant," she said, "that I was not to have a baby for my own. The strangest things happened. Whenever I decided to keep a baby, somebody invariably appeared who wanted that very one so badly that it would have been worse than selfish for me not to yield.

"Finally I decided that these things happened because I was to be kept for the other task, and so I am content. After all, we have had so many children in our lives that it would be wrong to repine because we have had none of our very own, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Chapin had already begun to dream of a work beyond the limit of the quarters afforded by her third floor, when her sister died and it was necessary for the bereaved children to occupy the nursery to the exclusion of the babies.

And then one day, just when Alice Chapin was beginning to worry, she met a certain Mrs. Peter Grimm at luncheon and Mrs. Grimm said, "I'd like to give you $1,800 for your nursery."

It was like a miracle. Mrs. Chapin was so happy she cried. With that gift and four babies, the Alice Chapin Adoption Nursery was formally started. The Children's Aid Society loaned an apartment for headquarters and a nurse and one maid were engaged.

Although there were now too many babies for her to look after all their wants herself, Mrs. Chapin saw to it that they still had their daily quota of loving, personal attention. Only so, she insisted, could they be made ready for the homes which were waiting for them.

THAT is why the walls of the rooms in which the babies live are softly tinted pink and blue and the cribs and chests decorated with nursery pictures as they should be in any baby's home. It is the reason, too, that Dr. and Mrs. Chapin, when they visit the nursery in fresh white robes, pick the children up and fondle them.

Eight children at a time, recommended by social workers and organizations are cared for in the present Nursery, a beautiful house located in the mellow old Chelsea district of New York City. A board of devoted women give their services to raise money for the Nursery by means of benefits, rummage sales and a shop at headquarters where everything a baby can need is sold. Gifts pour in, too, from persons who know what is being done.

And every mail brings to Mrs. Chapin a heart-stirring appeal from somebody—usually a woman—who wants to know how to go about adopting a baby.

The best Mrs. Chapin can do is to advise the applicant to put herself on the waiting list of a reputable child-adoption organization. [*Turn to page 45*]

"I warn against the irritation produced by many ordinary soaps...use *only* Palmolive"

says Pessl of Vienna and Budapest

Aristocracy of many nations for over one hundred years have turned to the famous house of Pessl for advice on skin care.

Herr Pessl supervising a facial treatment in his Viennese salon. This distinguished consultant on beauty care finds Palmolive best for all home treatments.

"NO skin can remain beautiful," says the famous Pessl, of Vienna and Budapest, "if it is not regularly cleansed with soap and water. But to say 'Use any soap' is dangerous. You should be particular in choosing a soap for your face.

"Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine, soothing cosmetic oils—will do. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."

Pessl, international authority

To Pessl's shop, across from the Opera House in Vienna, come women whose names are famous in society, the world of opera and the stage. And he advises them all to use this twice-a-day home beauty treatment which takes so little time and produces such gratifying results.

Massage a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into the skin, letting the lather get deep into every tiny pore. Then rinse away soap, dirt, make-up with warm water, finally with cold. And you'll find that your skin is wonderfully soft, smooth, protected against the many abuses of modern life.

Beware of irritation

So many soaps may irritate while they cleanse. They may toughen the texture of the skin and spoil its delicate coloring. Palmolive is made of vegetable oils. Its color, its odor, its very feeling is that of nature's great cosmetic oils. It cleanses both safely and easily.

Herr Pessl is one of a great international group of beauty specialists who have discovered the facts about Palmolive for themselves and who now tell their patrons to use this soap in preference to any other. Today, there are over 19,800 such experts. Think of that! Thousands and thousands of those who are trained to know, proclaim Palmolive best after repeated experiments.

You will like Palmolive. You will be using it soon for the bath, too, since it costs even less than quite ordinary soaps. Follow Pessl's advice. Begin this very day.

"Palmolive Soap is made of fine vegetable oils. It is safe for the most delicate skin. I warn my clients against the irritation produced by ordinary soaps. Those who use Palmolive show the best results after our own beauty treatments."

L. Pessl

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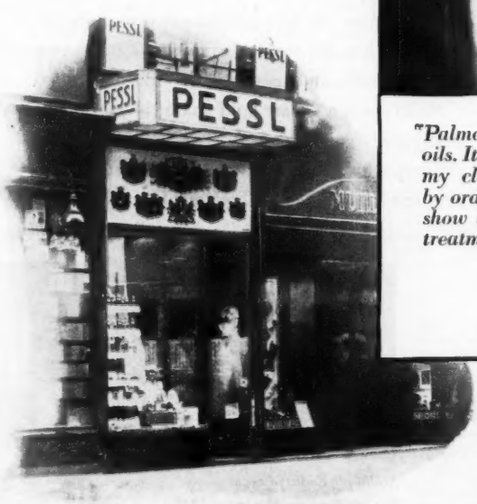

Pessl's salon, across from the famous Opera House in Vienna, bears the seals of many royal houses he has served as beauty adviser.

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NO PASTY OR FLAKY LOOK...DOES NOT SMART THE SKIN.

MADE BY A NEW FRENCH PROCESS...FAMOUS FOR ITS PURITY.

MISS DOROTHY FLOOD, *10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, famous Ziegfeld Beauty, is one of the many beautiful women who endorses new wonderful Mello-glo face powder, because it stays on longer and prevents large pores.

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Mello-glo Facial-Tone Powder comes to you as the last word in face powders—less powdering, smoother finish, looks like natural skin. Do not let your pores get large or your skin rough and aged. Use Mello-glo and look younger.

Its great popularity has bred many imitations, but there are no substitutes. No face powder was ever made like it — Mello-glo alone has the secret formula and this new process. Get Mello-glo only, and keep your complexion young.

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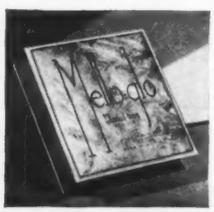

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A new French formula that stays on longer. The finest and purest powder made. A favorite of beautiful women. $1

Mello-glo Beauty Cream

This new cream nourishes and bleaches. Takes away sallowness and imperfections. Gives clear pinky complexion. . $1

Mello-glo Special Lip Stick A new indelible lip and cheek rouge. Leaves the color only. Will not streak or wear off for a long time. $1

Photo by John Kabel

The homes of the half-wild Navajos are tucked away in crannies and little canyons

SONS OF THE DESERT

By Oliver La Farge

Author of the Pulitzer Prize Novel

WHO are the thirty thousand mysterious Americans dwelling silently and in peace in the arid regions of Arizona? And how do they live? The author of "Laughing Boy" here paints a picture of the Navajos as gloriously colorful as a sunset on their blazing hills, as intrinsically Indian as a peace pipe smoked solemnly at sundown.

UNDER the remorseless Arizona sun, the interior of the corrugated iron building is simply a fireless cooker. It has in its favor that it shuts out the blinding, vibrant light, and that only a fraction of the constantly drifting sand gets into it. The trader yawns, bored, and goes to the door to see if it is any cooler in the sun. As soon as he makes a little money he will build himself a nice, cool stone-and-'dobe trading post with a thick roof, and his wife will be able to move the stove indoors.

From where he leans now, rolling himself a smoke, he can survey most of his territory, tremendous spaces interrupted by violent, straight-sided hills of red and orange rock, deceptively green, washed-out areas of greasewood and sagebrush and totally worthless tumbleweed, the startling, green-black finger of a volcanic core, thirty miles away, which in that clear air seems to dominate the very doorway. One would think he could see everything for a radius of ten miles, yet within that radius dwell some two hundred families, and there is not a sign of a habitation. Tucked away in crannies and little canyons, or invisible against backgrounds from the very material of which they are made, are the homes of his customers, the half-wild Navajos; one-sided leantos of brush, well-built evergreen bowers, cool, airy, and romantic, and solid-domed structures of sturdy logs, plastered generously with local mud.

They are pretty good dry-farmers, raising corn, beans, and melons chiefly, not quite enough to feed themselves. Their scrawny horses pick up a living where you would think a goat would starve; their flocks of sheep live where you would think a Gila monster would have trouble. To the animals, everything not actually mineral is nourishment.

The poverty of the desert dictates the people's movements. In the spring and summer, they go to where there is dampness enough in the soil for planting. In the autumn, they move to the high mountains and gather piñon nuts. In the winter, they must go wherever there will still be feed for the all-important sheep. From the sheep comes purchasing power, and hence the difference between semi-starvation and comfort.

So vast is the country, so weak in comparison is man, that from the trader's door one can see only untouched desert, not a mark upon it. To a man with a family to support, this may be a melancholy view.

It is alleviated by the sight of an approaching Indian, singing to his pony's lope. He ties his pony to the rack, and proceeds without loss of time to borrow a smoke from the trader. He is the local jeweler; with handmade dies from old files, a piece of railroad track for an anvil, a primitive bellows originally designed by the Moors, and a Moorish technique acquired by his wild forebears from Spanish slaves, he turns out silver and turquoise objects sensitively beautiful, utterly barbaric and Navajo.

The silver buttons on his yellow velveteen shirt, the heavy silver and thick turquoise around his neck, the wide silver belt, are testimonials to his skill. His long hair is knotted behind, and bound with a deep blue head-band; his face is Indian, deep-lined, acquiline, strong. He steps silently in red buckskin moccasins. He wears ragged blue jeans over old-fashioned leggins and breech-clout, and a plaid waistcoat on which he has put silver buttons. The trader is used to all this, it does not even occur to him that he once thought such combinations odd. Glad to be occupied, he leans across the counter, for an hour's patience to make a trade involving a fifty cent profit.

THE Navajo came into the Southwest possessed of just two things—a progressive, inquiring mind and a great aptitude for war. These Indians proceeded to take unto themselves their neighbors' sheep, wives, and property, the art of weaving, silversmithing (from the Mexicans), agriculture, religious forms, and so on. Whatever they took over, they adapted and in many cases improved. To them the advent of the Americans merely enriched the field for their taking ways. The result was conflict, which after twenty years of intermittent warfare ended when Kit Carson gave them one final, decisive, and thorough licking.

There seems to be a natural transition from the acquisition of something for nothing by warfare, to the acquisition of it for as little as possible by close bargaining. The Navajos love to trade, they love [*Turn to page 53*]

Isabel Leighton

The Duchess di Sermoneta

A WORD TO THE BRIDE

On the right age to marry

Isabel Leighton, actress and author, who married at seventeen, says: "I've always hugged the incorrigibly romantic notion to me that love comes but once. Later attractions are devoid of a quality that is ineffably sweet—illusion."

But Vittoria, Duchess di Sermoneta, a brilliant figure in international society, believes that, "Under the influence of first love men and women gamble with all their years of living. And oh, so often it is a losing game!"

From Isabel Leighton

THOUGH you may believe ever so ardently that "marriages are made in heaven," you will, no doubt, concede that the secret of a successful one lies in its contemplation here on earth. And since I'm convinced that it takes a deal of working out, whether you start early or late, I would much rather make what literary folks call the maiden voyage on the sea of matrimony at an age which leaves enough time in which either to undo my mistake if I've made one or enjoy my happiness should I be one of the world's blest.

If I were certain that to marry in middle life would insure me against the errors of a more youthful mating I should perhaps favor the later union, but at least one or two of the more mature must have made some fairly conspicuous mistakes to have inspired "there's no fool like an old fool," a bromide one can't avoid hearing every now and again.

There are all sorts of obvious arguments in favor of early marriage. I know that I have been told by more than one serious thinker that nothing is as conducive to ultimate connubial happiness as growing up one with the other; that a life spent in attaining maturity with a mate takes on almost the quality of habit, a word that makes the sophisticate shudder, but not me! For habit is merely repetition and what greater source of unending delight than the frequent recurrence of a pleasant experience?

Then you must have heard, as I have, that there are few ties that hold people together like the memory of early struggles, of privations endured side by side, of the disappointments that are an integral part of youth mutually shared. If this contention is based on anything other than sentiment it is true principally for the reason that when one is young trouble does not leave an indelible impression and as the years pass all that is left of the experience is the romance that has been fabricated out of one's woe, a picture that is sweet to look upon. On the other hand, if a beginning with a mate is made late in life and worries come as they frequently do, they arrive at a time when one's resilience is impaired, when the capacity for coping with devastating trouble has long since been reached and care seems not the glamorous thing into which youth [*Turn to page 56*]

From The Duchess di Sermoneta

THEY met ten years after they had said goodbye as sweethearts. In the crowded room, engulfed by conversation which ran like a stream over their heads, they gazed at each other silently. In two minds was the same wonder: "What," thought she, "did I see in him?"

"Why," mused he, "did I once love her?"

He had grown a little stout, and the lines about his eyes gave him a harder, crueler appearance than that of the man she had known.

She was an insignificant-looking woman, and she did not know how to dress, he discovered, although he had not noticed such details a decade ago.

How hard it was, in the light of the experience of those ten years they had spent apart from each other, to recapture the exultant madness of their romance! How difficult to recollect that they once had believed life could not be sweet unless their roads crossed again! Supposing they had not parted, had not turned their backs on the fiery emotion of their early youth, but had walked down the road together those ten years?

The faint traces of smiles touched the corners of their lips, as mutely they offered up their gratitude to the destiny that had kept them apart.

For the chasm of unknown years between the meetings of these two people had brought home to them a fundamental truth: a woman of thirty and a man of thirty-three are two different human [*Turn to page 102*]

OLD-World charm is mirrored by this modern Armstrong Floor, a rich Embossed effect, De Luxe 16011. Fine craftsmanship is reflected, too, in the way this floor is laid—trimly tailored and cemented over linoleum lining felt.

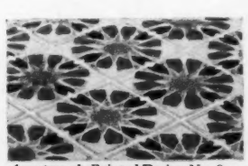
From homes of SUNNY SPAIN comes this bright floor beauty

STROLL down a street in Seville and you'll be literally bathed in a rainbow of warm, brilliant colors. If you dared peep back of the grilled windows that temptingly lean out and beckon, you'd be delighted with the way this natural inheritance of color has been brought right into the homes, where brightly hued furnishings and floors capture the sun's good cheer.

Perhaps our own homes need more of this same happy color treatment. Certainly the suggestion of relieving the drab monotony of the floors we live with is one we might well consider. Particularly when today it is so simple to transform those floors, to put their worn, splintery surfaces completely out of sight and out of mind under a smart, fashionable floor of modern Armstrong's Linoleum.

If your home happens to be Spanish, the promise of this pleasant change is in the dining-room illustrated. If your rooms reflect the English, the Colonial, even the modern mode, you will discover equally correct designs and colors in the many new Armstrong Floors now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores near your home.

And isn't it nice to discover, too, that whether the floor you select is gay or subdued, patterned or plain, it possesses so many good-housekeeping virtues? So cushioning to walk on. Quiet, too. And the Accolac-Processed surface is so easy to keep spick-and-span. Dirt wipes right up, for this surface is spot-proof. Light waxing and polishing keep it gleaming. Or where floors need frequent washing, just renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory experts tell us not to lacquer over wax.)



Armstrong's Printed Design No. 8535

Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6006

"New Ideas in Home Decoration" tells you more of this modern floor story. It is packed with picture-proof of How Armstrong Floors dress up different types of rooms. May we send you this latest book by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator? Plus an offer of the author's free service in planning rooms that are different? Just send 10¢ with your letter to cover mailing. Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 331 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . ARABESQ . . PRINTED . . and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Extra-quick! ready-prepared for dishes

Chipso Granules ... a new form of Chipso ... wash dishes a new speedy 1, 2, 3 way

I always thought I was pretty quick at getting my dishes washed up and put away—it isn't a job I like to linger over.

But I had a surprise the first time I tried those new Chipso Granules. Without hurrying (and chipping my thin French china, which I am very "choice of", as one of my neighbors says), I got those dishes washed with a speed that almost took my breath away.

I can't tell you all the scientific facts that make these new Chipso Granules the quickest dishwashing soap I ever used. I don't understand scientific processes very well

anyway. But the secret seems to be—Chipso Granules are "ready-prepared" (like bouillon cubes or instant coffee).

These tiny little soap particles which look almost like a powder, aren't a powder. They're compact, ready-to-work Chipso suds *in steam-dried form.* You just add hot water and put in your dishes. Actually, there isn't much more to it than that. Here is my new method in 3 brief steps:

1. Add hot water to a tablespoonful of Granules and put dishes into the richest, foamiest suds you ever saw.
2. After a moment's soaking, these rich suds have cleared away grease and stickiness. A swish or two with a mop and dishes are clean.
3. A hot rinse and you're through! No wiping needed unless you wish. No dishtowels to wash. Dishes dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

When you try these new Chipso Granules, I think you'll find that you can save about ten minutes from each dishwashing. And you'll find too that you don't pay for this extra time-saving. Chipso Granules are economical to use. There's no waste in these compact steam-dried suds. The big 25¢ package will do all your dishes for a month. And anything as thrifty as that always sounds like good news to me.

Ruth Turner

And for easier washdays ... the famous Chipso Flakes

These suds won't fall down ... they're rich and lasting

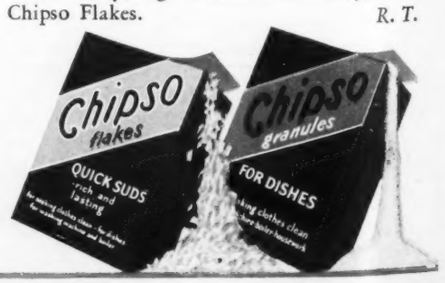
After having experimented with every soap on the market (or so it seems to me) I have discovered why Chipso's famous thin flakes give so much more practical help than any soap I've ever tried on washday. It's the *Chipso suds.*

There are other soaps you know which give a nice-looking fluffy suds. But these don't "stand up". When you put in your clothes—down come the suds. Such soaps, I've always found, aren't rich enough to do real work.

But Chipso suds last and *last.* There doesn't seem to be any way of wearing out their rich, dirt-loosening energy. They work quickly and safely, removing soil with much less help from me or my washing machine.

Even before I had my electric washer, I never really did hard rubbing on a Chipso washday. A short Chipso soaking loosened the dirt. Chipso goes farther too. Personally I can always get four or five fairly large washes out of a 25¢ box of Chipso Flakes.

R. T.



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Important! Chipso—Now in 2 Forms—*Flakes* and *Granules*

"I could give you more help if they'd give me men"

RED, WHITE AND GREEN

By Allan Snody

Illustrated by CLAYTON KNIGHT

IS courage the greater when accompanied by brave words and sounding trumpets or when it spends itself, unwatched, in the wrench and roll of the vast Atlantic? Here is a magnificent story of two unsung heroes of the World War told by one of their commanders.

THE young Naval Air officer from the States was very proud and earnest as he turned over his credentials and said: "Sir, I have the honor to report to you for duty in compliance with these orders of the Secretary of the Navy."

On the other side of the big flat-topped desk sat the Commanding Officer of the U. S. Naval Air Station. With little bloodshot eyes he glared at the papers handed to him. His scowling, wrinkled face, even his shrunken figure bespoke his bitter resentment.

"Well, Ensign Frederick Avery Jackson, what do you know about the United States Navy that they make you an officer in it?"

"I—I—" began Mr. Jackson.

"*Pipe down!* You're just like the rest of 'em. They—"

Mr. Jackson made a fresh and stronger start: "I—"

"Don't interrupt me!" shouted the Captain. It gave him some relief from his raw and jumping nerves. "Maybe you can tell me who convinced the Navy Department that human clothes-racks are poison to German submarines?"

"I—" answered Mr. Jackson, leaving a somewhat erroneous impression as the second and following words of his explanation were promptly and thoroughly drowned by the Captain's impatient bellow:

"*Pipe down I say!*" Then with a shrug of virtuous resignation he continued, "Well, I've done all I can; if the enemy makes an undertaker's paradise out of this God-forsaken outfit of boy scouts, the Department can't say I didn't warn them."

With trembling hands he lit another cigarette—nearer the middle than the end.

"Sir, I—" persisted Mr. Jackson.

"I've heard enough from you, young man. Tell my aide to assign you quarters; then report to the Senior Squadron Commander and request him to put you where you'll do the least damage."

A bewildered Mr. Jackson found himself outside the Commanding Officer's office, still very erect, very red in the face, and looking younger than ever.

The Captain's aide received him with a friendly smile.

"Not a very cheerful welcome to the war zone, I take it, Jackson," he remarked understandingly.

"'Cheerful' isn't the word I would use to describe the Captain's monologue, sir," replied Mr. Jackson.

"I know," said the aide. "The Skipper isn't feeling any too fit today. He had an unusually long session at the Club last night with some of his British friends."

"But why take it out on me, sir?" asked the young officer. "Today is the first time we've ever seen or heard of one another. He seemed to think I had something to do with formulating the worst features of the Naval policy. And he considers me unfit for service because I haven't a long white beard, a Civil War service medal, and the training one gets carousing around the world on a ship at the Government's expense."

"Try to forget it, Jackson," counseled the aide. "You *can* be of use to us for we're short of observers right now. We have a tough job here, in more ways than one as you'll soon find out."

GUIDED by a sailor-orderly, Ensign Jackson splashed through the muddy streets of the hastily constructed Air Station to his little room in the Officers' Quarters.

After dismissing the sailor, he sat down wearily in the less uncomfortable of the two chairs in the drab room. There was an unaccustomed sensation of heaviness at the pit of his stomach.

"Damn it all," he muttered to himself, "I wish I could get used to these hard guys who live on salt water and sea-weed. Even though his disposition has fermented in the service of his country, it's goin' to take a lot of imagination to respect the Head Knocker of this madhouse."

Then with hands grown strangely gentle, he took from an inside pocket of his blouse a worn letter that looked anything but official. He knew every word in it but it still served to thrill and comfort him. It had become his escape from the grim realities of this new life of war. A tender little smile curved Jackson's lips as he read the letter through again.

The severe details of the room faded away, the drone of the engines from the hangars melted into soothing music; all the entranced officer saw at that moment was a radiant face from which great dark eyes gazed dreamily, even promisingly . . . .

Like two lunatics the men yelled and whirled their arms at

"Glad to have you with us, Jackson," greeted the Senior Squadron Commander cordially. "I knew your brother well at Yale. Until further notice you will be Ensign Foster's second pilot and observer on the daylight anti-submarine patrol. Look him up for instructions. May you have many happy landings with us."

Jackson found his new pilot on the flying beach tinkering with the engine of a disreputable looking twin-float seaplane. Foster's pale, serious face was streaked with grease. To Jackson he appeared very tired.

"I'm Jackson, assigned to you as observer," announced the trim young officer just arrived from the States.

Foster climbed down from the engine. They shook hands gravely.

In considerable detail Foster explained the current submarine situation, their operations against these under-sea craft, the escorting of convoys, weather conditions in the locality, and a score of other matters pertinent to their mission.

Jackson had been glancing idly over the seaplane as Foster talked. The smile left his lips when he saw the trade mark on the propeller.

"Have you been using that make of propeller on your patrol flights?" asked the observer.

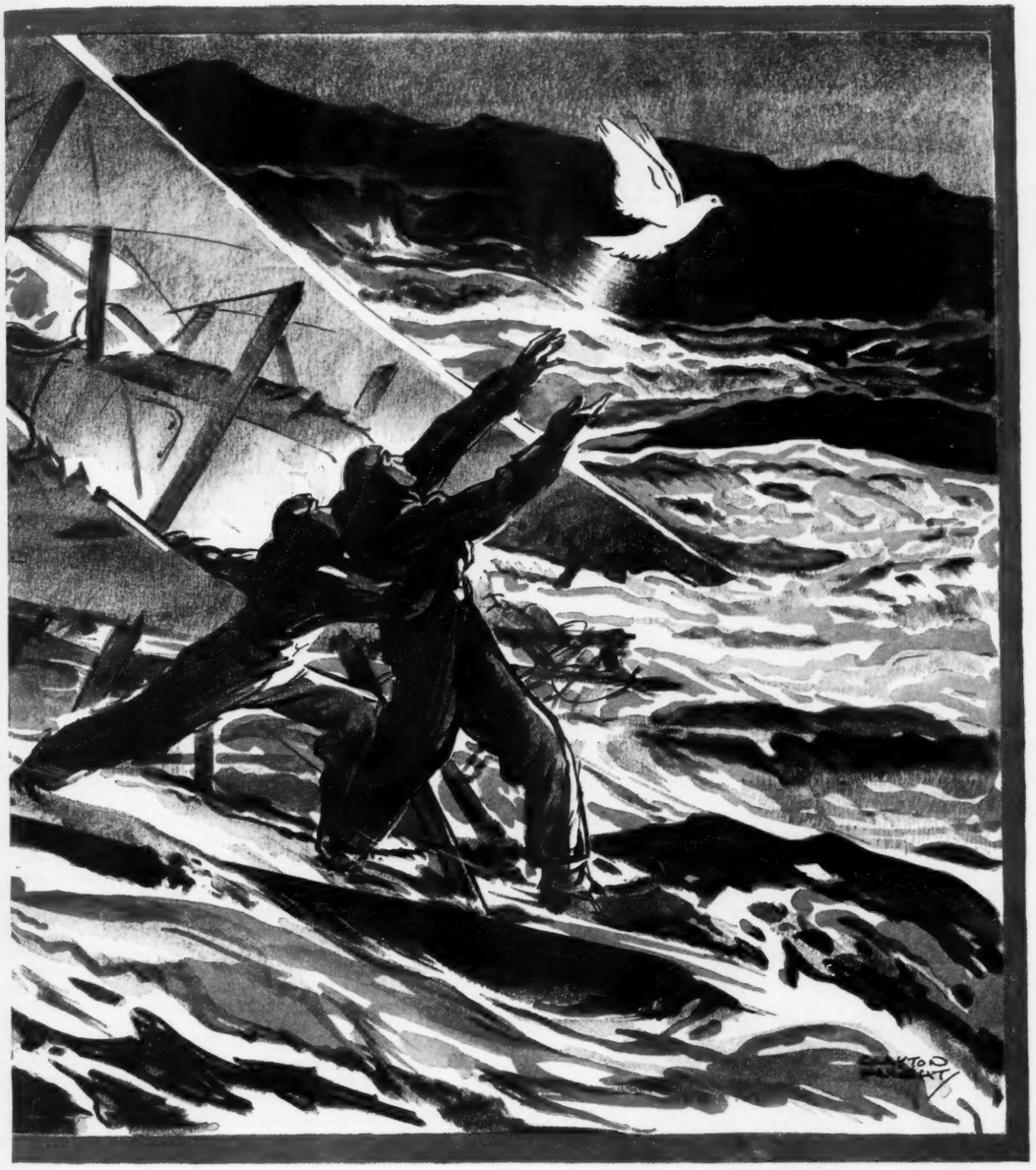
"Why, yes," answered Foster. "Is there anything the matter with it?"

"Perhaps it's all right," replied Jackson slowly. "At all Naval Air Stations in the United States that particular make of prop has been condemned as unsafe. Some are perfectly good, but a huge order got by the inspectors that fall apart at the least provocation. Inferior glue, or worse. Funny you haven't been notified over here."

"They're the only kind we have here for these planes so I guess the Old Man is keeping the sad news a secret," Foster replied.

IT WAS dark and cold when Ensign Jackson was awakened. He hurried into his chilled clothes and rushed shivering to the warmer messroom. Over a score of youthful and mighty appetites belonging to members of the early morning patrol were taxing the speed and strength of the mess-boys and cooks. It wouldn't have been difficult to believe that they were a group of hammer-throwers preparing for a heavy day at the Olympic Games.

When Jackson and Foster reached the hangars, they found the engine of their seaplane roaring and spluttering in chorus with about twenty others. Gunner's mates were busy attaching two long, sleek, treacherous bombs to the racks beneath the lower wings of each plane. Big flood lights struggled feebly to combat the chilling, misty gloom. Messengers rushed around distributing



the frightened bird which slowly began his dreaded flight

copies of the latest weather report; the Squadron Commander gave his final verbal instructions based upon current Naval Intelligence information relative to Allied and enemy shipping.

Then the signal for getting under way was given. The pilots taxied their frail craft out into the narrow sheltered inlet off the Air Station. A murky day was breaking in the east as the squadron leader took off. He circled the little harbor once to insure that his engine was running properly before he headed for the open sea. A minute later he disappeared in the gray mist.

FINALLY, the heavily loaded plane manned by Jackson and Foster bounced shudderingly into flight. With muscles tensed to combat the rough air, the pilot made the dangerously low turn near the beach. For the next five minutes his duties as navigator fully occupied the observer. But after he had worked out the drift angle of the plane and their ground speed, and informed the pilot of the corrected compass course by note, Jackson's whole attention was devoted to searching the sea within range of his binoculars: oil slicks, unfamiliar ships and boats, sticks that might be periscopes, lone sea-gulls to learn if they swam free on the waves or ornamentally disguised the tops of unfriendly periscopes, dark shadows under the surface that could be submarines—anything suspicious.

An hour passed without incident; a lonely hour with nothing but the unfriendly sky and water to keep them company. And as they sped farther from the protecting land, the wind freshened until the sea was flecked with white. They were spanning the sea lanes now—those lines of communication so essential to Allied supremacy. The search thus far had revealed but four English trawlers in the wide path covered by Jackson's inquisitive eyes.

As the morning wore on, the hampering mist dispersed although the cloud ceiling still remained low: a colossal dark-gray blanket over the earth. Only strong self-control prevented the silent menace of the churned and broken ocean from turning the airmen's endless awe of an angry sea into demoralizing dread.

They were half an hour on the "home leg" of their patrol when Foster noticed a disturbing increase in the engine's vibrations. With anxious eyes he scanned the power-plant dials on the instrument board. As yet they registered normal temperatures and pressures. The pilot recalled what Jackson had told him of the propeller whirling and glistening so few feet in front of him.

The vibration became heavier and sharper. In ten minutes the small chart table in Jackson's cockpit shook so that he could no longer write on it without risking the accusation of trembling fear. The chance of a serious crack-up was too great to land voluntarily. They had no choice of action: they had to keep going, hoping for the best. But the suspense of waiting for something to happen was maddening. Both men knew in their sinking hearts that the structure of their seaplane couldn't withstand such fearful racking for long. And not a ship in sight.

Suddenly there was a rending crash! The splintered propeller flew off in a hundred fragments. Now unleashed, the engine raced itself to pieces before the stunned pilot could reach the switch. It was like an explosion of shrapnel: broken bits of motor shot out, ripped through the wings, leaving a fabric sieve. A cylinder grazed Jackson's helmet. Terrific convulsions threatened to shake the plane apart. Then from the crumpled tanks and radiator came a flood of gasoline, oil, and boiling water. A choking scream burst from the blinded pilot.

"The bombs! Take 'er!"

THE oil-blackened Jackson yanked fiercely at the bomb release-toggle, grabbed the control wheel, and jammed his feet on the rudder bar.

The abrupt silence after the hours of motor thunder was oppressive and ominous .... The controls felt loose and useless in Jackson's hands, as if the cables to the rudder and elevators had been severed .... Then like a muffled clap of thunder the heavy bombs exploded beneath the waves. A huge [*Turn to page 96*]

Three Scotch terriers promote a four wheel romance and

CHARLIE BUYS A PRESENT FOR HIS GIRL

By Reita Lambert

Illustrated by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CHARLIE TWEEDY tightened the suitcase strap another notch and licked a label marked CABIN, which Mr. Carp had just filled in. It was the twenty-first label Mr. Carp had filled in and Charlie had licked. At the fourteenth, the poignancy of his regret at parting with his friends had begun to abate and his thoughts reverted to Connie.

"You know, Mr. Carp, next Wednesday's my girl's birthday," he said.

"Right down in front. You can't miss her—black with gold trim"

"Yeah?" Mr. Carp said. "Let's see, by Wednesday we'll be about off Newfoundland."

Charlie sighed. "I sure will miss you. You know I been in New York six months and I haven't been able to save enough to buy her a decent birthday present."

Mr. Carp finished another label. "That goes on the big wardrobe trunk, Charlie. New York's a hard nut to crack, Charlie—takes time."

"Yeah." Charlie licked the label. "They said they'd put me in the sales department as soon as I got acquainted with their stuff. Guess it takes me longer to get acquainted than most guys. I wanted to get her one of those cute watches that don't look like one—like a watch."

"Now for the tags," Mr. Carp said. "Certainly was good of you to come out and help us with these last minute chores, old man."

"Tickled to death to do it. Don't know how I'll get along without these week-ends with you and Mrs. Carp. A hall room's lonesome. Connie said to tell you—"

But another voice drowned out what Connie had said—the voice of Mrs. Carp coming back from the telephone. "Well, I knew it!" she said. "I just knew something like this would happen at the last minute!"

Her husband looked up. "What's happened now, Emmy?"

"I always said you couldn't trust a man with those close-set eyes. We might have known he'd go back on his word."

Mr. Carp looked at Charlie and Charlie said, promptly, "I hope it's nothing serious, Mrs. Carp."

"If it isn't serious to find yourself saddled with an old car the last minute before sailing for a trip around the world and no garage, and who wants to pay a year's storage on an antique, and besides, Mr. Carp has been promising for years to get a new one—"

YOU mean to say he isn't going to buy it!" bellowed Mr. Carp.

"He says he's afraid it burns too much gas and a lot of dribble about upkeep. I never did trust—"

"Oh, for gosh sake, Emmy," Mr. Carp appealed to his guest across the troubled sea of gaping trunks and bags— "Think of passing up a buy like that, Charlie. A Rameau Eight for two hundred and fifty. Know how much she cost new? Twenty-eight hundred, that's what."

"*New!*" his wife said.

"And she's as good as new right now," and Mr. Carp looked out through the screen door to where the Rameau Eight was parked in the drive, blocking his view of the newly clipped hedge and the prim suburban street beyond. "And after you polishing her all up so fine, Charlie."

"Oh, I just gave her a wash," Charlie said modestly and wagged his red head. "Sure is too bad—*say!*"

Though Charlie was given to monosyllables, this one was pitched in a tone that fixed the attention of his friends. "Say, there's a fellow in our office—Bree, his name is—been talking about getting a car, asking us to keep an eye out for a good buy. Maybe he'd—"

"Maybe nothing!" shouted Mr. Carp. "You call him up. Tell him you've got his car and—but I don't have to tell you what to say. You've driven her. You know. Got his number? If not toll line'll give it to you."

Charlie was a little startled at having a nebulous supposition assume such urgent substance. But the pleased and eager light in the eyes of his host and hostess was flattering. And nothing flattering had happened to Charlie since Connie had kissed him goodbye and promised to wait for him.

"I don't know if he'll be in town on a Sunday, but if you want I can—"

"You give him a ring. If he's there, tell him to come along out. Tell him we're sailing tomorrow or he'd never get a chance like it. And listen, Charlie. If you can get three hundred, the other fifty's yours, see?"

Mr. Bree was in town and his voice registered enthusiastic interest in the Rameau Eight. "But I can't come out, Charlie. Got a heavy date. If you can drive the bus in to the office tomorrow—"

"The very thing!" Mr. Carp exulted. "You can drive us in to the boat—it'll save us ten dollars taxi fare. We'll get an early start so you won't be late at the office."

"The three hundred didn't scare him a bit," Charlie said. "But gosh, I hate to—after all you folks have done for me—"

"Now, now, none of that," Mr. Carp cried cheerily. "You just deposit the two-fifty to my account and the other fifty's your commission. It'll buy that girl of yours a birthday present."

Charlie was sorry to say goodbye to the Carps. He would miss them. Even more would he miss the pretty suburban house, which a natural genius for making himself useful, had rendered so homelike and familiar. But a steamship pier a couple of hours before sailing time, is not the place to indulge vain regrets. Having presented Mrs. Carp with the five-pound box of candy he had bought on the strength of his unexpected commission, he made his way back to West Street and the waiting Rameau. As he went, he reflected that the orphaned car would doubtless be feeling pretty lonely too. But the Rameau wasn't lonely. Standing where Mr. Carp had parked her, conveniently near the pier's entrance, she was the center of an animated group that now greeted Charlie's appearance with touching cordiality.

"Here's the guy!"

"That your hearse, kid? Well, get a tractor and haul her outa the way."

"Oughta run a box car like that on tracks, son."

"How much fer a room'n'bath, mister?" a young gamin wanted to know as Charlie clambered in.

"I tell you I'm going to ride with this young man; he—"

AS HE piloted his craft through the choppy sea of West Street traffic, Charlie was forced to admit that the Rameau did seem a little large. In town. Not that large cars were lacking among the miscellaneous fleet flowing up town. It was just that, compared to her dapper-bodied city cousins, the Rameau was large in the wrong places. And her gears, adjusted to the needs of a prudent country gentleman, protested at traffic lights.

At Twenty-eighth Street, it was clear that something was wrong and Charlie was delighted to find it a simple matter of gas. Not so simple as it might have been before he had paid for Mrs. Carp's candy, but of course you couldn't expect to sell a car with an empty tank.

"Better fill 'er up," the gas dispenser advised and, when he had filled 'er up—"There, that oughta take 'er as far as Grant's Tomb—or almost."

It took her as far as East Forty-first Street and the office, certainly, but not until Charlie's fellow workers had been at their desks for half an hour.

"Gosh, the traffic was fierce," Charlie told his friend, Mr. Bree, and mopped his face. "But I got her up here all right. Run down and look her over."

"Drove her in, did you?" and Mr. Bree looked interested. "Where'd you park her?"

"Right down in front. You can't miss her—black with gold trim."

Mr. Bree said "Righto!" and Charlie sneaked over to his desk as inconspicuously as his uncompromisingly red head and six-feet-odd would permit. He was absorbed in sharpening his third pencil when Mr. Bree returned. Charlie looked up.

"Find her all right?"

"You said I couldn't miss her, Charlie," Mr. Bree reminded him. "And you said true."

"Some bus, isn't she?"

"Some!" Mr. Bree agreed. "But look here, Charlie. I want a pleasure car. Yeah. I'm not a collector."

"Huh?" Charlie said, vaguely sensing something uncomplimentary in the words. "She's worth three hundred—every cent of it."

"Why, boy, sure she is. She's priceless. But what you ought to do is be generous, see. You oughta *give* her to the museum, Charlie."

He turned away but Charlie hooked him with a long arm. "You mean to say you don't want to buy her?"

Mr. Bree turned back. "*You* mean to say you expected me to—or anybody else, for that matter?"

Charlie gulped. "Sure. You said you'd always wanted a Rameau."

"Yeah, but I don't want the earliest specimen."

Charlie fumbled for his handkerchief. "But, listen, you've *got* to—somebody's got to buy her. The Carps sailed this morning and *I* can't keep her—in a hall room. Besides, I've got to sell her anyway. I promised. Besides, my girl's birthday's next Wednesday."

"What's that got to do with Big Bertha?"

"It's my only chance to get her a present. I mean, out of my commission."

"Commission!" Mr. Bree echoed. "If you can sell that accommodation special for the price of your commission, you better take it quick and go into hiding."

Charlie's black gaze was still on his receding back, when Jimmie, the office boy, blocked his view.

"Say, Charlie, is that your bus down front—the tall one with the bustle?" Charlie glared at him. "Not that I care, but the cop was wondering out loud as I came along—out real loud, he was."

Charlie left the office with the brisk air of one bent on urgent enterprises. Once in the corridor, he did not wait for the elevator, but went loping down the stairs three at a time. And it was obvious that he was expected in East Forty-first Street. The reception committee gathered around the Rameau Eight, was headed by a portly gentleman in blue and brass. While its other members were less impressive, sartorially, they wore the bright and eager look of an audience just before the curtain goes up. The policeman greeted Charlie with the immemorial greeting of policemen—

"Say, who do you think you are?"

"I—I—"

"Think this street's a Fresh Air Home for feeble busses? Can't you read or ain't you got that far in school?" This drew a hand from the audience and the policeman waited for the applause to subside before he said sadly—"It ain't as if it was a normal bus, but to go and park a stylish stout like that—"

"I didn't. I mean, I only—"

"All right, I believe you. But get her out o' here. Quick, see? And don't never say they ain't any soft boiled cops left."

Charlie made a pass at his upstanding hair. "I—my hat—"

"Get her out, see—toot sweet, as we say in Harlem. Hop it, now!"

Charlie hopped. Aided by the advice and suggestions of his impromptu audience, he got the Rameau under way. He went west because the Rameau happened to be headed west. He went north and east, blindly trailing the car ahead of him until, at Madison and Fifty-ninth, a tired voice behind him demanded—"Hey, where d'yuh think you're going—or ain't you?"

IT WAS another one of those questions to which, Charlie knew, no answer was expected. But all the same he wished he had one. For where was he going, at ten-thirty on a Monday morning in a car that didn't belong to him, while his hat and his job waited for him in East Forty-first Street!

But there seemed nothing to do but go. His rear was harried by honks urging him forward, his front beset by lights and whistles drawing him on. His straining eyes were desperate when they sighted the mecca of a garage and he nosed his charge grudgingly up the runway. A soiled young man came running and Charlie demanded—

"Can I park my car here?" The soiled young man nodded.

"How much?"

"Depends on how long. One-fifty a day, twenty-five cents an hour. How long you want to leave her?"

Charlie looked into his pocket with the eye of bitter memory. He thought of the five-pound box of candy. He thought of the gas he had bought. He thought of Connie.

"Wel-l, not long. She's for sale." The soiled young man raised his brows mutely and took a stroll around the Rameau. "Know anyone who'd like to buy her?"

The soiled young man brought up at his starting point and looked at Charlie. "Nope. All our customers are normal."

"What?"

[*Turn to page 38*]

PROHIB

YES!

At heart, people believe or else they feel it should effective one. In this leading women discuss the

By Dorothy

Ella A. Boole
Natl. Pres., W.C.T.U.
Evangeline Booth
Com. in Chief of the Salvation Army in the U.S.
Carrie Chapman Catt
Dr. Mary Woolley
Pres. Mount Holyoke College
Jane Addams
Director, Hull House, Chicago
Zona Gale
Authoress

Carrie Chapman Catt

Ella A. Boole

I SUPPOSE there is no one more intensely interested in Prohibition that Mrs. Ella A. Boole who is National President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Twenty-five years ago, while she was spending her honeymoon at a series of religious camp-meetings, she became inspired to work for the temperance cause. Now as National President of the W. C. T. U. she speaks for a membership of 600,000 women who have sworn to aid in the strict enforcement of the 18th Amendment. They are firmly convinced that the use of alcoholic beverages, like the use of drugs, is habit-forming and degrading to the physical and moral welfare of the human race.

"Women rose up against the liquor traffic," Mrs. Boole exclaimed feelingly, "because they were hurt by

Evangeline Booth

Jane Addams

LOOKING far back into my childhood I remember with special vividness a day when my curiosity emboldened me to pass right by a saloon. There was one on the street which led to the schoolhouse and my mother had always told me to walk on the other side of the street. But the frosted glass windows and the swinging doors under which you could see men's feet shuffling, held a horrid fascination for me. That day, just as I had got safely by, I saw three men come out, two of them supporting a third whose legs kept folding up and whose eyes looked like the crazy man's next door. He was yelling and talking about God in a way I had never heard the minister talk about Him. With a childish sense of caution I took to my heels, and that ended my youthful excursions into the underworld.

It was on account of that saloon and the thousands of other saloons like it spotting our cities, towns, and villages that the 18th Amendment was passed, making illegal the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating beverages. It was thought then that the coming of Prohibition would prove the greatest boon this country had ever known, and that in short we would live happily ever after.

Now, ten years later, there are many who do believe that Prohibition has proved a great boon, even though the law has not been strictly enforced. But there are others, and there are public-spirited women among them, who are firmly convinced that Prohibition has brought in its train a series of new calamities. They point to the increased amount of drinking among young people, to the criminal operations of bootleggers, and to the general atmosphere of lawlessness. They, too, believe in temperance. They, too, abhor the saloon. But they differ with the defenders of the 18th Amendment as to the best method for bringing real temperance to pass.

Since there is this wide gulf of opinion between the Prohibitionists on the one side, and those who would reform Prohibition on the other, and since women are so vitally interested in the whole subject, I conceived the idea of setting down in an article the views of a dozen representative American women. And that is what I have done, with the hope that you and I, after weighing their opinions pro and con, shall better be able to decide where we ourselves stand.

it more than by anything else. Before Prohibition it was not an uncommon thing for a man to spend half his weekly wages at the corner saloon and then go home and beat up his wife. What a difference today! Now laboring men are spending their money on keeping their children in school, on buying them better clothing, and on automobiles to take their families riding in."

Then she told me of a town in northern New York where there used to be two saloons on the corner opposite a large factory. Today there are no saloons and instead there are one hundred automobiles parked in those corner lots.

Unfortunately there are still many people who are disobeying the law and encouraging bootleggers, Mrs. Boole admits. But she and her followers are convinced that the majority of the people want Prohibition and that it is only a matter of time before the liquor traffic will be done away with.

Numbered among the women who once upon a time believed in Prohibition but who are now strongly opposed to the 18th Amendment is Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, the chairman of the Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform. For six years a member of the Republican National Committee, she finally became so outraged by the hypocrisy of the drinking drys—who voted for enforcement measures in public and drank their cocktails in private—that she resigned her position so as to be free to work for a change in the present dry law.

"It was plain to me that the present law was not being enforced," Mrs. Sabin declared. "Arrests for drunkenness were still being made by the thousands, there were a total of 466,806 arrests in 385 cities alone in 1927. And what was still worse, boys and girls who would never have been allowed in saloons were drinking together in speakeasies.

"Soon I discovered that any number of other women were just as disappointed as I in the way the 18th Amendment was working. In fact when the news was printed in the papers that a group of us had formed the Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform, a flood of letters came to me from mothers and grandmothers all over the country. I heard from women of the coal mining towns of Pennsylvania, the farm districts of North Dakota, from women in Indiana, Ohio, Utah, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado, and California. One woman from Kansas told me of garages back of public schools where the students stored their liquor. Worst of all, she said that an institution for delinquent boys in her home town which formerly had 300 inmates today has 1,200, and this with no perceptible increase in the population.

"The letters have kept coming and we now have a membership of 65,000 piled up in the short space of nine months. At the present time women are joining at the rate of 3,000 a week.

"I should like to say over and over again," Mrs. Sabin concluded, "that we don't want the saloon back. Never! But neither do we want to go on under present conditions. As a country we must profit from our

Dr. Mary Woolley

Zona Gale

ITION?

either in the present law be changed for a more searching resumé twelve future of Prohibition

NO!

Dunbar Bromley

Florence P. Kahn
Congresswoman from California
Mrs. Charles H. Sabin
Chm. Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform
Mrs. Charles Fiske
Wife of Bishop Fiske of Central New York
Virginia Gildersleeve
Dean of Barnard College of Columbia Univ.
Mrs. Booth Tarkington
Katharine Cornell
Actress

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin

Katharine Cornell

experiences in the past, and find a system for controlling liquor traffic that will really work. In Great Britain, where the government does not prohibit, but regulates the sale of liquor, Winston Churchill tells us that drunkenness decreased and the number of criminal convictions has been cut in half. He adds that they have actually had to shut down some of their prisons. Only contrast conditions in this country where our President has recently asked for a five-million dollar appropriation for new federal penitentiaries. Obviously, temperance has done more for Great Britain than Prohibition has done for the United States."

Wanting to discover what the effects of Prohibition have been on the poor people of the country, I sought out Miss Evangeline Booth, the Commander in Chief of the Salvation Army in the United States.

"We in the Salvation Army are convinced that Prohibition has been an immense benefit to the life, the health, and the material prosperity of our citizens of every class. We have reason to know, of course, that the law should be more strictly enforced, but we strongly suspect that evasion has been greatly exaggerated. From every one of the great cities, and especially the wet cities, our reports prove conclusively that there is far less drinking than there used to be, and that the worst evils of drink have been greatly lessened."

THEN the Commander became very serious. "Never forget, my child, that liquor is a masculine indulgence. Where it is legalized, it reduces women to an economic inferiority. It is to me unthinkable that the American woman, having achieved her emancipation from this curse, will return to the bondage of beer and the humiliation of the old Saturday night."

She would like to make a great appeal for Prohibition, she declared, in the name of womanhood, in the name of children, in the name of the future of the race. "I would pray to those who are strong enough not to be hurt by liquor, to forego it for the sake of their weaker brothers!" She believes that conditions among all classes have been improved by Prohibition, and yet so thoughtful a woman as Mrs. Booth Tarkington wires from Indianapolis, "I am against the 18th Amendment because I believe it cannot be enforced and because it finances crime."

Mrs. Booth Tarkington

Mrs. Charles Fiske

Speaking for the far west Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, Representative to Congress from a crowded district in San Francisco, told me that conditions among the poor there "appear to be about the same as they were before Prohibition." She added that the Community Chest has as much to do as ever and people have to give as much to charity as in the past.

As an official of the United States government Mrs. Kahn expressed herself as heartily ashamed of the wave of lawlessness which has passed over the land. "People used to say, 'Don't monkey with Uncle Sam. You might "fix" a local police judge, but you can't get away with Uncle Sam.' Today people have no more respect for a federal judge than for a police judge. Prohibition has undermined our whole standard of justice and respect for law.

"But worst of all," she went on, "it is undermining the health and morale of young people. In all my school and college days, and in seven years of teaching in public schools, I can't ever remember seeing or hearing of a girl's drinking. Boys who were known to drink were ostracized by the girls. If at a party the word went round that some boy had been drinking, no girl would dance with him or let him walk home with her. College boys sometimes went on 'beer busts,' but such a thing as a college girl drinking was never heard of.

Florence P. Kahn

Virginia Gildersleeve

"Now young people of both sexes accept the Prohibition law as a 'dare.' You see them in hotel lobbies, with their flushed faces. Many of them are imitating their elders and more than a few of them, I happen to know, come from homes where there was no drinking before Prohibition."

To correct the present state of affairs and remove liquor from its all important position in people's consciousness, Mrs. Kahn believes that we should have a Federal law which would allow the states to carry out their own ideas on Prohibition, but which would control interstate traffic in intoxicants.

"It is absurd," she wound up, "to talk about the return of the open saloon. The saloon is as much out of the picture as the horse-drawn carriage."

Disagreeing with Mrs. Kahn as to the prevalence of drinking among young college people, Miss Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, thinks that "the college men who drink today are featured in exclusion of the many who have never indulged in that practice, although," she adds, "I am of course not in a position to speak from the inside with regard to the colleges for men.

"As far as the colleges for women are concerned," she said, "I imagine that the conditions at Mount Holyoke do not vary greatly from those in the other institutions. Here it seldom happens that a case of drinking is brought to the attention of the authorities. A few cases, it is true, during the last few years, have had to be severely disciplined.

"Generally speaking," President Woolley concluded, "the enforcement of the law would be a simpler proposition if all respectable citizens supported it by their own conduct and if the government appointed as enforcement officials honest men who could not be bought."

Yet another outstanding woman educator, Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College of Columbia University, considers that "the present attempt at Prohibition has served to demoralize the whole country."

In a speech which she delivered not long ago before the general assembly of students she declared, "When the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act were enacted, I personally was inclined to welcome them as a heroic experiment. Had they really prohibited I think I should have continued to approve them; but in this part of the country, at least, they do not prohibit. Public opinion does not support them. [*Turn to page 34*]

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

A sweeping romance of the Far North written by "The Girl From God's Country"

—Nell Shipman

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

OVER an expanse of frozen wastes, seared by blizzards, *Neeka LaRonde* stomped on snowshoes. Soon the freedom of the forest would be hers again—the animals, the flowers, and waters, loosed from icy prisons. Sun everywhere, and at night the moon sailing in silver over the pines. "Let's fin' ol' Jules' trapline!" Neeka cried now in her exuberance to *Giekie,* her great powder-gray malamute.

Jules Cartier was Neeka's natural enemy, for he trapped the beloved animals who were her friends. So now, when he caught her springing his snares, his fury flamed. But Giekie defended his mistress and, swinging home again, they crossed Le Bois Noir where, buried under a thick, gleaming coverlet of snow, Neeka found.

Daisy Dell, the dance-hall girl, all ivory and white and gold, delicately scented, fragile, yet with the strength of fine-spun wires—Daisy Dell who had braved the cruelty of the frozen north to bring gayety, however empty, to its isolated sons.

Daisy was all but dead. The blinding snow had drifted over her and the battered dog-team with which she had come to the Far North, guided by *Kippewa,* her half-breed Indian driver.

The frozen wastes alone knew what had happened to Kippewa, for Daisy kept her secret of the map, for instance, that she had taken from a dying derelict, Rufus Whipple, taken with the promise that she would carry it to his dead partner's daughter, one Neeka LaRonde of Neepawa. Not once, in the days following Daisy's rescue and adoption, did Neeka dream that the map of her father's gold mine was locked in the covetous heart of her "Snowbird." She was happy if only because Daisy seemed content to revel in the long evenings spent with her and *Miscou,* Neeka's half-brother, an intense, silent Indian who was Daisy's devoted slave. *The Factor* and Mrs. McDonald, gentle Scotch folk in charge of the trading post, who loved Neeka and had watched over her since her white father left five years before, wondered mildly at Daisy's impromptu début

"Look into her eyes, m'sieu, then tell me if you could kill her"

Robert Carlyle, corporal in the Mounted Police, came to their cabin when he ended his three-months hunt in the barren lands, bringing with him his criminal quarry. There Carlyle first saw Neeka's pure lustrous beauty and desired her. "Pity she is a breed girl," he thought.

Part II

NEEKA sang a gay chanson as she turned the breakfast hotcakes. Sunshine streamed through the window of the lean-to kitchen, and the door was open to the soft spring air; air holding a trace of snow—a frosted rim on the glass of morning nectar.

Three puddles of batter on the smoking iron, greased by a hunk of bacon rind; Neeka, the turner in her hand, her hand on her hip, watched the rise of the cakes. There is a psychological moment for their turning. So many bubbles must lift and break in the frying batter. On no account must the tender cake be poked and even a tiny raising of one edge, to see if the underside is browned, is forbidden. At exactly the right moment Neeka would insert the turner beneath each round, twist her lithe wrist and flop the flap-jack; its done side gleaming, golden-brown.

The black coffeepot, its iron spout plugged to hold the pungent aroma, stood ready at the back of the stove, flanked by a platter of thick, home-cured bacon. Daisy's cup and plate were tastefully arranged upon a make-shift tray, garnished this morning with a sprig of pussy willow picked at dawn from a bush by the stream in Le Bois Noir. "She will be glad for that sign of spring," said the young cook, balancing back and forth on her moccasined feet, eyes intent upon the griddle. "By gar, they look good! I'd like for that Mounty to hav' some! Las' night he look at my sour-dough lantern. 'I see you is sourdough,' he say. Maybe he wouldn't like these sourdough cake!"

"Sourdough" was another innovation brought over the Divide from Alaska by Jacques LaRonde. Prospecting, he had learned to carry his flour in a muslin bag, already mixed with sufficient water to form a stiff lump. The dough, souring, became the yeasty basis for bread, biscuits, and hotcakes. An earthenware crock kept Neeka's supply of bubbling sourdough ready and to a generous portion of this she added sugar, milk to thin, salted and sifted flour to thicken and, at the last moment, a teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in hot water and stirred into the batter, stirred hard and fast so that the creamy mixture bubbled in the bowl.

Such were Neeka's sourdough hotcakes and Daisy sat up in bed, eager-mouthed for her breakfast. "Ah, lazy bones, but you do look most beautiful in this new sunshine," cried Neeka, standing admiringly at the foot of the rustic bed—fruit of Miscou's home carpentering. "The sun come straight to the gol' in your hair and make nes' there!"

"Don't be silly, Neeka, and don't put so much sugar in my coffee!" snapped Daisy, without any gold in her voice.

"Oh, I sorry. I tak heem bac'." Neeka flew from the bedroom and Daisy linked plump arms about her knees. She was very comfortable. The rustic bed, with its posts of natural birch, was soft and springy for all its home-made mattress of corn husks and make-shift rope "springs." The sheets were coarse but clean, the pillows of eider down and a lustrous wolfskin robe covered the girl. "Soft, I'll say," she commented inwardly, reaching beneath the pillow for cigarettes and papers. She nimbly rolled a cigarette and, when Neeka returned with a fresh cup of coffee, sent her back to the kitchen for a match.

TO THE credit of the ex-dance-hall girl, let it be said that her first thought upon reviving and finding herself in Neeka's care was to tell the girl about herself. Then the old money sense, that still, small voice warning her treasure was near, kept her quiet. Why spoil things, yet? Summer would be time enough to start Neeka and her brother upon their journey North. Let them take care of her for a while longer. It was nice to be petted, waited upon, treated as if she were a young queen. There was something nice, too, in being absolutely decent.

Miscou was violently in love with her. Really in love, eager to own her for life, marry her. He was an Indian but, when LaRonde's mine was found, he'd be a very rich Indian. And there are always avenues for escape, particularly for discontented and wealthy wives.

One thing only bothered the girl. The packet Rufus Whipple had carried and which was now hidden in the lining of her tin trunk, was addressed—"to my daughter, Neeka LaRonde." There was no mention of Miscou and yet he was the elder. But he was a stepchild. What if the old man had left everything to Neeka? No use in marrying the Indian boy then! She determined to open the packet at the first opportune moment and see what it contained. Until now there had been no chance, for Neeka was always running in with this or that, and Miscou dogged her footsteps.

"Las' night I meet someone so golden in the hairs as you," remarked Neeka, coming to remove the breakfast tray. Daisy asked who it was. "A policeman," said Neeka, stooping to tuck the fur robe about Daisy and failing to note the quick shadow which crossed the girl's face. "What is he doing here?" Daisy demanded, a little fiercely.

A Mounty! What if she were recognized, branded! Already the McDonalds were none too certain of her status, doubted her made-up story. Only Neeka and the innocent villagers of Neepawa really accepted her tale as true. "Where is he from?" she asked.

NEEKA admitted that she did not know. "But he hav' made prisoner of a man, a bad man, he say, an' he is taking him out to Edmonton. Oh, Daisy, it mak' me seek down here inside!" Neeka placed expressive hands upon the region of her stomach. "For they will hang that man in Edmonton!"

"Well, he probably has it coming to him," Daisy chipped in, coolly. "But what is this fellow's name?"

"Ro-bart Car-lyle. He is beautiful. So tall an' strong. Wit' long yellow hair in curls!"

Daisy exhibited twin rows of fine white teeth in a wide laugh. "He must be a fine looking piece of cheese!"

Neeka was shocked. "Oh, no, not cheese! His hair is lak' honey, all spun out. It is lak' yours, Daisy, pure gol'."

"I mean, fancy a Mounty with long yellow curls!"

"But he hav' been four months in the wilderness catching this mans. He hav' no scissors. Las' night he pull at that beautiful hair and scowl and say, 'I hope you hav' barbers here!' I could cry! I do not wish heem to cut that hair!"

"Well, I guess I'll have to hustle over to the Post and see this long-haired angel-child before the naughty barber crops his curls. Where is he stoppin', with the Factor?"

"Oui, oui, an' I tol' heem of you already. So he know about you."

"Oh, he does, does he? Say, you must have had quite a gab-fest with this policeman!"

"No, not so much. He help me wit' the animals, that is all."

"Well, a bird in the hand is worth two at the Post. I guess I'll do some shopping." The girl flung back her covers and jumped from bed. The sun gleamed upon the white of her bare shoulders and Neeka, as always, was entrapped by the sheer glitter of this dazzling creature. Daisy snapped at her, petulantly: "Don't stand there, gaping! Go heat me some water, and say, did you iron that white shirt-waist for me? Well, do it, there's a good kid!"

It were best, Daisy thought, to beard this golden-haired lion in his den. Should he hail from Las Pas and recognize her, or have heard of her by reputation, better she find out at once and, if possible, clip his claws. In the freshly-ironed blouse, with its high, lace collar, her black skirt, tightly belted about her trim waist and flaring from silk-clad ankles, with a sealskin cap atop her blonde curls, and these pulled rather primly to the nape of her neck, and with a minimum of rice powder on her nose and no rouge, Daisy went forth into the spring morning, to conquer or be caught. She came home triumphant, threw her toque into the air and kicked it smartly before it fell below the level of her eyes. "Your yellow-haired cop is a lamb!" she informed Neeka. "I got him dated for a feed tonight. Do you suppose you can cook something really fit to eat? I brought home the stuff for a cocktail. Miscou, I'll show you how to make 'em so's they'd grow hair on a billiard ball!" With a gladsome crackle of taffeta petticoat, she disappeared into her bedroom.

"What's a cocktail?" Neeka wondered. Miscou did not know. Sullen alarm brooded in his black eyes. "Who is this man?" he demanded. "I saw him, this morning, taking food to his prisoner. What does he do in Neepawa? Why doesn't he go on with the man he has caught? Why does he come to our cabin?"

"I think because Daisy invite heem," Neeka replied, a little sadly and yet with a feeling of joy in her heart for would she not see the man again? Even if he came as Daisy's guest and on her account only? After all, that was quite natural since Daisy was beautiful and, like the Mounty, from that outside world.

That evening when Carlyle arrived, barbered, shaved, his ragged red uniform coat pressed and darned, the cabin, pussy willow decorated dinner table, pretty girls and even the darkly-scowling Indian brother, were a revelation. Neeka had only a shy greeting for him before her culinary arrangements whisked her to the kitchen, but Daisy shook hands prettily, waved him to a comfortable chair and bade Miscou get the ice for the cocktail shaker. Then she sat opposite her guest, chatting gayly, knees crossed and white lace petticoat spraying about her dainty feet.

Neeka was a throned queen of her forests

"I say, this is a bit of all right!" affirmed the Mounty, occupied with the vision she made. "How jolly you look! And what was that you said to the lad? 'Ice for cocktails?' I think I'm dreaming!"

She laughed. "Promise you won't make fun of us? I thought you might be hungry for something a little bit like home. I get that way myself, so I know the feeling." She cast him a look which read: "Of course we understand that for people of our class life in this primitive wilderness is frightful!" He nodded, amused. Secretly, he could not quite place this girl who had come tripping into the Post that morning, demure under her black toque and dainty as to skirt and shoe. The Factor introduced her, at the request of his guest, but, though the pair chatted, fenced and laughed together, Carlyle was not quite certain of her. She minced her words a bit too primly and seemed to be guarding her tongue against slips. Also, there was a certain hardness about her; hardness or commonness, he was not sure which, but the woman was white. She was good to look at, she could chatter with him, entertainingly. He had not seen a white girl in four months and in less than four minutes he was launched upon a fairly fast flirtation and had been invited to the LaRonde cabin for supper.

HE DID not realize the sigh of relief with which Daisy greeted his statement that he knew no one in Las Pas and had never been north or east of Alberta in the brief term of his service, except upon this trek he was just completing. "I was shipped straight from London to Calgary," he explained. "This is the first time I have been out of Alberta."

"Oh, I think the work you brave men do in the Mounted Police is just wonderful! And I love your red coats! They are so inspiring!"

And now, in the warm cabin, Daisy considered that scarlet tunic as its wearer faced her in the lamplight, his blond, cropped head bent forward, a smile on his lips and that flirtatious look in his gray-blue eyes which seemed to invite whatever might come: love, trouble, a gay good time—or a quick finish. "He's a good-lookin' kid," she thought. "I wish I didn't have to play up so darn goody-goody!"

Miscou brought in the makeshift shaker, the hoarded lake ice and the bottles of gin and vermouth. "Don't laugh at us," Daisy warned Carlyle, "remember where you are!"

The shaker was a Mason jar with a wire strainer fastened across the top and, to an accompaniment of pretty squeals from Daisy, they mixed the drink. Miscou stood by, lowering; stupid with misunderstanding and jealous dread. When his cocktail was poured he downed it at a gulp and demanded more. "I say, should he have it? You know they—" Carlyle foolishly began, but Daisy hushed him. "Of course he can," she said. "Miscou is twenty-one and, well, if he isn't white, he's the best red you've ever known, Corporal Carlyle!"

"I'm sure of that!" said the Mounty, but he was bothered. After all he was nothing more than a sort of "Bobby" to these natives and it struck him that he should not stand by and watch one of them "lap up" liquor. But the Daisy-girl kept up a running fire of chatter, the cocktail, delightfully iced, slid warmly beneath his red jacket and very shortly, Neeka, flushed to a delicious rose, brought on the supper.

To Neeka's astonishment, Carlyle insisted upon helping with the washing up and Daisy, tying an infinitesimal wisp of white lawn about her waist, joined him. It was the first time she had set foot in the lean-to kitchen to do more than scold, but Bob need not know that. Nor did he realize the shock his domestic proclivities caused Neeka. In Neepawa men did not wipe [*Turn to page 58*]

"I would not have you marry for money for anything. Only—"

HIS PRIVATE PRACTICE

"You'll make money," she said. "And you'll marry it," he challenged. They were both right and wrong as you will find in this enchanting miracle of love and science.

By Royal Brown

Illustrated by LOREN WILFORD

EMERGENCY calls are a part of the routine of the medical profession but they are not, as a rule, a common occurrence with that branch which specializes in ear and nose. T. Dewitt Tucker, M.D. so specialized; though as it happened, they were almost exclusively Syrian, Hungarian, Czechoslovak and, occasionally, Chinese ears and noses.

They were the sort of patient that a very young specialist exercises his skill on until, by the grace of God and his own careful efforts he begins to get paying patients of his own.

This problem was in the young doctor's mind, when, of a February afternoon, the emergency call came. He had been standing at his window surveying it—the problem of paying patients, that is—with his pipe between his teeth, his hands in his pockets, and his close-cropped hair ruffled.

The day was February at its best. The sun shone brilliantly, its reflection flung back at him from windows across the way. At one of these, her hair a bright aureole—there was much more than a glint of red in it—a girl in an orchid negligee had sat, up to a moment before, polishing her nails and sunning herself like a lazy, luxurious little kitten.

The girl and an older woman, obviously her mother, were careless about the curtains. Especially the girl. Not that that made any difference to Tommy.

"She never wears much of anything even when she is dressed," would have been his comment.

The girl was young and lovely to look upon and therefore privileged to wear audacious evening frocks. She also had a straight and charming nose which Tommy had seen her powder. Frequently.

Tommy, for all he wasn't the least bit interested, could have written a book about her. "She's in society—on a shoestring," he might have informed anyone *really* interested. "Has very little money—I'll bet half her clothes aren't paid for—but she hopes to bag a man with enough money so she can lie around and loaf the rest of her life. *That's* her highest ideal!"

To that he could have added her name—Nancy Thorpe. But even that did not prove that his interest was involved.

"Saw her picture in the 'Transcript'," he would have explained. "The rest of it is as plain as any nose on any face I've ever seen—and I see a lot of noses in my business."

"But she's pretty," he admitted; and qualified it instantly with, "and like most pretty girls she thinks all she has to do is to look pretty and life will do something pretty for her."

This was one of his pet theories. He was, after all, only twenty-eight and besides, a man who takes up medicine as a profession can't afford to give hostages to fortune. Not until he has either the ear of the world or its nose. It had, in fact, been some time since Tommy had had much of anything to do with a pretty girl. He was living on a shoestring himself and pretty girls and shoestrings don't go together.

Which is why, probably, Tommy preferred to believe that pretty girls were both spoilt and brainless.

Nancy, who chose to believe herself neither, had her own philosophy on that point.

"Cleopatra," she had once written in an English composition, "was certainly cleverer than Mark Antony and probably as clever as Caesar. She proved it by never letting either suspect it." That had been at sixteen.

Nor had she changed her viewpoint at twenty. "All that any man requires of a girl is enough brains to admire the majesty of his," was the way she might have put it now.

She would have meant men in general and not Tommy in particular. She was not even aware of that young man's existence and his conclusions [*Turn to page 109*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE

The Star Revival

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

FOR a time, during the great sound upheaval in Hollywood, it seemed that the glorified film star was about to become a thing of the past, that the day was coming at last when the movie producers might learn not to stake everything on a few "names" which filled the electric signs but which could not, for any length of time, fill the theaters. This prospective change was welcomed, for the star system had been the major flaw in that costly jewel, the cinema. The producers believed that the stars' reputations would be sufficient to cover the multitudes of sins in the pictures in which they appeared. "Put Gloria Swanson's name in front of the theater," they said, "and the customers will flock in, even if there isn't any real entertainment going on inside."

The talking picture apparatus ruined some of the stars, and undermined the popularity of many others. Consequently, there were those of us who believed that a great reform had been brought about. Subsequent developments have proved us to be over-optimistic. For while the old stars are fading, the film producers are frantically at work burnishing up new stars to take their places. They are snatching artists and non-artists from grand opera, from the Broadway stage, from vaudeville and night club shows and converting them, with one stroke of the magic pen, into motion picture stars. The old system is back in force, and worse than ever. One doesn't go to see a picture called *The Rogue Song;* indeed one doesn't care whether *The Rogue Song* is good or bad; one goes to hear Lawrence Tibbett.

One well may argue that this system is perfectly satisfactory, and that neither I nor anyone else has the right to protest against it, as long as the customers continue to pay to hear Lawrence Tibbett and are sufficiently pleased by his baritone solos. For, excellent as Mr. Tibbett may be, he is in a fair way to be ruined, as Theda Bara and Francis X. Bushman and Thomas Meighan and Norma Talmadge and countless others have been ruined, by over-emphasis. It was this same factor that was ruining the screen itself, when talking pictures came along to revive the public's waning interest and to refill the emptying theaters. What happened to silent films is more than likely to happen to talking ones. The movie moguls have already glutted the public with the incomparable Al Jolson; and they are in a fair way to do the same thing with Maurice Chevalier, Marilyn Miller, George Arliss, Dennis King, John McCormack, and all the other new stars.

Mr. McCormack has made a highly auspicious début on the vocal screen, his first picture, *Song o' My Heart,* being a simple, unpretentious, unaffected and therefore pleasantly affecting little romance. The star appears in his own guise, and sings his songs in his own heart-stirring manner, and makes no attempt whatever to act —which is proof of his extraordinary good judgment and good taste.

Thus, *Song o' My Heart* may be recommended with virtually no qualifications . . . But—what of Mr. McCormack's next picture? It will, of course, be a somewhat faded copy of *Song o' My Heart,* and the next one after that will be still more faded, and so on until, after three or four such repetitious offerings, the value of John McCormack as a box-office attraction has been exhausted. Needless to say, Mr. McCormack himself won't suffer from this experience; he does not depend on his screen career, and probably takes little interest in it. The real sufferer in the long run will be the motion picture industry.

Every star picture must be a "vehicle," and it is a curious fact about vehicles on the stage and screen that they never get anywhere. They are designed for one particular purpose, and when that specialized purpose has been accomplished, they are fit only for the scrap-heap. From their construction nothing of lasting value has been learned; no progress, scientific or artistic, has been made. Almost all the important advances in film production have been achieved in starless pictures; for instance, *The Birth of a Nation, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, The Covered Wagon, The Big Parade* and in the sound era, *The Broadway Melody,* and *Hallelujah.*

A glimpse at a list of current all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing or all-everything attractions will suggest to you the present trend:

Al Jolson in *Mammy;* Dennis King in *The Vagabond King;* Paul Whiteman in *The King of Jazz;* Eddie Cantor in *Whoopee;* John Barrymore in *General Crack* and *The Man from Blankley's;* Harry Richman in *Puttin' on the Ritz;* Lawrence Tibbett in *The Rogue Song;* Jack Oakie in *The Sap from Syracuse;* George Arliss in *Disraeli* and *The Green Goddess;* Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade* and *The Big Pond;* Fannie Brice in *Be Yourself;* Alice White in *Playing Around* and *Show Girl in Hollywood;* Nancy Carrol in *Honey;* and John Boles in *Captain of the Guard.*

John McCormack, Irish tenor, with Maureen O'Sullivan and Tommy Clifford, his young protegés in "Song o' My Heart"

God Walks The Stage

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

FEW plays within the time of any theatergoer now alive have aroused such a flood of favorable comment as *The Green Pastures* by Marc Connelly. The piece is founded on a book by Roark Bradford called *Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun* and although there is no record of complaint upon the part of the author, many volunteer defenders have rushed forward to cry out that it is unjust to give so much of the credit to the man who merely did the dramatization.

But this is a point ill-founded in fact. It rests upon a misconception of the inevitable relationship between the narrative form and the dramatic. I mean that no book was ever so suitable for the theater that it could walk right out from between covers to tread the boards. A vast amount of skillful carpentry, at the very least, is required to make a story serve as a play.

And Mr. Connelly has done a great deal more than cabinet work. A vital change in spirit has occurred. Mr. Bradford was chiefly intent upon bringing out the humor which lies in the retelling of Bible stories in the terms of a naïve Negro's mind. This Marc Connelly has preserved, but he has added an infinite grain of pathos. And it is this heartbreaking quality which serves to make *The Green Pastures* notable among the season's offerings. Much has been made of the fact that the play is an absolute novelty. Nothing like it has ever been seen in the New York theater before. To the dramatic critic jaded by hundreds of first nights there may be something exciting in getting off the beaten track; but to the general public which goes to shows less frequently, innovation is not necessarily engrossing. Quite rightfully the average spectator is more interested in the question, "Is it good?" rather than, "Is it novel?"

"The Sunday School Class"—a scene from the outstanding play of the season—"The Green Pastures" by Marc Connelly

"There is nothing experimental in *The Green Pastures.* It stands on its own merits wholly aside from the fact that it represents a pioneering spirit. Of course, it is interesting to find that the great white public of Broadway will manifest enthusiasm about a play dealing with Negro life and acted by a cast composed wholly of Negroes. For years it was a reproach against public taste that the vast and rich literary field of Negro life was practically closed to native dramatists. At least it was shut save for farcical

[*Turn to page 48*]

WORLD THIS MONTH

The Modern View of Prayer

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

DR JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

REVIEWED BY

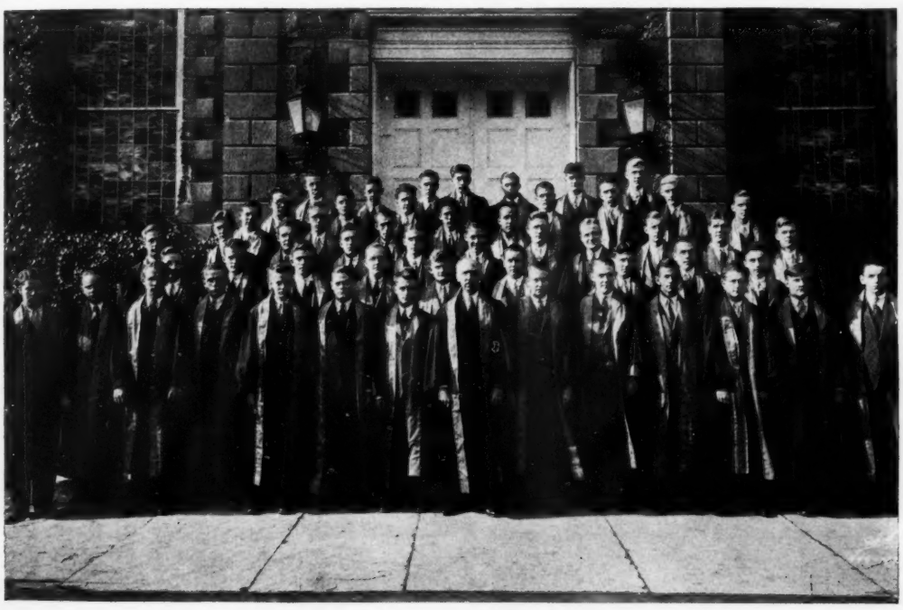
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. HOLMES is minister of the Community Church of New York, soon to become a skyscraper church, as befits that amazing city. As editor, as preacher, as the author of many books—the latest being *Palestine, Its Present Conditions and Problems,* he has won for himself a unique place in American religious life. In the sermon here reviewed he deals with the deepest experience of religion, treating it, after the manner of our time, from its human side; and if many would go much further, all will go with him as far as he goes.

"Prayer is not a philosophy," says Dr. Holmes; "it is a practice. It is not a theory, but an experience. In other words, it is psychological, not theological. It is older than any theories, and has outlived a thousand theologies. It is a part of the best life of man in every generation. There are lives in which prayer has [*Turn to page 48*]

Roark Bradford

Dr. John Haynes Holmes



The Hamilton College Choir

WORDS AND MUSIC

By DEEMS TAYLOR

"In The Evening, By The Moonlight"

THE morning's mail recently brought the program of a forthcoming concert by the glee club of my Alma Mater, New York University. It included: *Hark, Jolly Shepherds,* by Thomas Morley; a *Wassail Song* arranged by Vaughn-Williams; four choruses from *Patience;* and the chorale and finale from *Die Meistersinger.*

Now the sight of that program was, in a manner of speaking, as the sound of a gong to an old fire-horse; for I sang on that glee club for four years, never mind how many years ago. I still remember some of our repertoire. There was, of course, Bullard's *Winter Song;* you know —"Oh, hee-yer by the fi-yer we defy frost and storm"—or is it snow? I wonder if glee clubs still sing it.

And there was a number called *Grand Opera up to Date,* of which I remember only that it was a not too subtle burlesque, dealing with a fire in an apartment house, the words of the tenants' finale being sung to the tune of the soldiers' chorus from *Faust.* And there was our serious number, entitled, if memory serves, *For She's Sleeping by the Silvery Rio Grande.* Here the basses wrought antiphonal marvels against the upper voices—basses: "For she's sleeping", very low and solemn, and slightly off the pitch; tenors, very high and ditto: "For she's sleeping"; everybody: "For she's sleeping"—etc. Very effective.

And then, of course, the campus medley: *Oh, that little old red shawl—I've been working on the railroad—Way down yonder in the cornfield*—Who on earth writes that stuff, do you suppose? And the march finale, fiercely patriotic in character, with the banjo and mandolin clubs assisting. We had a grand time, and took some famous trips, and never got within shouting distance of real music.

This ultimate fact assailed me forcibly as I gazed, slightly awe-struck, upon the 1930 program. Old English ballads; Morley, Arnold Bax, Arthur Sullivan, Wagner —great Scott! Was this a college glee club? Even the Old Grad Quartette, which might have been counted on to expound the simple atrocities of an elder day (it did offer a *morceau* called *Honey, Dat's All*), had weakened to the extent of singing a group of Negro spirituals.

The significant thing about such a program is that it is typical. The present-day college glee club tends, on the average, to be less and less [*Turn to page 56*]

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH VIOLA PARADISE

Bon Voyage

SHIPS crowd the summer seas, trains streak blithely across continents, down to the shore, up to the hills, out to the lake. The vacation season at last, with its problem: What books to send, or to take along?

There's an embarrassment of riches, for literally thousands have been published in the last few months. Would you like something gay, which can be read either at a stretch or in chinks of time between diversions? Roark Bradford's *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys* provides delicious and by no means irreverent humor in twenty-five Bible stories in Negro dialect. These catch the Negro's happy knack of reducing everything to terms of his own experiences. Mr. Bradford's previous book, *Ol' Man Adam an' his Chillun* inspired Marc Connelly to write *The Green Pastures,* easily the best play of the year, and now available in book form for the benefit of those who can't get to see it, or who, having seen it, want to mull over it in black and white.

The State of Oklahoma is the hero of Edna Ferber's gusty *Cimarron,* and its history her theme. So vivid is its background that the characters are almost incidental, though Yancy Cravat, nicknamed "Cimarron," the restless, fearless, quick-on-the-trigger idealist, runs away with the first part of the tale. He dashes in on the land rush of 1889, loses his claim through a kind act, goes back for his wife Sabra and young Cimarron, takes them to the scarcely born town of Osage, sets up a newspaper, and holds the spotlight, until a new restlessness snatches him away to seek new ventures, leaving his wife to edit the paper and maintain the family. Oklahoma has made of Sabra an ambitious, able, sturdy pioneer woman. And though Yancy reappears—indeed, he makes spectacular entrances and exits to the last page—it is Sabra who, from that day down to the present, co-stars with Oklahoma. *Cimarron* is, in my opinion, Miss Ferber's most enjoyable novel. Her eagle eye is as photographic as ever, and her sense of pace has increased.

The Great Meadow by Elizabeth Madox Roberts is also about pioneers. A small band follows Boone's trail, and thus Kentucky is settled. Struggle with the soil, war with Indians, hardship, bloodshed, scalpings—all these you'll find in this worth-while novel. And you can read them with your own hair flat on your scalp, and a normal pulse. For Miss Roberts presents her material with the effect of pageantry, which you watch through the glass of time and hear from afar.

That Thornton Wilder's slim volume, *The Woman of Andros* is a best-seller, is an [*Turn to page 80*]

Wild Wind

Do the generations of today and yesterday weigh love and duty in the same scales?

By Temple Bailey

MARY"—Jacqueline, her face pale, spoke softly to the woman who lay, pink and white and gold, among her pillows; "Mary, I'm not going to marry Kit. I've told him—it's all over. I'd rather not talk about it. Only, if he should marry Sue—I think—I'd die . . . " "Sue?" her sister queried sharply; "why should he marry Sue?" "Because they are coming back —together . . . "

Their dream was over, Jacqueline realized, for always there would be Mary to care for . . . and Joel, Mary's none-too-successful husband. So she carried on, as she had done these five years past, hoping and longing for the day when Yolanda, Mary's very modern daughter, would be able to shoulder the burden she had borne so bravely.

Then Paula Gilman's warning had come: "Kit isn't getting a square deal. He deserves something better than long years alone in a foreign country. And it's plain to be seen he's in love with Sue." "No, no!" Jacqueline's heart cried. "Kit will love me always!" But nevertheless, she sent back her treasured sapphire and released Kit from their engagement.

Dreary weeks passed with no word. Was she, who still loved Kit so dearly, to lose even his friendship?

Part VI

JOEY'S kitten had grown up! Yolanda's school days were over! And Kit was coming home! It had sounded very simple put into short sentences like that; but it had not been simple in the three years since Jacqueline talked to the celebrated author at the Gilman dinner. She had been happy then, and she had been happy since, but as she looked back it was a happiness so near the edge of despair, that her heart seemed to stop beating when she thought of it.

For in all that time Kit had not written. Each Christmas he had sent her a gay and gorgeous box from India, packed with loveliness—sheer silken things, delicate embroideries, bits of beaten gold and silver set with uncut stones, porcelain, bronze and ivory—and in each box had been an envelope and with a sheet of paper on which was written a line in Kit's strong script, "My heart is like a singing bird . . . ." and all the other lines he had marked for her so long ago in the little poetry-filled book that had been his mother's.

She had hoped he might write a letter, and a thousand times she had put pen to paper to beg him for a word; but she stopped there. Kit must be free. He must not feel himself tied. He had said he would wait until she called him back; but she had not called until two months ago when she had written that in October Yolanda would be home again, and small Joey would be sent to a prep school. And if he was still of the same mind . . . ?

The answer to that had been a cable. "I have never had but one mind about you. Letter follows."

There had been other letters, and now it was June, and tonight she was to meet Kit on the bluff where the wild wind blew.

No one knew he was back again. Jacqueline felt that she and her lover must see each other and talk before the world was told. She had questioned, "Suppose he should find me changed . . . ?" She had looked in her mirror and the mirror had said to her, "Perhaps when he sees you, he won't want you." And she had flung back at the mirror, "Love like ours is eternal. It has nothing to do with looks."

YET even as she said it, she had wondered if the mirror might not be wise. Men were not like women. They wanted youth, and beauty. There was Joel, for example, whose eyes followed Mary's pretty night nurse, Miss Ogden. But Kit wasn't like that. Kit had an almost super-fastidiousness where women were concerned. "A man lacks taste who likes them all," he had said; "he looks only on the surface. The great lovers have been those men who have chosen once and have stayed steadfast. I know that modern psychology would make philanderers of us all, but we're not."

So all these years he had been steadfast. "Kit, oh my Kit," she was saying, as she stood looking out from the sun room of the new house, watching for Stuart Carleton's yacht which was to sail in at six with Yolanda and her crowd.

The sun room was very gorgeous. Joel's prosperity in the last three years had been amazing; and when he bought the new house he had insisted on new furnishings, and so set about the sun room were lacquered tables in leaf green, and chairs in Chinese basket work, and the cushions were green and red and sea-blue, and the curtains matched them. And tonight the tables were laid for an informal supper with gay English porcelain which repeated the colors in the chintzes.

And in the midst of it all, Jacqueline moved about in her sober brown dress like a wren in a flower garden. Her hair was braided as she had worn it ten years ago. Brown was not becoming and she wondered why she had bought that dress. There was money enough now for anything she wanted, and Joel was generous. Perhaps it was because she had not cared how she looked, since Kit was not there to see.

"It can't go on like this —crumbs from the king's table"

Illustrated

by

C. D. MITCHELL

Yolanda played up to their admiration with a regal air of remoteness

A voice from the threshold was saying, "I'm going now, Miss Griffith. I let Miss Ogden in. Mrs. Hutchins is sleeping. I am glad the house is quiet. The noise excites her."

It was the day nurse, Miss Meeker. Jacqueline was aware that Miss Meeker did not approve of Yolanda and her crowd. They had made the day uproarious with their radio and their dancing; and the day was Sunday. Jacqueline didn't approve either of Sunday dancing, but then, what could one do? Joel had said, "Just so you keep it from Mary."

Everything had been kept from Mary in these later years. She was no worse; but her nights were wakeful and there were sometimes paroxysms of pain, and Joel had decided that two nurses were necessary. He could afford it, and he had liked the wide gesture with which he told Jacqueline, "You've done enough, old girl." He had also taken on a cook and a housemaid; and old Hannah, too rheumatic now for active service, had retired to her pleasant cottage near the Causeway, and came every week to do the mending.

"I am sorry about the noise," Jacqueline told Miss Meeker; "I'll speak to Yolanda; she wouldn't want to disturb her mother."

Miss Meeker shrugged her white linen shoulders "Young people are thoughtless."

THEY were thoughtless, Jacqueline had to admit that. And she had to admit, too, that Yolanda's presence in the house had not brought the rapturous results her aunt had anticipated. When Yolanda was at school, her aunt had written: "It will be a wonderful thing to have you here, darling. You can bring into your father's life all the youth and joy he has missed." And Yolanda had written back, "You pamper Dad too much. Gracious Peter, Aunt Jack, men have it all their own way anyhow. Let Dad find his own joy. I'm no ministering angel, but I'll do my best."

Miss Meeker had joined Jacqueline, and was looking out over the harbor. "They're coming now," she said; "isn't that Stuart Carleton's boat?"

It was a lovely boat with its great sails lifting it lightly over the water. And presently there stood on the pier a colorful crowd of young people, the late sun shining full upon them.

"They are all coming up here to supper," Jacqueline remarked.

"I hope they won't wake Mrs. Hutchins."

"I'll tell Yolanda," Jacqueline said again.

She was at the door to meet them, and warned Yolanda, "Your mother is asleep."

"But Aunt Jack, this isn't Mother's nap time."

"She couldn't sleep this morning."

"Our noise? Oh, well, don't worry. In a way she loves it."

Jacqueline knew that it was true. Mary delighted in the break in her monotonous routine. Yolanda's coming and going, Yolanda's clothes, Yolanda's lovers! "It's a new world," Mary would say to Jacqueline.

Miss Meeker felt that the excitement was not good for Mary. Miss Ogden, the night nurse was not so sure. Joel and Jacqueline with their instinct of protection were inclined to agree with Miss Meeker. Yet it would be marvelous, Jacqueline admitted, if Yolanda's presence should bring about a happier state of affairs in the sick-room.

"Is supper ready?" Yolanda was asking; "we're simply ravenous."

"Marta will bring it in at once."

"Tell her to hurry a bit, won't you? We're going to have another sail by moonlight. It will be a heavenly night on the water."

Marta was the housemaid. It was the cook's afternoon off, but she had made the sandwiches and had left them in the refrigerator, and there were cold lobster and mayonnaise, and crisp round pilot wafers, and pale dry ginger ale. And presently Jacqueline and Marta were rushing back and forth with the sandwiches piled high on silver plates, and the lobster pink and plentiful on a willow-pattern platter, and with cubes of ice in crystal bowls, and gold-sealed bottles on a lacquer tray.

All the while her aunt went rushing back and forth, Yolanda danced with Stuart. Jacqueline, hot and tired and in a sudden mood of rebellion, wondered why Yolanda was not rushing. But Yolanda never rushed. It was not her technique to seem ever in a hurry. She took even her pleasures languidly, and the contrast between her vivid beauty and the effect of inertness seemed to constitute a charm in the eyes of the young men who followed after her.

The fact of Yolanda's beauty was inescapable. There had been the promise of it in earlier days, but now her coloring was more positive—the blue and gold and white of eyes and hair and skin. She was, indeed, Jacqueline often told herself, the type of which Malory had written and Chaucer. Had she let herself go, Yolanda would have shown the buoyant spirits of those women of an earlier age. But she did not let herself go, and the result was, perhaps, even more provocative.

TO JACQUELINE the poise and self-confidence of her niece seemed incredible. She herself had never been like that. She had never had the sense of rightness of her own point of view. She had simply muddled along trying to do the best she could for everybody. Perhaps Yolanda's way was better, to take all you could get and let the rest go.

And that, too, had been Sue's philosophy.

Poor Sue! She had come back three years ago with her head in the air, and not once in all the years since then had she spoken of Kit to Jacqueline. Yet the Gilmans knew that the engagement was broken and that Jacqueline did not hear from Kit. Jacqueline felt they rather pitied her. Why, she did not know, unless Paula had given the impression that Kit had thrown Jacqueline over for love of Sue, and that Sue had then refused to marry him.

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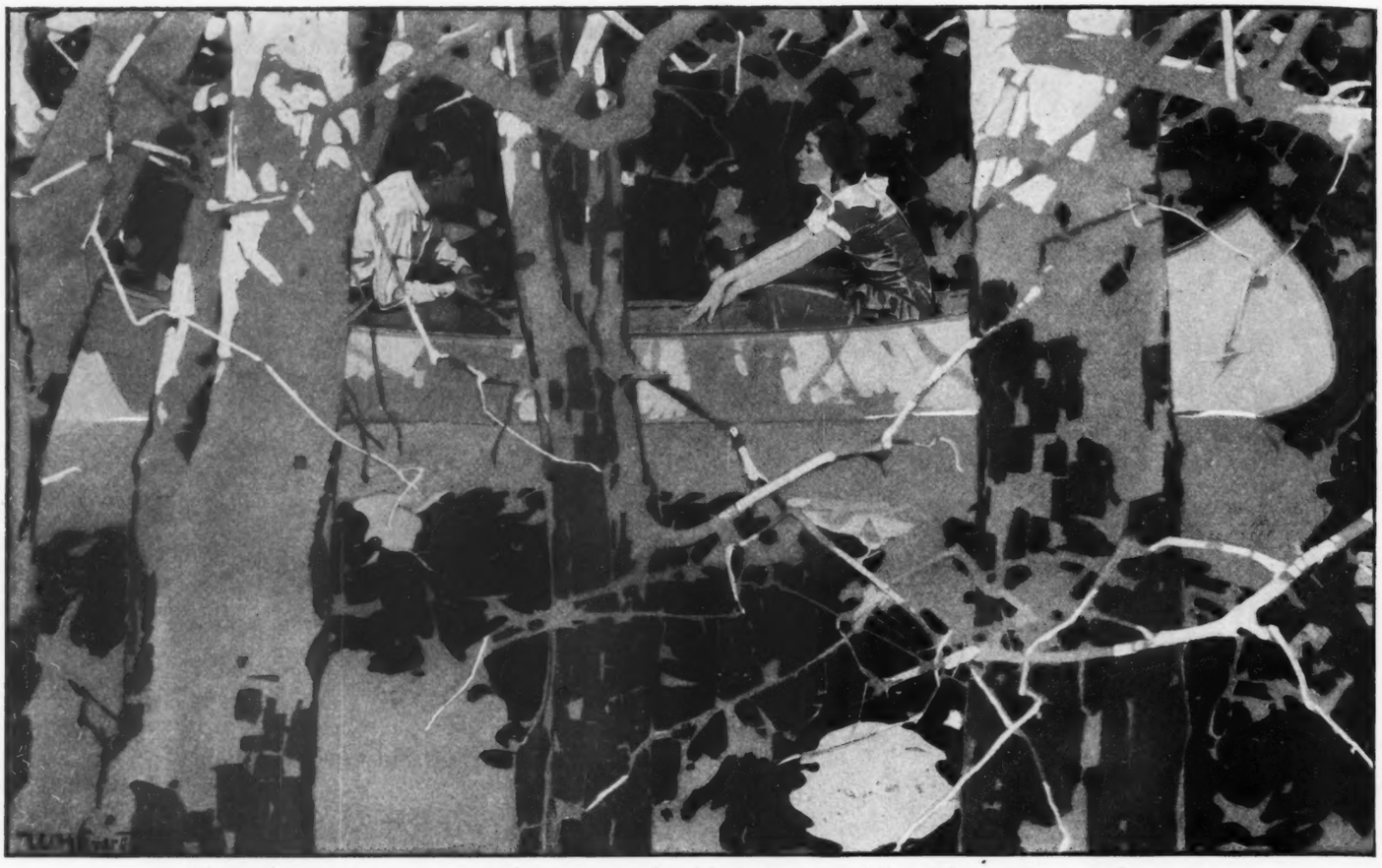


She was now past seventeen and pretty enough with those eyes and lips of hers to be an enchantress

BITTER SWEET

He coveted her blinding youth and piped the lover's tune he knew so well. Could the lure of his gleaming enchantment drown the memory of that other love that blossomed on a strange white night not long ago?

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Illustrated by WALTER EVERETT

SWEET fruit may grow from very black and bitter soil: and from the sorrowful ground of Rossiter's failure, acid resignation and disgrace his child grew up, straight, white and merry as a young birch tree. When Rossiter had served out his sentence he came to live—or rather to hide, for all the man's self-assurance had left him and he had the heart of a hunted hare—in the corner of what once had been his boastful Connecticut estate. Here in a wet, wooded hollow, stood a farm-shanty which he had minded in his braggart days to tear down and burn. Now, he drew into it his cowed and crippled spirit and made it the roof of his despair. Building and man had a wary, warped appearance curiously in keeping. You would have fancied the creature like other crustaceans in one piece with his shell.

Rossiter hired a dilapidated old woman to serve him for little better and far less cheerful wages than a song. Having no business to mind, the man made a coil of small household matters and ran fast to miserliness in his habits, as the devotee of detail is prone to run. He would send little Sue to market until he found her bashful in economy, largesse being the native and showy gesture of her youth; so, not willing to be seen, he forced old Hetty to hobble across a stile and two broad, stony fields tri-weekly with a basket which might have come back better filled for the needs of two adults and a growing girl. Sue economized, therefore, in growth, kept light and not very tall, using the scant fuel for pretty red blood and a decorative strange shining of her eyes.

All about their wooded corner the land had fallen into the hands of Rossiter's chief creditor, John Curtin, a man whom his dishonesty had all but mortally injured, but who had outlived and outweathered it and enriched himself fourfold thereafter, an accident provocative of malice in a fallen man. In jail Rossiter had learned the last letter of envy: it was the word for which his eyes peered and which had shaped his lip. Sue did not like to look at her father. At his table she kept her eyes down, he counting her forkfuls and grudging her a second helping, rarely ever speaking and

having forgotten the trick of a smile. They had no joy in each other, not even a smothered natural loving.

Sue was in the more comfortable habit of taking her little lunch out into the woods. There was the happy place! It held a stream, a brook of living water, careless and wild and gentle as Susan Rossiter. It ran clear and cold and in one spot she had cupped a spring, dammed it up cleverly against the big roots of a fir tree. Here she had her playground . . . she made herself tree house and ground house, being by turns, squirrel and mouse. Later, she fashioned a charming town of pebbles, bits of wood and clay.

BEING so ignorant, so lonely, and so childish, Sue, in her 'teens, had made very little break with her babyhood. Her town lacked a clock tower, she gravely discovered, and was at work fashioning it, when, right above her head, a bobolink gave voice.

She slid over to the spring, set her hands against its bottom and, when the water stilled, she bent down to drink. She paused to look at her own face lying there in the water, all its shapes and colors very faintly shaken. She had a fancy to drink with her lips against the painted lips. But before the fatal meeting of those two soft lonely young mouths, Sue's spring gave her a thrilling shock of fear. The brown face of a faun rose from the bottom, a queer, sly laughing face, showing a glitter of teeth and golden eyes. Sue's heart stood still. The two faces lay in the embrace of her wet silver arms while you might draw six breaths. Then stiffly she rose to her knees and looked about and up.

At full sight of her the young fellow standing behind her—his blue shirt open at the throat, waders and fishing tackle explaining his intentions—lost his bold mischief and fell into bashfulness. The gorgeous paint of youth's confusion blazoned his whole face and neck, his eyes slid from her.

"I'm sorry . . . I didn't mean to scare you so. I thought . . . your short skirt and your hair hanging down . . . that you were a child . . . a little girl . . ."

Sue was too wild for shyness. "Oh," she said, "I am not very grown-up." She glanced at the tree house, the wreckage of her town. She blushed and smiled with a quaint head-wagging, confiding, gay, ashamed. "You can see for yourself how I play still when I'm alone."

"You've built those yourself. Gosh! I didn't know a girl could. Nobody helped you? That looks like an Indian wikiup. You've brought out your lunch, haven't you? I wish you'd let me stay and eat with you. I've got two or three little brook trout here, a frying pan, a coffee pot and some sliced bacon—lots for two. We can build a fire. Will you? Or am I just . . . fresh? If you say so, I'll go away. Are you still scared?"

She said carelessly, "I'm not a bit scared. It was your face down there in the water that startled me. I hadn't heard a sound. It seemed to come up from the bottom. Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm Roger Curtin, John Curtin's son." He jerked his head up and back toward the hill which ran down abruptly from the edge of his father's property. "Who are *you?*"

"I'm Paul Rossiter's daughter."

It came from her with a soft slow pride. Paul himself had told her his story as caustically as an enemy, giving her the facts of his crime and the world's judgment and adding neither self-justification, hope nor comfort. Roger smiled quickly. He was not too young to use the smile as a screen for startled recognition . . . . What an ass he was to insult her, question her! The boy's eyes were angry now and kind.

"May I come and see you? I'm home for six months and it's darned lonely."

"You may meet me here if you like, Roger; you can't come to the house."

"Why not?"

"Because my father doesn't like people."

Roger whistled softly once. "Oh . . . I beg your pardon. All right. I'll meet you here. What's your name?"

"Sue."

"Do you come out here often with your lunch?"

"Every clear day and most wet ones. I get into my wikiup, you see. There's room for two, if we make ourselves small."

"Let's make ourselves small on rainy days, then," said Roger, amused.

Being hardly across the threshold of the nursery, Sue and Roger, meeting in secret—for neither of them was entirely sure of parental favor—feeling no dread of public opinion as to their dignity, enjoyed, that summer, a gorgeous second childhood. The brook's course, in fact, was no more reasonable and no less carefree than the swift brawling and merry course of their affection, until a day of exploration.

IT WAS Sue's desire to follow down their stream and know its adventures. Before twilight they came out on the widening water of Charles Derringer's lake from which the outlet slid through a narrow channel under a bridge to plunge suddenly into the midst of dirty brick factory buildings where it was tattered by wheels and swept about into a dye-stained whirlpool. Sue from the bridge looked down and longed to weep. She was tired and the love she bore her swift-moving brook was shocked at this dingy slavery it suffered. "I wish we'd never come," she said, hitting the name-scarred railing

"He'll marry Averil Wende . . . that artist woman who paints pictures all over the place"

with her fist. "Why couldn't they let my stream go free? Look, Roger, all the miles it's run to tumble into an ugly trap like this."

Roger, thoughtful, amused, and looking down into the inky whirlpool, spoke loud above the grinding of machinery which shook the planks under their feet, "It'll run clear again, child."

"Never clean again. Look at the filthy stuff they've poured into it."

She leaned far over to point. Roger plucked her back. "Don't lean over like that," he said sharply; "you'll fall. Come on home, we've miles to make and it's nearly dark now, I tell you."

"Who owns that mill?" she asked sullenly half a silent hour later as they trudged a dusty, glimmering road between high banks.

"Charles Derringer. He inherited it from his father who died a month ago. They say he's being divorced from his wife."

"I don't wonder. His wife couldn't love a man who lets that happen to my stream."

"Silly. He's attractive, though pretty old . . . . Thirty-five, I guess. He'll marry Averil Wende . . . that artist woman who paints pictures all over the place. You must have seen her, tall, big woman, lots of color, ties scarfs round her head."

Sue stopped and stared. "You mean," she asked in a shocked voice, "he's chosen another wife before this one has let him go?"

Roger's laugh shot out of him. "Yes, baby. That's been done before. In fact, it's just his 'choosing' of the Wende woman that made his wife want to chuck him . . . I heard father talking about it. He knows them all . . . wife, and Derringer, and Miss Wende."

"How horrid. Derringer is just like his factory. He makes everything black. I hate him."

"You hate so easily, Sue," said Roger half-sadly, watching her as she flung herself along with her head high; "some day you'll probably hate me."

She stopped short, drew close to him, laid her hand upon him and said in a grave voice and swift, "You know I love you, Roger."

Instantly like a stranger into a familiar room, came silence. All the droning voices of a summer night, insects, the frogs' croaking, confused and indeterminate stirrings, became part of their minds, to return on other such summer nights with the smell of woods, of tangled roadside flowers, ever-living, ever-following hounds of memory.

SUE'S hand fell from the boy's stiff arm. They moved forward with one consent and presently Roger whistled loud as a morning bird and kept up a shrill frenzy until she left him. Fireflies lighted him home and little spark-like flashes of emotion went as silently, as meaningless in and out of the thundery August darkness of his mind.

For Sue, after that speech of hers there followed a week of bewildered pain, a confused sense of undeserved neglect . . . then at her breakfast place she found a letter It was an invitation to Roger's birthday dinner-dance and the mere reading of it turned her white with excitement and fear. She lifted her eyes to her father and he leaned over and twitched the paper from her hand.

"Curtin's son!" He crumpled the invitation savagely. His eyes rested for a minute on his flushed and tremulous little girl. Perhaps he saw her beauty and recognized her growth because for an instant his lids were pried apart by a sort of wonder. Then, "Don't pay any attention to it, Sue," he said; "it must be a mistake."

That tore the fabric of her dream, pride came up like a spear into her heart. "Of course I won't," she said rather loudly, and, for the first time, she felt pity for that man and ran away to hide her tears.

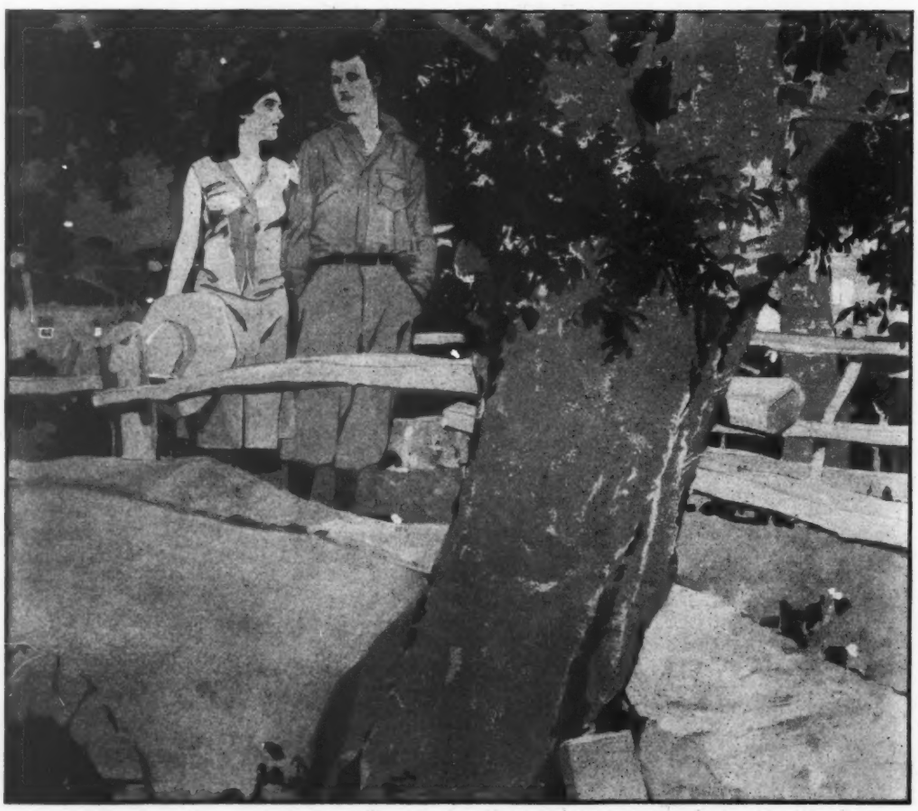
Roger did not come, but there came the night of his birthday celebration and with it such a serene full moon as paints a young heart white and still and silver. It tempted Sue. She could hear down in her hollow the woeful sweet singing of violins . . . She stepped away from her father's house and went in her white thin gown and her falling hair through the strange rustling woods across the polished ebony of her brook to the very edge of Curtin's garden.

SHE stole from shade to shade . . . louder music, laughter—oh, what a terrifying brave noise that was! A long French window opened and she saw that Roger was out and alone in her lonely night. Had he felt that she was there among his flowers? He moved in a vague seeking fashion and stood just above her at the top of the first steps. Then he cried out: "Sue!" The broad white moon showed what had come into his face. A heart of gun-powder had been touched by the spark of her unexpected presence. He flung himself down to her but before he could take her, as he meant to, and kiss her with all the force of his fiery impulse, she felt an overwhelming fear, a delight that was very dangerous, and with an eerie little cry she ran. So they went storming like white water down the terraces, the length of the garden. Sue's hair flying, her eyes turned backward like those of a nymph pursued, running with a wild, light grace wonderful to see.

She made a turn, so that for a second she was out of Roger's sight and ran against what she fancied to be a solid box-hedge until it enveloped her in astonishing hard arms and as she looked up with a leap of fear, pressed upon her mouth a vehement, most amazing kiss.

When Roger came round the hedge, Sue stood back where she had leapt, her eyes stretched wide, her two hands, palms outward, laid against her lips.

"Mr. Derringer!" said Roger, loudly, sharply, with the roughness of his jealousy.



"You hate so easily, Sue. Some day you'll probably hate me"

"I'm sorry," laughed the man, stepping away from the wall, where he had been sitting. "Moonlight and nymph running straight into my arms . . . I do apologize . . ." Then, in an aside—"Roger . . . you're the loser. I stole your sweets . . . *Who is she?*"

Sue stepped back like some quaint apparition still with her eyes on Charles and her hands against her mouth and was blotted out magically by the shadow of her trees. They could just hear the rustling of her flight.

Passion suddenly aroused and cut abruptly off from affection just at the magic moment when they would have joined hands in ecstasy . . . . Perhaps there is no predicament so bewildering, so dangerous to the ignorance of girlhood. Sue did not close her eyes that strange white night. She sat near her window under the eaves while Charles Derringer's kiss fulfilled its purposes. There was some wildness in the girl; but it was shame to her to know that she fiercely liked the eyes and lips and arms that had stolen Roger's "sweets."

In the ground house next morning she found a letter, weighted by a stone.

"My darling dearest Sue,

This is an awfully hard letter to write. If only you hadn't run away right after what happened, I could have saved you a lot of useless misery and feeling ashamed, as I know you do, being the girl you are . . . as if anything I, or any other fool man, did, could really hurt the mind and soul of you. Please forgive me. I'd cut out my heart to save you from looking again the way you looked last night when you ran away. Sue . . . I do love you. I stayed away as long as I could because I never felt such a queer strong heady feeling and I was afraid of what I might do and say, though I didn't then know just what it would be. After being so careful, how could I have behaved like such a sudden passionate devil to you? It was all my fault—what happened. Sue, darling, somehow, I will make it all right . . . . If only I could marry you!

Roger."

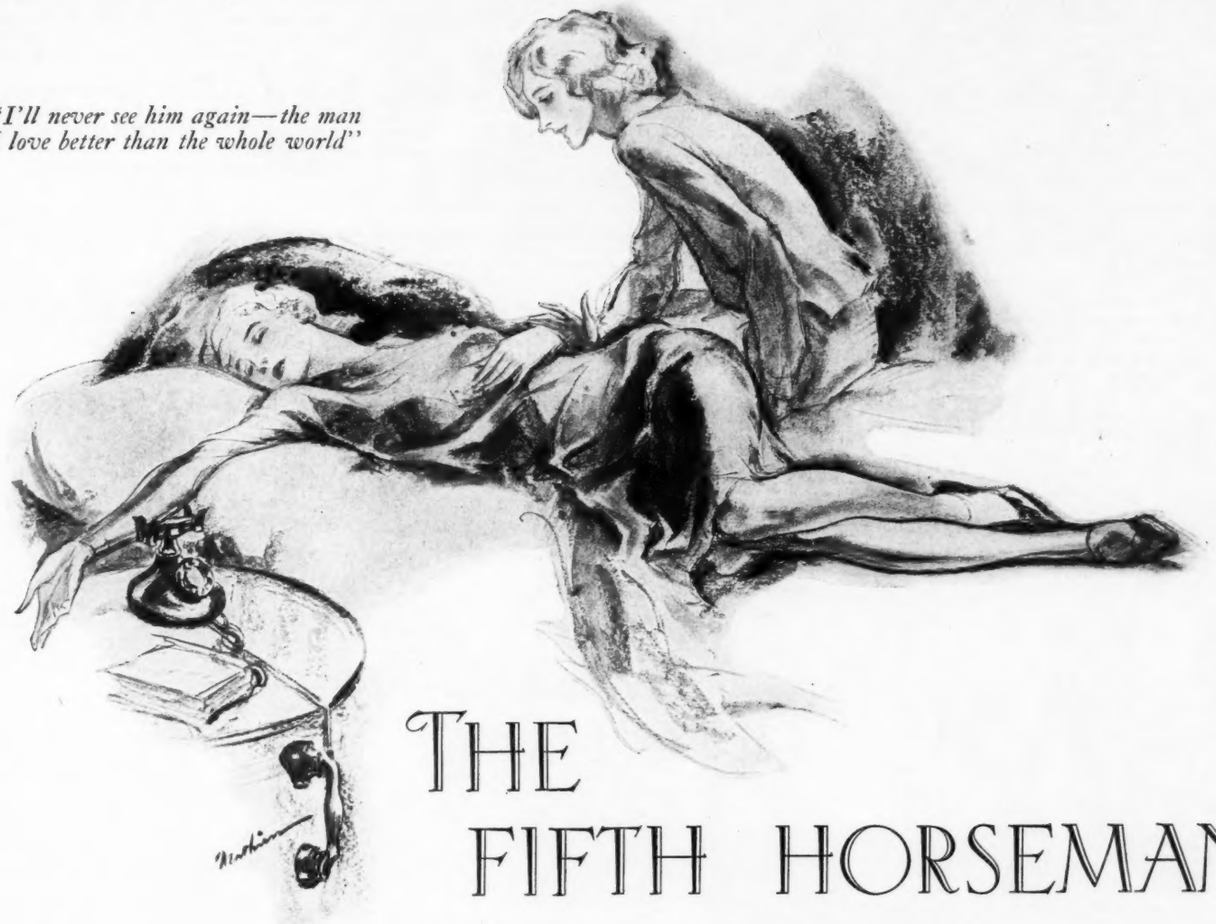
Sue sat in the ground house for hours with the letter in her lap. Then she crumpled it up tight in her hand and went back to the house, upstairs to her room. She would try to answer Roger's letter. He had become strange and a little unreal to her but that would pass, because she loved him. The letter dropped out of her hand on the stairs and when she got to her table she missed it but wouldn't stop to go back for it until she had written what was in her mind.

Downstairs in the hall her father picked up and read the crumpled letter.

From under minds dark, mean and secret, turned over by a chance discovery, run little scuttling, many-legged thoughts to find some darker shelter. Envy of Curtin, hatred of his son, suspicion of this unguessed intimacy, a swift desire to avenge himself on fate, to be at once rid of a troubling daughter and an instrument of her good fortune, to pull down Curtin's pride and make the boy who dared to hurt and frighten his girl, pay and pay and pay . . . He put on his hat and went up to the house of his neighbor.

ROGER'S father, having read the letter, sat still, a little bent forward and deeply flushed. He had the worldly-wise man's wariness of vipers. Little Paul Rossiter was dangerous; had always carried poison in his hood; had all but ruined him before. It wouldn't be hard, and most astonishingly pleasant, to break up the man's dirty little wriggling body, but that wouldn't save Roger from disastrous disgrace, even if—if—What was this girl like, anyway? They had been meeting, the two; Roger had been making love. The secrecy in itself was damning . . .

"I'll see Roger today. I'll let you know the result of my conversation with him, Rossiter. There's nothing in this letter to convict either of [*Turn to page 124*]



"I'll never see him again—the man I love better than the whole world"

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by HUBERT MATHIEU

AS JOSEPHINE told her story, simply, without resentment, it was to him as though she had told him in detail every squalid incident of her entire childhood. It cast a pallid flare over everything, illumined every abyss.

The pulse in her temple was beating against his palm, heavily but regularly. Her face no longer quivered; only the soft motion of her lips in recital brushed his supporting hand.

When she had ended, he told her quietly that she was absolutely guiltless—and innocent; besides, that since her father had come to her rescue against Holden, and since he obviously had not stopped even to lay a hand upon her as she lay in bed, how could the episode be used against her? It only served to show against what tremendous odds she had fought—and won!

Into the dark, cool air there came a breath of lilacs and the faint taste of sea-salt from an unseen ocean.

Seafield was standing on his hill-top, searching the night with troubled gaze that had better been directed to inward search. He presently came back to her and stood beside her silently. She looked up, dumbly awaiting criticism of some kind.

He said, trying to knot his tie in the dark: "Concerning you and me, only the plain truth is going to clear the air. I'm nearly forty; you are nineteen; I'm married—as far as the legal aspect of the affair is concerned. And the reason I am still married is that I have been blackmailed ever since my wedding day. You see I know what blackmail is. Nobody ever will understand why I remain married. I never before have said this much to a living soul—that the case is utterly hopeless until death intervenes and adjusts the matter.

"What you've said to me had this effect—that is has had no effect whatever on my affection for you, unless, indeed, your candor and courage in discussing openly anything that might be misinterpreted to me as a shortcoming in you have stirred in me a deeper feeling. Between you and me it remains as it was. I want it to remain so. Do you?"

She nodded.

After a moment he extended his hands and helped her to rise. His coat was damp. He shook it out and she fluffed out her filmy skirts.

Together they descended the hill. As they crossed the lawn they could see the orange-tinted Chinese lanterns festooned around the pool, hear voices and splashing, Tony's laughter, the mirth-sharpened treble of Florrie.

Seafield had no desire for sleep. Josephine also disclaimed any. She drifted over to the piano, tinkled a little, rose and drifted toward him, where he was seated on the window ledge.

"I feel a thousand years younger," she said, seating herself in the opposite corner.

He smiled: "Vacuum cleaning renovates the soul's abode. Mine needs it too, but it can't be done; although that sly beast, Age, is already in the house."

"To me," she said, "you are no more than my own age—except in mind."

"That's odd."

"Is it? Why?"

"Yes, it is, Josephine, because you always call me Mr. Seafield. You wouldn't unless you revered my age."

He laughed, but she turned troubled and shy, sitting there with lowered head.

"What should I call you?" she ventured, lifting her eyes.

"Do you know my name?"

"Stede."

"Does it come easily to you?"

"Yes. I've wanted to."

"Is that all you've wanted of me?"

Not comprehending, she hesitated, then lost color.

After a moment's silence he slid to the floor and came over to her. It was a flower-like face he kissed, but a flushed one when her hands tightened on the lapels of the dinner jacket; clung convulsively.

When their lips parted she put her arms around his neck and sat so, gazing into his face with a sort of virginal curiosity. All her real ignorance of men was in her eyes—the curiosity of the novice, naïve speculation, the candor of a mind immaculate.

Toward the end of July, Lester began to cast his people for *The Fifth Horseman.*

Already the play had been ripped to pieces, reassembled, a new third act written.

ONE hot afternoon, about three o'clock, Seafield came out of the Chelsea Theater, got into a taxi and drove to the Charter Club for a late lunch. But he was too tired to bother with more than tea and toast—scarcely tasted that and was leaving the club when Delancy Brook's coupé pulled up and Brook hailed him, asking him which way he was bound.

"Back to the theater," replied Seafield.

"Are y rehearsing?"

"Trying to."

"You look tired. Step in."

The chauffeur jumped out and opened the coupé door; Seafield entered.

"Chelsea Theater," said Brook to the man. And, to Seafield: "You look very tired, Stede. You ought to go to the country."

"I'm going."

"Where?"

"To Brook Hollow."

"Oh," shrugged Brook, who understood what that pilgrimage meant—an hour in the cemetery, ten minutes at the mill, and the afternoon train back.

"How does the play look to you?" he inquired.

"Like the deuce."

"To Lester, also?"

"I believe he has faith in it."

There was a pause. Then Brook said in a low voice, "You can't afford to have this play go wrong."

"You don't have to tell me that," returned Seafield, forcing a smile.

"It will go wrong if your mind is pre-occupied with trouble." Brook laid a friendly hand on Seafield's arm as the latter remained silent. [*Turn to page 30*]

[*Continued from page 29*] Brook's placid face became slightly pink. He looked hard at Seafield, hesitated; then for the first time in their long intimacy, he meddled with his friend's personal business. He said, deliberately: "Up to this moment, Stede, your marital mistake has ruined your career. I've had to stand by and look on without a word. I can't hold my tongue any longer. What is Mrs. Seafield to you?"

"Nothing," said Seafield, reddening.

"Then divorce her."

"I can't."

"You mean that she'll fight proceedings?"

"She will."

"In heaven's name, why?"

"She wants her allowance."

"But," said Brook impatiently, "you can win out. You have every ground—"

"Yes, every ground and then some. No; I can't face it; I never shall. For, if I could bring myself to face it, never again could I go into the Brook Hollow cemetery. I will not subject the names of my dead father and mother to infamy. I've never told this to a living soul, Brook, but you see my only brother is also involved. One least rumor of fact—one breath of truth—and nobody would ever forget the name of Seafield. To me it would mean destruction."

There was nothing more to say on the subject.

"I'm sorry," muttered Brook, "—meant it in proper spirit—friendship of years."

"I know. Thanks. Kind of you, old fellow. But it can't be done."

A MOMENT later the coupé stopped before the Chelsea Theater.

"Thanks so much," said Seafield. "Will you come in?"

"No, I'm going on out to Long Island. Come out Sunday, Stede—so long!"

At the stage door Seafield was handed a strip of paper. On it was written: "Please call up your residence." It was signed, "Annie Cassidy."

Seafield stepped into the wings and caught Lester's eye. "May I use your private wire, Ed? I'll be back in a few seconds."

"Certainly. But don't chew on it. We're waiting"

With a pleasant nod to the young man in the box office, he opened the door that led through it into Lester's private office beyond.

Here on the desk, he found the telephone and called his house number. Annie Cassidy answered.

"What's the matter, Annie?" he inquired.

"Is it yourself, Mr. Seafield, sir?"

"No other. What's up?"

Annie's voice was indignant. "Two women, sir, called at two o'clock. And when I sez to them, 'the master's out,' the two o' them sat down on me—"

"On you!"

"On the hall seat, sir. And there they sit and look at me like a pair o' back-fence cats—"

"Are they there yet?"

"They are—the two o' them—"

"What do they want?"

"To see you, sir—the bold things—"

"What are their names?"

"I have their cards—one minute—Miss Cleo Avery . . . Mrs. Hattie Weems—And no address."

Seafield hesitated; then, grimly: "I'm rehearsing at the Chelsea Theater. Send them down to the box office."

Coming out, he said to the young man in the box office: "I'll be out front, or on the stage, if anybody inquires, Harry." And he continued on into the dark body of the house.

"All right, Ed," he called, as he descended the inclined aisle, toward the orchestra pit.

"Everybody!" shouted the stage director.

All chatter and furtive skylarking ceased in the wings; figures detached themselves from luminous shadows along the fire-wall, and came forward or faded into the deeper shadow.

For a half hour the grilling rehearsal continued.

Out front the young man from the box office leaned over Seafield.

"Two ladies to see you," he said.

He turned and walked back to the box office, the young man following.

Two women were standing near, conversing in whispers. They looked at him in stealthy silence. He paid them no attention, but went on through the box office into Lester's private room.

"Send them in here, Harry," he said to the young man. "If I ring, don't answer; just call up Mulberry Street and report that I'm in trouble."

Cape Cod Cottage

BY ELSPETH

Decoration by Thomas Fogarty

Here is the windy hill, all yellowed over
With goldenrod and other weeds as bright;
The rutty road where wild birds run to cover
Their wings half-lifted, hastening their flight;
Here is the sky, as fragile as blue glass is;
And clouds like white-caps on a frothy sea.
Tawny and high the thickly-flowered grass is,
Oh, but the wind is delicate and free!
Here is the house, too, huddled on the hilly
Slope to the ocean, tumbling to the wild,
As if it cried, "I'll get there, willy-nilly";
Impatient and determined as a child.
Beauty and happiness upon a sunny slope;
Beneath a slanting roof, a sheltered hope.

He seated himself at the desk; adjusted a concealed switch. The dictaphone was ready.

They came in; looked at Seafield furtively. The door closed behind them. As Seafield said nothing, they seated themselves.

It was evident that his silence was making them uneasy. Mrs. Weems spoke first, naming herself and her companion with a certain covert defiance in her voice. He merely inspected them.

The sound of her own voice, however, encouraged Hattie Weems. She said, more boldly: "I and Miss Avery don't want to make no trouble for you and Josie Moreland, Mr. Seafield."

"That's why we came to see you private," added Cleo Avery with an ingratiating smile. "You don't want any publicity."

They waited. No reply. Then Hattie said: "I and Miss Avery was to Weather-Vane Inn again."

Seafield remained mute, looking at the two women.

Cleo continued to smile. Mrs. Weems went on: "I guess you remember how you signed the register."

"And we have your supper check and breakfast check," added Cleo.

A silence, then Hattie: "I guess," she said, "you don't want Brook Hollow should hear how a rich mill owner carries on with one of his mill hands. It would make an awful scandal."

Seafield's gaze seemed so remote that Cleo became a little disconcerted and whispered to Mrs. Weems: "He's a fly guy, Hattie. You wanta watch him good."

"I got his number. He's figurin' in minimums. Wait till I hand him another," whispered Hattie. And aloud: "You better be a good fella and talk to us, Mr. Seafield," she said.

He glanced at her, absently. "What about?"

Cleo, reassured, laughed. "Jack, of course," she said mirthfully.

"Money?"

"That's Jack's middle name, I guess," returned Cleo, still laughing.

He said, bored. "There's a dictaphone in this room—for your information."

Hattie's eyes blazed and she stood up: "Lay off that stuff!" she said venomously. "We know where you get off. And you're there, Mr. Seafield."

He laid his hand on the push button: "Perhaps," he said, "you'd better tell your troubles to the police—"

"You won't call the police!" retorted Hattie.

He looked at her curiously, his finger hovering over the button.

She laughed at him: "You want us to spill it out to your wife?"

"No use. We've been separated for nineteen years."

"Yeah? Why?" leered Hattie.

The shock of it turned his face a grayish hue. He looked blindly into approaching destruction—saw it impending in the woman's leering eyes; thought of killing her—and saw, instantly, she had interpreted the thought and was frightened.

"Yes," he said in a low voice, "that's it. That's the one thing you can't get away with. You know now. And no matter where you go, or how long it takes, I'll follow you and find you. And that is what will happen to you. Because I shall have nothing more to lose."

Suddenly Hattie's nerve gave way: "What about the electric chair!" she screamed.

Seafield rose; the two women became dumb with terror and shrank away. But he merely opened the door.

"Harry," he said pleasantly, "kindly show these people out."

LESTER, breakfasting at the Stratford Club, cast oblique and somber glances at Tony Speedwith, who was limiting his refreshment to one bran biscuit, washed down with orange juice.

"Some party, Ed," he repeated dolefully. "Such a headache!"

"Shut up, old fellow!" interrupted Lester, wrathfully. "Do you think it will buck me up to hear about your morning-after miseries? And Seafield, too, with a face like death, and sure-fire sob-stuff from Clarel if I dare call her down! And the rehearsals getting worse every day. I've my own troubles; shut up about yours."

Tony buttered his muffin. "What's Seafield so deathly about?" he inquired.

"Probably that perennial domestic mess of his. I don't know."

"Did you ever hear that Seafield had a brother?" inquired Tony, curiously.

"Where did you hear of him?" returned Lester, startled.

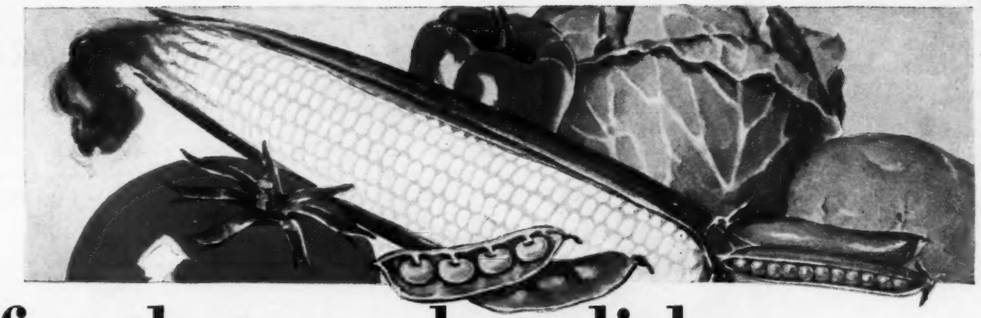
"In the morning paper—"

"What!"

"He's dead. The paper said: 'Suddenly—Donald Seafield, elder son of the late Alexander and Elspeth Cameron Seafield, of Brook Hollow, New York. Aged forty-seven'."

"When?" demanded Lester. [*Turn to page 118*]

15 VEGETABLES IN
CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP



21 choices for that one-hot-dish so needed with cold summer meals!

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"I want a meal! I want a meal!"
My tummy seems to cry.
"You'll have your meal
And one that's real,
In Campbell's," I reply.

A hot dish with the cold meal is splendidly wholesome. Soup is the ideal choice—so invigorating, so beneficial to digestion. Campbell's offer you 21 selections—already cooked. Meat soups; strictly vegetable soups; hearty soups; clear soups; soups just right for the children's diet. So convenient in summer! And Campbell's Vegetable Soup is one of the greatest favorites because it's a meal in itself—on your table in next to no time. 12 cents a can.

Oh, memories that bless and burn . . .

Sometimes, when lights are low, they come back to comfort and at the same time sadden her—those memories of long ago, when she was a slip of a girl in love with a dark-eyed Nashville boy. They were the happiest moments of her life—those days of courtship. Though she had never married, no one could take from her the knowledge that she had been loved passionately, devotedly; those frayed and yellowed letters of his still told her so. How happy and ambitious they had been for their future together. And then, like a stab, came their parting . . . the broken engagement . . . the sorrow and the shock of it. She could find no explanation for it then, and now, in the soft twilight of life when she can think calmly, it is still a mystery to her.

Are you sure about yourself?

How often some trivial gesture, habit or fault alters the course of human affairs. On every side you hear of engagements broken for trifling causes. Of marriages that ride into the divorce court on the strange complaint "incompatibility."

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

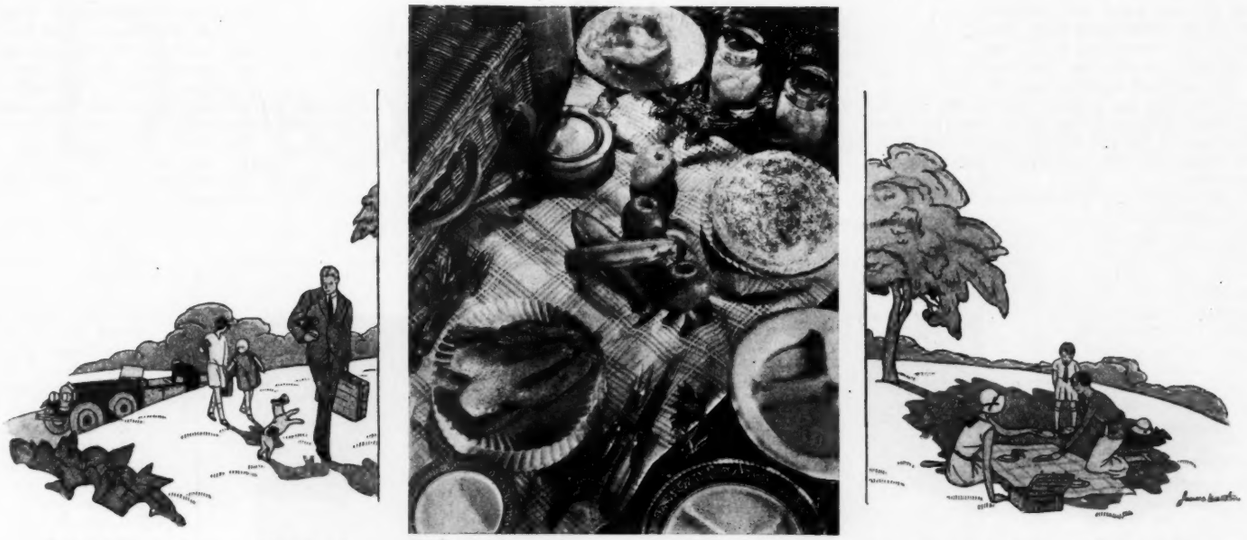
Common causes are: Stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

LISTERINE
ends halitosis

Being antiseptic, Listerine checks food fermentation. Being also a remarkable germicide,* it attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**



Golden-brown chicken waiting for the carving knife, crisp salad, fresh fruit, and a fluffy coconut cake—of course the picnic will be a success

PICNIC MEALS

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

THESE are the days when someone is sure to suggest, "Let's have a picnic! Let's take the car—and *lots* of good things to eat—and spend the day outdoors."

Often an impromptu picnic is more fun than one which has been planned days in advance. So let me urge you to have an Emergency Picnic-Shelf during the motoring season, and to keep it well-stocked with canned foods, bottled drinks, packaged cheese, crackers, cookies, relishes, nuts, and dried fruits.

Every picnic should be a holiday for the whole family. There must be plenty of wholesome food to satisfy out of door appetites, but let everybody share in the work of preparing it. Older children—and guests of all ages—really like to make and wrap sandwiches, and if the meal is cooked over a camp fire, there is usually one man at least who delights in proving his ability as a cook.

Your picnic equipment can be as elaborate or as simple as you wish. The seasoned motorist will fare forth with a frying pan, coffee pot, and camp stove; the affluent motorist will have one of the sumptuously fitted hampers with extra storage containers for hot and cold food; but you and I may decide to make our own hamper out of a cheap suit case, which we'll divide into compartments with stiff cardboard. By tacking tape on the sides and cover, we shall have a place for holding plates, cups and saucers, knives, forks, and spoons. A tightly-covered pail, half filled with chopped ice, will keep salads, desserts, and drinks cold until we're ready to serve them.

When you have a child in the party too small to eat the regular meal, give him a basket or box of his own—and let him carry it himself. Fill it with a small bottle of orange juice; dainty sandwiches made of jelly, cream cheese, lettuce or watercress; dates or figs; cookies; fruit; and milk in a vacuum container.

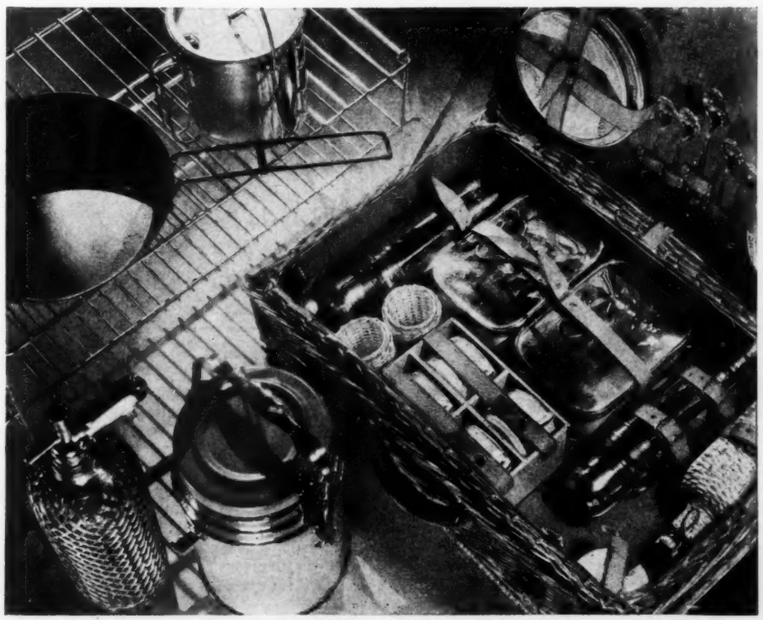
Picnic meals should be simple, and they should include plenty of fresh fruit, and a crisp green vegetable—lettuce, celery, scallions, radishes, cucumbers, or cabbage. In the next column I am suggesting menus for two kinds of picnics; the first is for a pack-and-carry luncheon; the second for a camp fire meal. These menus, and the recipes which follow, were planned to do away with a lot of "beforehand" work.

(1)

Whole Roast Chicken
Buttered Rolls *Strawberry Jam* *Pickles*
Fruit or Vegetable Salad
*Coconut Cake** *Fresh Fruit*
Coffee *Ginger Ale*

(2)

*Tomato Savory**
Hashed Brown Potatoes *Dill Pickles*
Buttered Finger Rolls *Lettuce Sandwiches*
*Chocolate Squares** *Watermelon*
Coffee



There's convenient equipment for every kind of picnic—and every size income

Open Sandwich Roll

½ doz. finger rolls
1 cup cooked ham, ground
1 small green pepper
3 hard cooked eggs, chopped
¼ cup chopped pickle
Mayonnaise

Split finger rolls in halves lengthwise. Spread with softened butter. Mix ham, eggs, chopped pepper and pickle together. Moisten with mayonnaise and season more, if necessary. Spread the ham mixture on the halves and garnish with slices of stuffed olives. Wrap each half separately in waxed paper.

Stuffed Eggs

Put eggs into boiling water and keep hot for 20 minutes. Cool. Remove shells and cut in halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks and mash with a fork. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing and mix to a smooth paste. Season to taste. Fill egg whites with this mixture and sprinkle with paprika.

For variety, add to the egg yolk mixture finely-chopped celery, parsley, watercress or cooked spinach; sardine, lobster, or anchovy paste; or deviled ham, tongue or chicken.

Tomato Savory

1 large onion, chopped
2 tablespoons fat
1 can kidney beans
1 can tomatoes
1 can corned beef

Brown onion in the fat and add kidney beans and tomatoes. Bring to boiling point and simmer for 5 minutes. Add corned beef and heat thoroughly. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a very little sugar.

Chocolate Squares

2 squares (oz.) unsweetened chocolate
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ cup flour
1 cup walnuts, chopped
½ teaspoon vanilla
Few grains salt

Cut chocolate in small pieces and melt over hot water. Cream shortening and sugar together and add chocolate. Add well-beaten eggs and beat thoroughly. Add flour, vanilla, nuts, and salt and mix well. Pour into a greased square cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Turn out of pan and cut in squares while hot. [*Turn to page 113*]

PROHIBITION

[*Continued from page 17*]

"During the ten years that preceded enactment of the Prohibition law," Miss Gildersleeve said, "there was a very noticeable decrease in drinking. But now alas, much of the good work has been undone. It has become the fashion to break the law for diversion. Many people are now consuming the strong liquors that bootleggers can sell most easily and profitably, and these are often peculiarly poisonous and deadly varieties.

"What we need," Dean Gildersleeve declared, "is something corrective at once," and then she put herself on record as favoring a change in the law which would permit the various states to set up their own systems for regulation of the liquor traffic.

EVEN so staunch a believer in Prohibition as Miss Jane Addams, the well-loved director of Hull House, Chicago, admits that laxity of enforcement presents serious problems.

"During the first two years of Prohibition," Miss Addams writes, "we were all elated by the marked decrease in drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Then we began to observe the social changes due to lax enforcement. Certain families in the neighborhood became suddenly prosperous and we knew that they were manufacturing liquor in a small way. One mother, I remember, was brought into court on a 'contributing to delinquency' charge because she was using her home as a bootlegging center.

"Before long there were many stills in the neighborhood, and gangs of rival bootleggers. There was a ring of hijackers, or hold-up men who preyed on the bootleggers. The police officials gave protection to the gang that made it most worth their while. This protection of the lawbreaker by officers of the law produced great cynicism among the immigrants who say quite openly, 'you can do anything in America if you pay for it.'

"These are some of the unfortunate results of Prohibition. But we must set over against them the benefits. In former days Chicago was infested with dance halls where drink was sold lavishly, and immorality among young boys and girls was deliberately encouraged. Since Prohibition these drinking-dance halls have been done away with.

"The saloons, too, are a thing of the past. In the old days you could count four hundred saloons in one square mile on our side of the city. It is difficult to say to what extent the passing of the saloon has increased prosperity, because we have had general prosperity since the war. But certainly since 1919 the usual family has received the envelope of wages more nearly full than under the old treating system.

"There are fewer homes, too, that are shattered by drunkenness. Fewer cases like that of a charming woman of my acquaintance, who with her three children led a dog's life because her husband would regularly desert her, and then when he came home after a prolonged absence would sell the household goods and clothing. So long as he remained at home the family was reduced to absolute poverty and terror."

Summing up the problem, Miss Addams believes that "to give up now, or even to modify seriously the 18th Amendment, would be to obtain not even a negative result, and would mean that we never could be clear as to the real effect of national Prohibition."

Leaving aside for a moment the question of the welfare of society as a whole, I wrote Miss Zona Gale, whose novels show such a keen insight into her psychology of men and women, to ask her what she thought of the effect of Prohibition on the individual. And this was her answer:

"I believe that human beings are engaged upon the adventure of growth . . . For the growth of the body we know approximately the means, as rest, exercise, fresh air, freedom from toxins. For the development of mind, we are beginning to know certain means as good will, education, poise, and the protection of the mind from toxins such as those caused by anger, hunger, fatigue, fear, drugs. For the growth of spirit we divine a little of the function of love.

"There arise preventable obstacles to growth, such as disease, war and other fury, robbery, certain forms of competition, usage of drugs, alcoholism. At first disease was thought to be sent by the Lord, but gradually the well tried to heal the sick. At first war was regarded as inevitable, but Geneva councils, a Kellogg pact, and a London conference, seek a way to solve social difficulties by other means than by physical wounds and bloodshed. Recklessness and theft and physical struggles, once well within the province of private initiative, are now for police control. Drugs are under social ban, though certain nations still traffic in them. Alcoholism, with its train of crime and misery, society is now seeking to eliminate.

"Always the first efforts at elimination are futile. Peace congresses fail, the germ theory is ridiculed, a codification of law requires years of patient struggle. So now laws seeking to eliminate alcoholism cannot be enforced. It is said that such laws limit liberty. But a number of other steps in social control have been infringements on what had previously been regarded as human liberty. Quarantine, laws against lynching, taxation, traffic rules, compulsory education, are all infringements of liberty. Yet slowly, for the growth of society, these infringements have been made.

"Alcoholism will go, too. Prohibition is the first gesture against it."

MISS KATHARINE CORNELL, the actress, is no less of an idealist than Miss Gale, and yet she believes that prohibitions which infringe upon men's and women's personal lives, weaken rather than strengthen their minds and spirits.

"I suppose that I most resent Prohibition," she said as her lovely dark eyes gazed far away into her mirror, "because of the things it is doing to women. I remember that when I came out in Buffalo not long before Prohibition, a society girl who got 'tight' would have been blackballed in a minute. We were served a little wine at parties and that was all. Nowadays, since it is the fashion to drink a great deal, women of all ages are not ashamed to lose control of themselves, and of the situation, at the most select gatherings. And this is true of other cities as well as of New York. Last year when we were putting on *The Age of Innocence* in a city in the middle west, I was invited to an elaborate afternoon tea, and when I got there, there was no tea to be had! Only quarts and quarts of cocktails. Naturally I couldn't take anything to drink a few hours before I was to appear on the stage.

"People have the impression," Miss Cornell smiled ruefully, "that actors do a great deal of drinking. As a matter of fact we are a very temperate lot, because our work makes stern demands upon us. The stage people I know who drink excessively have, I believe, been pathological cases. They are afflicted with a definite physical craving, which is a problem for medical science, not the law, to cure."

No symposium of feminine opinion on a great national issue would be complete without the inclusion of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the generalissimo who led the suffrage hosts to victory. Today as she looks back over many years in public life she [*Turn to page 80*]

THEY CALLED HER THE BLACK OPAL

This mysterious veiled beauty of New Orleans

Margaret Bell Houston, granddaughter of General Sam Houston—gallant Southern statesman—has written especially for McCall's a dramatic modern novel of the old French quarter of New Orleans, the picturesque *Vieux Carré*, where racketeers and underworld princes mingle with the glittering society of St. Charles Avenue.

Haunting this colorful pageant of glamour and intrigue is the most enchanting heroine of recent fiction — Juanita Basara—The Black Opal, whose romance

MOON OF DELIGHT

begins in the

AUGUST McCALL'S

DOROTHY DIX *says..*

"Romance doesn't always demand Moonlight"

EVEN PICNICS *have their opportunities—and simple frocks their charm*

WHY is it so many girls think romance must wait for just the right moment? That moonlight, music, atmosphere are essential?

Romance is everywhere—afternoons at the beach, hiking in the country—simple picnics—*all* have their opportunities.

But you must always look dainty, colorful, attractive—your charming best!

You should know above all the significance of *color* in clothes. For you needn't wear expensive things if you know this secret.

Men respond quickly to color—as the old saying goes, "It's color that takes a man's eye." Even on a picnic, where old clothes are called for, *avoid* faded blouses, color-dimmed prints. For loss of *color* in a garment means a corresponding loss of *allure*. Therefore, let me give you two simple hints:

MEN LOVE COLOR
An inexpensive little tennis frock and scarf will "catch his eye" if kept fresh and gay and colorful!

FIRST: In even your simplest frocks, choose pretty, becoming colors.

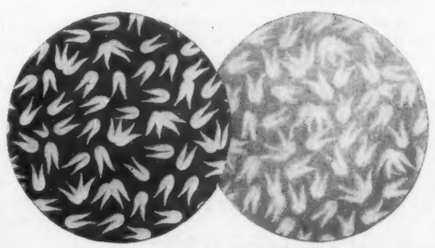
THEN: Guard colors from even slight fading.

When I say this, girls often reply that frequent washings—which daintiness demands—too often take the loveliness from colors. If that is the case, you have probably been using the wrong soap.

Ordinary "good" soaps are sometimes not good enough—and *some of the color goes with the dirt*. To play absolutely safe, use Lux, which is made *to safeguard colors*. Lux has a slogan . . . "if it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux." And that's true.

AT HOME, TOO, let the charm of color add glamour to you. Even the simplest home makes a lovely frame to your dainty, feminine self, if *everything*—from the cushions on the porch swing to the curtains in the living room—is kept *colorful as new* with Lux. Remember, men love color.

DOROTHY DIX



THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Sample after 12 Lux washings—unfaded, live, vibrant as when it was bought, all the magnetism of color is retained.

Sample washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded. Not actually ruined, yet color allure gone.

***If it's safe in water . . . it's safe in* LUX!**

Spicy flavor
"CREAMED" *in*

Do your sandwiches suggest the dinner-pail? Or are they at home in candlelight, on spced boats, in cars that dash to picnics?

Make them what you will—humdrum fodder, or tidbits that tease while they nourish. It's a matter of seasoning.

Easy when you use French's Prepared Mustard! For the nicely adjusted balance of spices in French's—their aristocratic arrogance, the way they are "creamed" together—gives them a positively unique flavoring quality.

Try French's Prepared Mustard on good old ham and cheese sandwiches and see how its delightful impertinence of flavor lifts them into the class of food to serve a guest.

FRENCH'S
PREPARED
MUSTARD
it's "creamed"

FREE: *Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 74 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

He would come over to work with me until all the unfinished jobs were neatly completed

MY HUSBAND BACKED MY CAREER

By a Business Woman

SHALL a woman marry or have a career? Who debates this question any more? For a number of years now, thousands of women have been marrying *and* having careers, quite as a matter of course. The only questions that anybody is interested in nowadays are how these working wives manage their feat of "eating their cake and having it," and with what measure of success.

At the time I married the man who is now my husband, I had just embarked upon the exciting adventure of launching a business of my own. I was paying myself, out of the profits of the business, a smaller salary than I had earned since I was a scared young beginner, and I was prepared to keep on with this policy for some time to come. My husband, on the other hand, was earning a comfortable income, more than adequate to provide for us both. The matter of economic necessity, which is so often the determining factor in these situations, did not, therefore, enter into ours.

Fortunately I had had the luck to fall in love with a man who had no traditional prejudices within himself to battle against. And he was able to listen calmly, reasonably and sympathetically to the presentation of my case for staying with the enterprise into which I had poured so much youthful energy and enthusiasm. Resolutely, I made him feel the worst.

ARE you sure," I asked him, "that you will enjoy for a constant companion and a wife, a commercially-minded person who thinks in terms of sales quotas, financial statements, dealer coöperation, consumer acceptance, trade-mark consciousness, and the moving of merchandise?"

"You must remember," he replied, "that I was brought up by a mother who is, in a sense, a business woman. She is still earning her living as a writer because she loves it. I am prepared, therefore, to admire and love a business wife just as I have always loved and admired a business mother."

"But," I countered, "I have always understood that the successful business man of today feels that he needs a wife who is a social asset, a woman who will dress herself up to reflect his success, entertain his friends and generally add to his prestige in ways that would be out of the question for a woman at the head of a rapidly growing young business."

"You seem to have overlooked the fact," he came back at me, "that I have had ample chance to decide just how much it would mean to me to be socially promoted."

"But what about all those charming little services that it is a wife's joy to perform for her husband, and that husbands are said to prize so highly,—all that pressing of ties, tidying up of bureau drawers, brushing of clothes, darning of socks, sewing on of buttons? No chance for any of these marks of devotion from the wife who has a business on her hands!"

"People can be hired to do all these things," was all the answer he made to *that*.

"I am very happy to have you for a wife," he wrote

I went on to warn him that when he came home after a hard day at the office he was likely to find a dark and empty apartment—no lights turned on, no appetizing aroma emanating from the kitchen, no fresh welcoming voice saying, "Cheerio, old darling." Instead, *he* might receive, half an hour, an hour, two or three hours later, a worn and weary fellow-worker, who might greet him in a tired, thin voice with some such words as "Oh dear, I'm all in! *Everything* went wrong at the office today."

However, he still expressed himself as emphatically and unequivocally ready to take a chance. We were sure, anyway, of two things: (1) we were in love, (2) we wanted to be together.

And so, like any two young people in love, we marched to the altar with beating hearts and tremulous hopes, as the organ pealed forth the familiar strains to which so many others have started out on this path perilous.

We did feel that we owed ourselves a vacation and a chance to get better acquainted before we settled down to the task of harmonizing our separate business requirements. However, even during this glorious period the outside world came between us to a certain extent, and we returned with still very little notion of what each was going to be like in the marriage partnership.

Back to business after the honeymoon, he started once more going to his office downtown, I to mine, mid-town.

MY BUSINESS was small, but expanding. I had only two employees, and did the lion's share of the work myself. I had to, in order to make the business pay and provide for its growth.

And so, at the end of the day's activities—which usually included conferences with clients, instructions to artists, typographers and engravers, and audiences to space-sellers, as well as the planning and writing of copy, the outlining of "layouts" and the ordering and judging of "artwork"—I usually found myself with a formidable pile of unfinished work on my desk. And then, when my two assistants had gone, when the telephone had ceased to ring, and the office door was locked against unfortunate bond salesmen and insurance solicitors, I settled down to several hours of hard application.

Here, right at the start, was a fertile source of trouble, as I'm sure many young wives will agree. Every evening at the end of his own day's work my husband would ring me up on the telephone to ask me if I were ready to go home. Home! Home to his arms, to warm and enveloping affection, to the rest and peace of our own two

[*Continued on page 44*]

Drinking milk was a nightmare to Mary

—until I discovered this way to make her love it!

"WHENEVER I got Mary ready for bed, my heart ached to see how thin she was. And she always looked so pale.

"But Mary just wouldn't drink milk. It was like a nightmare to her. I spent every mealtime trying to get her to take her milk; but she'd fuss until I gave up in despair.

"But now I mix Cocomalt with Mary's milk . . . and she loves it! She drinks four glasses a day, and asks for *more*. Her color is healthier. She has filled out too, and is full of life."

A food—not a medicine

In thousands of homes all over the country, once-anxious mothers are having the same experience with Cocomalt. This creamy, chocolate flavor food drink tempts youngsters who dislike milk or have tired of it.

Not only does Cocomalt make milk tempting to children—it adds 70% more nourishment as well. Each glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to nearly *two* glasses of plain milk. And most important of all, Cocomalt contains the precious Vitamin D.

What Vitamin D does

Physicians recommend summer sunshine for growing children—because sunshine produces Vitamin D, that potent, body-building element which helps to prevent rickets, builds strong bones and teeth, develops sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt contains this precious Vitamin D—and in addition supplies *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the young, growing body. Furthermore, Cocomalt contains malt enzymes which help to digest various other foods that are in the stomach.

Free trial—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form all ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Served in a jiffy. Three sizes: ½ lb., 30c—1 lb., 50c—and the economical 5 lb. family size. At grocers and leading drug stores. Use the coupon below for a generous trial tin, free.

See for yourself how delicious Cocomalt is—and how the youngsters love it! Mail coupon today.

Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 17, Hoboken, New Jersey
Please send me, free, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Great Imitator

Mankind's most dangerous enemy is syphilis. It takes the form of many diseases, masking as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion or nervous breakdown. It may seem to be a form of skin, eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble.

Most tragic of all, it often attacks the brain and spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and insanity—a life-long tragedy. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

In certain general hospitals, as high as 30% of all patients were found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. Yet many of its victims had not known what was robbing them of health and strength until a medical examination, including blood and spinal fluid tests, revealed their actual condition.

Syphilis can usually be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient *faithfully and persistently follows the complete treatment prescribed by his doctor*. If the early stages are neglected, cures are less certain, but a great deal can still be done to relieve suffering.

It is estimated that about thirteen million persons—one out of ten—in the United States and Canada have or at some time have had syphilis. Because of fear and ignorance, millions of victims have been imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

A most effective way to reduce the amount of syphilis is the pre-natal treatment of mothers suffering from this destructive disease.

Parents and teachers owe it to those dependent on them for education and guidance to replace secrecy by knowledge, frank instruction and friendly advice. Physicians, health departments and social hygiene societies willingly offer their aid.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it. Ask for Booklet 730-M.

NOTE: The Metropolitan first published "The Great Imitator" in January, 1928. Since then, leaders of public health organizations and directors of big business have requested that it be republished and that booklets be provided for wide distribution. The booklets are ready.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHARLIE BUYS A PRESENT

[*Continued from page 15*]

"We'll give you a nice figure on an exchange, though. Allow you a hundred on a young bus. I might *give* you thirty-five because I can use it to illustrate a pamphlet I'm gettin' up—'The Motor Car from Earliest Times'."

This time when Charlie's head darted out at him, the soiled young man discovered that it was red. Providentially, another car came rolling in behind the Rameau at the moment, which made his retreat appear both natural and necessary. But the newcomer failed to respond to the soiled young man's greeting. He was looking at Charlie.

WELL, well, if it isn't Charlie Tweedy!"

The voice was as friendly as it was familiar, which were two reasons why Charlie's heart sank when he heard it. There are moments in every life when a friendly voice can be less welcome than the jeers of an alien multitude. But escape was impossible and Charlie slowly turned to the large man in the small roadster behind him.

"Why, hello, Mr. Blakely."

"Well, Charlie! I knew I couldn't mistake that head. Minute I saw it, I said, 'That's Charlie Tweedy, I'll bet my socks.' Well, Charlie, and how's New York treating you? Compared to the old home town, eh?"

"Oh, all right."

"Must be. See you've got a car, already. What is it, Charlie? What do you call it?"

"It's a Rameau Eight."

"Eight what, Charlie? Tons?"

Charlie waited for the laughter to subside and then he made the most cutting retort he could think of to the sire of the Blakely car.

"The Rameau's a great car."

"Great in the matter of size, eh, Charlie. Well, maybe you're right. How do you like my newest model. This is one of 'em."

Charlie yearned to say that he thought it would be fine if it were a better fit, but, after all, Mr. Blakely was a Personage in the old home town, so he said— "It's cute."

"Cute is right, Charlie. And she doesn't burn any more gas than a cigarette lighter." He said it with a computing eye on the Rameau. "Should think that bus of yours'd eat up all your savings, Charlie. Where do you keep her?"

"I don't—I mean I'm going to sell her," Charlie replied.

"*Mm.* Be more sensible to turn her in, Charlie. Can't get any money for an old model like that."

"I'm not asking any to speak of," Charlie said with a narrow eye on the soiled young man. "Only three hundred."

In the interviews with which the press annually hailed Mr. Blakely's birthday, the motor manufacturer was quoted as saying that laughter kept him young. Charlie waited now for him to laugh off a year or two and then he said evenly— "Suppose you think I can't get it."

Mr. Blakely wiped his eyes. "Well, Charlie, if you do, I'll take back what I said last time I saw you. Remember? The day you came to me for a job?" Charlie nodded, but in case he had forgotten, Mr. Blakely recalled the choice morsel with which he had ended that interview: "I said you couldn't sell fur coats to Eskimos, Charlie, remember?"

Charlie nodded again and, for the first time in his life, his chin appeared a feature to conjure with. "Yes, but I'm going to sell this Rameau. And I'm going to get three hundred for her." He threw in the clutch and the Rameau came to life with a shiver. "Three hundred!"

Mr. Blakely's genial mirth soared above the din. "If you do, Charlie, you come to me. I'll put you at the head of my sales department, Charlie."

Not until he had achieved the comparatively open spaces of Westchester, did Charlie pause to refresh his gallant courser with a few gallons of gas and himself with a hot dog. And then he realized the advantages of his forced move. For, restored to the roomy reaches of the countryside, the Rameau no longer looked out of place and myriad *Cars Bought and Sold* signs heartened the highway.

By mid-afternoon, Charlie had developed a selling technique that a Grand Street peddler would have coveted. By an inversion of all the unflattering remarks the Rameau had elicited, he had a line ready made and singularly telling. Age, breadth, weight, height, all these he conceded and elaborated as precious assets.

TAKE these new models—sure they are light, but so's a perambulator. Hit a corduroy road in one of 'em and what happens to your store teeth? You have to look out of the window of this bus to know you're going—and you're sure of getting there, too. While in one of these kiddie-cars, you never know whose front porch you'll land on. And listen! When this engine was made, they weren't turning 'em out like salt water taffy. When they finished one they put it in the window on a plush cushion and invited the public to the party."

Charlie raked his hair back and nodded down at his prospect. No one but a man who had left his hat and job in the capricious clutch of fate, would have called his recumbent listener that. But the failure of the *Bought and Sold* signs to do more than prove a kinship to the soiled young man, had shifted his hopes to a private sale. And a gentleman prone among the entrails of a disemboweled car in a deserted stretch of road, seemed to Charlie a very promising prospect indeed.

The eyes staring up at him were attentive but non-committal. "Looks like she'd burn a powerful lot of gas," the prospect said without rancor.

"She'll burn more than that crossword puzzle you got there," admitted Charlie candidly. "But when you ride in this bus you won't look like you'd outgrown it."

The recumbent gentleman scratched his whiskers with a reflective screw driver. "Give ye a hundred for her."

Charlie indulged in his new laughfull of scorn and polite incredulity. "Three," he said. His prospect disappeared beneath the car. "Two seventy five," amended Charlie, sadly relinquishing the watch that didn't look

[*Continued from page 40*]

Phone bill due?

Let your tooth paste pay it

If it can't pay it all, it can pay part of it—for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about $3 per year per person over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. If there are seven in the family, the saving is $21 a year.

Judges of value acclaim this *modern dentifrice at 25¢*

DO you know of one good reason why you should pay more than 25¢ for a quality tooth paste?

We don't; and we have been studying tooth pastes of all kinds for 20 years. We have learned that all are basically alike—and that, at 25¢, should leave ample profit to the manufacturer.

In Listerine Tooth Paste we offer a dentifrice of outstanding quality—one in every way worthy of the Listerine name. That you can obtain it at 25¢ is due to our ability to buy ingredients in quantity, and to modern production methods which eliminate every unnecessary expense.

Why not switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for one month and let it prove its own merits?

Note how swiftly but how gently it erases discolorations and tartar. See how its mild polishing and cleansing ingredients penetrate those hard-to-get-at crevices between the teeth and remove decaying matter. Note that wonderful feeling of health and invigoration that comes to your mouth after you have used it. Then reflect that these benefits are yours for $3 a year—about half of what you usually pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE Tooth Paste

CHARLIE BUYS A PRESENT

[*Continued from page 38*]

like one in favor of some more obvious trifle. But the prospect was making derisive noises with his hammer and Charlie shifted gears.

At the next filling station, he dropped his lone quarter into a telephone box and demanded New York and Mr. Bree.

"Listen, Bree, this is Charlie—"

"Well, Charlie! Love of Pete, where are you anyway?"

"Out near Ridgefield. Say, Bree, will you tell the chief—"

"He don't want to know, Charlie," Mr. Bree said sadly. "He did this morning. He was asking about you, but you didn't leave any messages for him so he said he'd leave one for you, in case—"

"Well, listen, I—"

"He said to tell you not to worry about coming back, Charlie. He said you never did seem very happy here and he likes a happy office force."

"You mean my job—"

"*Isn't,* Charlie! You know you never did nurse it any too well and to hop off and leave it ailing like that wasn't nice. I'm sorry."

But Charlie's chin had not assumed its new rôle for nothing. "Well, I'm not!" he snapped. "I never did like it, anyway. And listen, my hat—"

"You leave your hat, Charlie?"

"Yes. You can give it to the guy that takes my place. Tell him to save it for next year because he won't be able to buy a new one. 'By."

THE Rameau Eight was waiting patiently when he left the telephone booth. He favored it with a long malignant look and then he climbed slowly in.

It was now that Charlie began to take an interest in that assiduous chapter of human spongers, the Thumb Brigade. In response to the next importunate thumb, he stopped and leaned out.

"Going anywhere near Southport, mister?"

Charlie nodded.

"Gimmie a lift?"

"If you'll pay for the gas."

It was on a forced detour, with twilight threatening, that Charlie's adventures barely escaped a termination of headline significance. For the road was narrow and tortuous. The neglected trees and tangled underbrush crowding in upon it, attested to its disuse. After a hundred arduous yards, Charlie decided that the Rameau's engine was probably the first to disturb its virgin solitude.

Ten minutes later a willful twist of the road brought him upon another car. He came upon it abruptly, almost fatally, for it was planted solidly in his path, its doors flung wide like insolent elbows. An elegant equipage with nothing in the world left to wish for in the matter of glittering grandeur and rich accessories.

It was not, however, until he had given the Rameau's brakes the test of their lives, that Charlie could appreciate the full magnificence of the blockade. Even then the confusion was a little bewildering. For the primeval silence rang with voices—masculine, feminine and canine.

"I tell you I won't ride another yard with those—"

"But Mother, you must! What can we—"

"Come now, Mrs. Vane, be reasonable. We—"

"I'll walk first—and my name's Hartigan and you know it!"

It was not, as Charlie had supposed, an accident. The engine of the pompous car was rocking it gently. A comedy-of-manners chauffeur in dove gray, was at the wheel with the ingenue in the costume of a French maid, beside him. The sextette in the road consisted of a biggish lady in a well preserved state of black satin, the most beautiful girl Charlie had ever seen, a plump gentleman in stripes and spats, and a trio of frolicsome Scotch terriers.

"I tell you I'll walk—or beg a ride. Here's a car now, I'll ask—"

"Mother, how *can* you!"

"Now don't be foolish, Mrs. Va—Hartigan," Spats implored.

"If that's any foolisher than traipsing around the country with those nasty little black—ugh! Get away, you brute!"

"Down, Princess! Please, Mother, if you love me—"

"Don't play-act with me, young lady! I didn't skimp and slave for you for twenty years to be dragged around in a dog kennel. I'm all over hairs and slobber and either they walk or I do."

"But it's only as far as Westbank and you know we took this short cut on your account. Besides, you can ride the rest of the way with Perkins."

"I can, can I? I can ride with the chauffeur, can I!"

"Well, well," Spats determination to treat the affair as a friendly little bout was slightly strained. "I mean, you don't want to make a scandal, I know. I mean you know what scandals the papers can make out of little things and you've got to think of Patricia."

"*I* make a scandal!" the biggish lady said. "*I* think of Patricia—and you needn't bother to call her that in this God-forsaken place—let me tell you, she'd never have gotten as far as a screen test if it hadn't been for me and she knows it! And yet she'll make me ride around the country with a lot of smelly dogs—they do, I don't care how much you wash 'em, they do! But I'll not stand another hour of it. I can go back to taking boarders as good as ever and no dogs either—I never allowed it. That was one of my rules and this young man here will give me a lift if I ask him."

"But Mother!" and the beautiful girl flung out two tiny, glittering hands. "Think what you're doing! Think what people will say! It will ruin me!"

At minute intervals, Charlie, the urgencies of his fortunes pressing in upon him, had given vent to a lusty—"Hey!" But this had been a voice crying in a wilderness of voices. Now, however, he leaned out and his indignant bellow silenced even the gamboling canine trio.

"Listen, will you make room or do you expect me to hop over?"

"There, you see!" cried Patricia in her most popular personal-appearance manner. "You're blocking the young man's road, Mother."

"I blocking the young man's road!" Mother said, and bore down on the Rameau. "Well, you'll be blocking us in a minute. Young man, will you give me a lift to the nearest railroad station?"

"If you'll pay for the gas," said Charlie.

"And cheap at the price!"

Mother placed her foot on the Rameau's running board and Patricia screamed. "Mother! I can't bear it! You're killing me! Jeanette!"

In the confusion produced by the ingenue's hysterical response to her mistress' summons, the scotties' sympathetic yelps and Mother's derisive—"Don't act for me, young lady!" Spats cantered over to the Rameau.

"Now, listen. You come along back. I know how you feel, but we got to think of her and her public. We're late as it is, and if she gets all worked up, how's she going to make a personal appearance?"

"I tell you I'm going to ride with this young man; he—"

"No, you're not," said Spats playfully; "but I tell you what! The dogs are. She'll agree to that, as far as Westbank, anyway. This guy can take the dogs—"

"Oh, I can, can I!" said Charlie.

"And will!" Spats told him playfully. "At five dollars a head, you will, sure."

"Five dollars a head, eh? And how much a bite?" asked Charlie his eye on the scottie affectionately nipping Spats' trouser cuff.

Spats shook off the dog. "Oh, well, we'll make it ten if—"

"Not if you make it fifty," said Charlie evenly. "I'd do a lot of things for a little cash—especially right now, I would. But before I'll play chauffeur to those underslung floras and faunas, I'll starve." Patricia, thriftily holding her hysterics and smelling salts in abeyance, stepped forward and lifted a pair of eyes that had wrung the hearts of the world.

"Oh, but you will, if I ask you—please?"

BUT Connie's eyes were just as moving, if not so well exploited. "No," Charlie said firmly. "I'm sorry. But I'll be glad to take your mother. It'll be an honor," he told her with a friendly smile, "and my friends'll shrivel up with envy when I tell them that I had the pleasure of giving the famous Patricia Vane's mother a lift because there wasn't room in her own car—with the dogs and all."

Spats made a sound like a man with a fishbone in his throat, and Patricia reached for the smelling salts.

"Or, I'll tell you what!" Charlie cried in an inspired voice. "I'll sell you the car."

"What!" roared Spats.

"Naturally," Charlie confessed, "I'd rather not. I mean, it's bound to get a lot of other Rameau owners sore with me. But you're up against it and there probably won't be another car along this road for the next few years, so—"

"Well, of all the nervy—"

"—I'll let you have it for three hundred dollars," continued Charlie with a motion for silence in the general direction of Spats. "Three hundred, and a good buy, too. Especially for dogs. It's a nice, roomy car and that's what they need. I mean, they need it for lots of reasons like your mother says. And they'll be a darn sight more comfortable in a car of their own and after all you have to think of a dog's comfort. I mean, if you like 'em, you do. A lot of people let on they like dogs, but what do they do to prove it? A dog's got as much right to be comfortable as anyone else."

"That's the most sensible talk I've heard in a month of Sundays," declared Mother and took her foot off the Rameau's running board.

"So why not give 'em a nice car. You can afford it and it'll save a lot of trouble and make a good impression," said Charlie easily. "Put their monograms on the door and a snappy uniform at the wheel—"

"By golly!" cried Spats. "It's an idea. It's a darn good idea. We could pull down as much publicity on that as we did on the jilted Dook racket."

"More," amended Charlie. "Patricia Vane, the only woman in the world who has a private car for her dogs! And it's yours for three hundred, cash. And a free ride back to civilization." [*Turn to page 120*]

Prayer for Independence Day

by Margaret Widdemer

OURS is a flag that has not known defeat;
No mockery can still
Memory of young tread down each village street
Marching to do God's will.

No perfect nation ours; but yet our shield
In this is free from stain:
Slowly, with prayer, we faced each battle-field,
Never for gold or gain.

Only for freedom had our sword its powers,
Freedom to make the laws,
Freedom for slaves with souls as white as ours,
Or a chained Cuba's cause.

Yea, in that last great struggle overseas
Freedom, slow-moving, made,
We fought for France, down-beaten to her knees,
For Belgium, crushed, betrayed.

Oh, by those boyish dead, whose mothers wreath
Their prides and sorrows still,
Grant, Lord, our sword may ever keep its sheath
Except at Freedom's will!

Roast Shoulder of Lamb, *by Mildred Maddocks Bentley, Director of Delineator Home Institute. Given on one of Swift's new lamb recipe cards. See coupon below*

* * *

Economy, Variety, Fine flavor

in your menus by using the less expensive cuts of lamb

To help you, Swift offers a new series of recipe cards

Free

ECONOMY with no loss of enticing flavor; meat dishes that will lower the monthly bills but not the family's enthusiasm at dinnertime—that's the kind of magic housewives dream of.

And it's perfectly possible magic after all, as you will find when you send for Swift's new lamb recipe cards.

These cards tell you how to prepare the less familiar, less expensive cuts of lamb; how to gain welcome variety for your menus with a big saving in cost.

Recipes by seven experts

More than a million women have sent for the series of meat recipe cards offered by Swift & Company.

This year's recipes we think are even more helpful and interesting than those previously offered, for they are the favorite recipes of seven leading food authorities! These women—household editors of great magazines—have each contributed a recipe for an inexpensive cut of lamb.

Here, printed on these cards, you will find recipes by women whose names are probably as familiar to you as your own. They are Sarah Field Splint, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management; Alice Bradley, Cooking Editor of the Woman's Home Companion; Caroline B. King, Woman's Editor of the Country Gentleman; Mildred Maddocks Bentley, Director of Delineator Home Institute; Viola M. Bell, Food Specialist for the Ladies' Home Journal; Nell Howard Enloe, Editor of the Home Bureau Department of Pictorial Review; and Josephine Wylie, Associate Editor in charge of the Food Department for Better Homes and Gardens.

* * *

Lamb Shoulder Chop Grill—*the recipe, by Nell Howard Enloe, Editor of the Home Bureau Department of Pictorial Review, is included in Swift's new set of lamb recipe cards.*

And with the recipe cards, Swift sends you a meat buying chart to help you market. This, like the cards, is free.

Send for these cards, and let the recipes of seven food experts help you in your menu-planning. You will be amazed at the goodness and rich flavor of these less-known cuts—especially if you are sure to ask for meat that can always be depended upon for fine quality.

Thanks to straight-to-market distribution, and a great fleet of refrigerator cars, Swift's meats are always fresh and good wherever you may live. Insist upon SWIFT'S meats. To get Swift's new lamb recipe cards and the meat buying chart, just mail the coupon below.

Swift & Company

* * *

FREE—the new Swift lamb recipe cards, seven delicious recipes by famous culinary experts, with a chart showing the various cuts of lamb. Mail the coupon today.

File your recipe cards!

Every recipe in its place. Alphabetically arranged so you can find it in a jiffy. Here's your chance to get a recipe file box handsomely made of oak. It already contains 223 delightful meat recipes, 195 complete menus! Just mail 50c in stamps.

© S. & Co.

Home Economics Department
Swift & Company, 4060 Packers Ave., Chicago
Please send me as checked below:

☐ The new set of lamb recipe cards, together with the shopping chart for lamb.

☐ The oak recipe file box, for which I enclose 50c. This includes a complete set of meat recipes and menus, with shopping chart.

Name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....

Only

for Economical Transportation

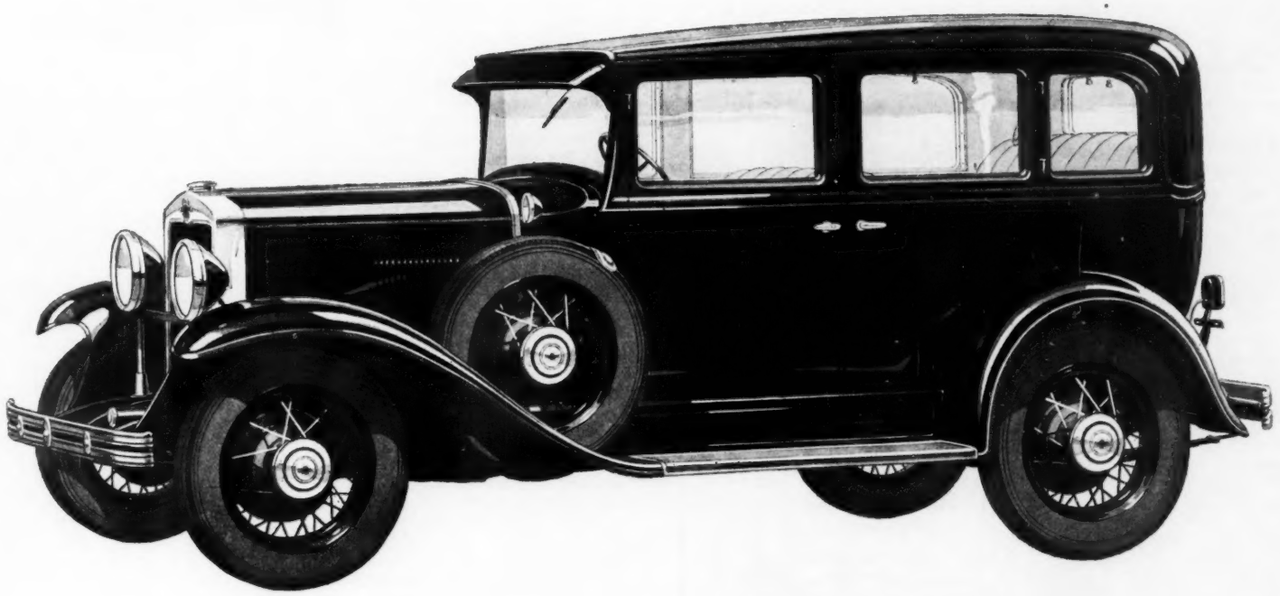
CHEVROLET

BODY BY FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY

CHEVROLET provides Beautiful FISHER BODIES

— at such low prices!



THERE are certain essentials which every modern woman desires in her personal motor car. And only *one* car combines them perfectly at a price that everyone can afford. For the Chevrolet Six is the only low-priced car that offers the style, comfort, safety, and durability of *Body by Fisher!*

-at Greatly Reduced Prices!

The Roadster	$495
The Phaëton	$495
The Sport Roadster	$555
The Coach	$565
The Coupe	$565
The Sport Coupe	$655
The Club Sedan	$625
The Sedan	$675
The Special Sedan (6 wire wheels standard)	$725
The Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$365
1½ Ton Chassis	$520
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$625
Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440

Bumpers and spare tire extra
Prices f. o. b. factory
Flint, Michigan

Chevrolet bodies are styled by Fisher's famous designers—men who *create* and *originate* new trends in motor car design.

Chevrolet bodies are of Fisher hardwood-and-steel construction—the safest, quietest, most enduring type of body design known to the automobile industry.

They are complete in every detail that contributes to comfort and luxury. Upholstery fabrics are exquisite in shade and fine in texture as well as exceptionally long wearing. Interior appointments evidence faultless taste in their selection. And they offer scores of luxury features of particular interest to women, such as the easily adjustable driver's seat; the Fisher non-glare, full vision-ventilating windshield; a beautiful and complete instrument panel; rich, lustrous Duco colors; and chromium-plated exterior fittings.

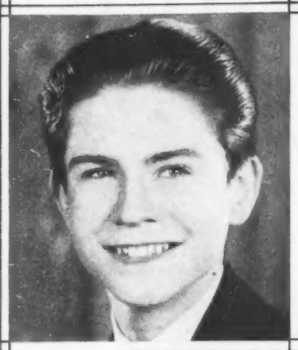
In addition to the many desirable advantages of Fisher bodies, Chevrolet provides numerous other qualities characteristic of the highest priced automobiles. It gives you the smoothness, quietness, and outstanding performance of a great six-cylinder valve-in-head engine. It is easy to handle in traffic; easy to drive on the road; easy to park. It has internal-expanding, completely-enclosed, four-wheel brakes; four long, flexible, semi-elliptic springs; and four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers—factors which add to safety as well as to comfort.

Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer today. Learn how completely the Chevrolet Six will please you—in beauty, in comfort, in safety, in performance . . . and in its extra value.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

What better friend has the human skin?



Children. Boys and girls who go in for summer sports (there's really no age limit), must expect assorted bumps and bruises, skinned knees and blistered heels. Teach the children not to overlook the dangers of minor injuries—that "Vaseline" Jelly promptly applied is a real safeguard. It's so handy, so safe and healing.

Women. Most of us try to sidestep the roughness and toughness that go with summer sunbaths and exposure to drying winds. And how "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly does help! It's both a preventive and a remedy—use it before you go out to avoid burning and afterwards to relieve inflammation if you didn't use it before!

Babies. Too bad baby can't tell you how miserable he feels when his rose-petal skin is irritated and sore! Use "Vaseline" Jelly daily to keep the baby free from heat rash, sunburn and chafing. It is so pure and healing that doctors call it the safest thing to use on little cuts, scratches, bumps, and childhood's other skin troubles.

Men. Out in the Southwest, even the hard-boiled army men use "Vaseline" Jelly to protect skin and lips against the dryness, dust, and sunburn! It is an ideal emollient, safe, easy to use, can be bought everywhere. One of its most popular uses is for shaving. Just a light film of "Vaseline" Jelly applied before the lather does wonders to insure a closer, easier shave.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930.

• Many Skin Specialists use and prescribe "Vaseline" Preparations

MY HUSBAND BACKED MY CAREER

[*Continued from page 36*]

Every evening he would call to ask if I could go home

rooms, the world shut away and all the universe open to just us two. All that was feminine in me cried, "Yes, yes!" But the business woman quietly and firmly answered, "No—not yet."

What happened? Well, it seems almost too good to be true, but my husband, instead of turning first sulky and then openly rebellious as I had feared he might, cheerfully answered, "All right then, dear. I'll be right over."

And over he would come to work with me, often until after midnight, until all the unfinished jobs were neatly taken care of and I could leave with a clear conscience and a free mind.

Things went on in this way for one year, two years, three years. And each anniversary found us more completely and vividly happy in each other, more alive to each other's mental and spiritual qualities, more unified in our aims and purposes in life.

I am sure that this intimate blending of ideas in the creating and perfecting of plans which had nothing to do with our personal selves may be credited, to a great extent, with this ever-growing happiness, understanding, and sympathy.

We have had many difficult situations to face—situations packed with possibilities of disaster for a young married couple—but we have faced them with a united front, analyzed them together and managed to work them out satisfactorily. Neither has ever taken the sympathy, understanding and coöperation of the other for granted, but each has always made a point of expressing gratitude and appreciation whenever there has been occasion to do so.

I retained my maiden name in my work, for the reason that the business had been launched with it as a firm name, and it seemed simpler, more practical, and more convenient just to go on with it. I have no definite theories or feelings on this matter, but I realize that there are circumstances under which the advisability of this course might be questioned.

IN MY own case, for instance, there was that very attractive young business executive whom I met at a sales convention not very long after my marriage. He was an excellent business prospect. His gifts of flowers and candy, his invitations to dinner and the theater, I accepted as any business man would have accepted the cigars and invitations of a business associate.

There came a moment, however, when I realized that I was not, after all, *quite* a business man. I decided that it was time that my young business associate realized I was a married woman. And therefore, after a pleasant evening with him at the theater, I suggested to him on the way home in the taxi, that he come in for a few minutes and meet my husband. That I was right in my impulse to let him know that I was married—and happily and permanently so—is probably proved by the fact that I never saw or heard from him after that evening.

FROM my point of view, our marriage has been a complete and glorious success. There have been problems of household arrangement and adjustment, but they have not been insurmountable. At first we had a two-room apartment in a residence hotel, and took our meals out. Then, desiring a more "homey" atmosphere, we took a housekeeping apartment in a near-by suburb, and engaged a housekeeper. This arrangement has worked out very well. The domestic machinery has not always run with perfect smoothness, but there have been no hitches that we both could not quite easily "laugh off."

How my husband feels about it all is best shown by a letter he wrote me on the occasion of our first separation, three years after our marriage. I am going to let you read it.

Twentieth Century Limited,
En Route January, 1930.

"My Sweetheart:

"One does get time to think on such a journey as this. I have been going over our short experience of being a partnership and realize, perhaps more than ever before, how genuinely good and delightful it all has been, and *is*. We've done a job together, and we can look back with some satisfaction at having gained happiness as we went along, and with it some material advancement.

"It is certainly strange for me to have to run away to the cold and dreary reaches of the West leaving you to battle with an important decision alone. Yet, I have, as always, supreme confidence in your logical discernment and your complete mastery of the whole question, and know that your decision will bring us an even greater measure of success.

"In some ways the situation is, or seems, lopsided—you are experiencing the thrill of progressing while I am a sort of cheer leader on the side lines. Yet perhaps cheer leaders are desirable.

"All of this, my sweetheart, is a rambling record of my thoughts and

[*Continued on opposite page*]

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 4*]

Even then, it may be months and certainly will be weeks before a baby will be available.

For, incredible as it may sound, there are more persons in the United States wishing to adopt babies than there are babies to be adopted. On the waiting list at the Alice Chapin Nursery itself are always at least 150 names.

Some women want babies because their own have died. Others seek foundlings to take the places of the children they can never have. The applicants include all classes of society and both men and women, unmarried as well as married.

MANY of those who write to Mrs. Chapin have their hearts, definitely set on a preferred sex, age, or color of hair and eyes. In the preliminaries, little girls are generally favored, and blue eyes and curls. But strangely enough, these things seem to count very little in the final choice. That is based on something much more important—the attraction that the baby and the prospective parent feel for each other.

The families which are to receive the babies undergo a very thorough, even rigid, examination by nursery authorities and the babies are placed on trial for a year before they can be legally adopted. This is so that the parents may be sure they want the baby, and the nursery sure that the home is a safe and pleasant one.

Money counts less than many things when applicants are being examined. A good home does not necessarily mean a luxurious one, although care is taken to be sure that the child will be adequately provided for in a material way. But more important is the training that will be given, the love that will be lavished. For, says Mrs. Chapin, what will it profit a child if you give it material riches, yet leave it spiritually poor? The preferred home offers two parents, educated, self-controlled, loving each other and capable of providing a peaceful, happy environment for a child.

Babies from the Alice Chapin Adoption Nursery have gone all over the country. In 1928, they were placed in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Connecticut, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Texas, and New Hampshire. Many of these babies, now safe in happy homes, had been cruelly abandoned.

The Alice Chapin Nursery stipulates that parents taking babies must tell them the story of their adoption before they enter school where they may learn it from other children. Mrs. Chapin believes that the story can be told in such a way that the child will be made proud instead of miserable by the revelation. No child need be hurt or ashamed if he understands that he was actually chosen from among all the children in the world by his father and mother to be theirs.

A KIND fate arranged that Mrs. Chapin's early training should be such as to fit her for the great work she was to undertake. The daughter of a missionary clergyman in Chicago, she was a kindergarten teacher until her marriage to Dr. Chapin.

Since the Alice Chapin Adoption Nursery now has competent supervisors and nurses to see that each baby gets plenty of loving care, Dr. and Mrs. Chapin often take time off to travel together to remote parts of the world. But always they come back sooner than they meant, so eager are they to be sure that all is well with these babies that certainly are theirs in every real sense of the word.

MY HUSBAND BACKED MY CAREER

[*Continued from opposite page*]

merely an odd way of telling you how happy I am that I can get a greater thrill than ever in writing a love letter to you.

"I am very happy to have *you* for a wife and business associate."

You will say that ours is not a fair test case because there are not many men capable of the sympathy and understanding and the degree of coöperation shown by my husband. I realize that this is true. And I have not presented our story as proof that all women can marry and keep their jobs without disaster to either. I'm only giving you *one* woman's very happy experience.

At the present moment I am on the brink of the most crucial test of all. I am about to embark upon the adventure of being a business *mother* as well as a business wife—voluntarily, happily, and with both eyes wide open.

We decided early in our marriage that we wanted a family and we did not want to put it off too long. We wanted to have our children while we could be young with them.

We made our plans so that the period that I shall have to be away from the office will occur during our quiet season. To keep up the interest and morale of the office force we did some renovating there. Lease for the office has been renewed for another several years, the office has been freshly painted and decorated, the furniture which was acquired when I started on the proverbial shoestring has been discarded and beautiful new walnut desks, chairs, and files have taken their place.

We have bought a house outside of New York City, having, as one of its leading features, a sunny and airy nursery. I have engaged an experienced child's nurse, and I already have her with me in order that we may become thoroughly acquainted and learn each other's ways.

By fall I fully expect to have my new home organized and in perfect running order, the simple routine of a young baby adequately taken care of by a woman I know and can trust. And then I shall come back to my work refreshed from my summer of freedom from it, unspeakably enriched, and more sure than ever in my conviction that I did right to marry and keep my job.

IS YOUR SKIN TOO DRY?

Or is it too oily? Unless you have a skin like the proverbial peaches and cream you ought to give yourself a home beauty treatment every day. Send for *An Outline of Beauty* and get an expert's advice on home beauty culture. (Twenty-five cents in stamps.)

THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio

Read your washday fortune in your hand

YOU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how it reveals its washday story.

The strong palm indicates a capable woman—the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in clothes a little cleaner than anyone else's. The unbroken life line predicts years of happiness because she gets things done with least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—she knows a bargain in value.

You would expect this woman to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and does it so quickly that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is good soap and naptha. These two cleaners, working together, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But it also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Let it give you *extra* help for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and *you*—will all proclaim your good fortune!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. MCC.7-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Mrs. Anthony and her debutante daughter Miss

MISS MARJORIE GOULD
(now Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.)
at her debut at the Plaza, 1909.

"Every debutante counts on Pond's to help her look her best," says Mrs. Drexel. "In the old days there were only the Two Creams, but I used them faithfully! Now my daughter, like myself, delights in all four preparations." Mrs. Drexel's lovely smooth clear skin attests the marvelous efficacy of Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish . . . See both below.

Beautiful MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, JR., of Philadelphia and New York, has spent much of her married life at the Château de Courbois, near Biarritz, France. She is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her mother was the celebrated actress, Miss Edith Kingdon, before her marriage to the son of the late financier, Jay Gould . . . Now young MISS EDITH KINGDON DREXEL is fêted as the first debutante in this important family for twenty years.

J. Drexel, Jr.
Edith Kingdon Drexel

LOVELY daughter of a brilliant alliance between two famous American families—Drexels and Goulds! Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel inherits her distinguished mother's charm and dark vivacious beauty, her blue-black curls and wide eyes, her clear pale olive skin.

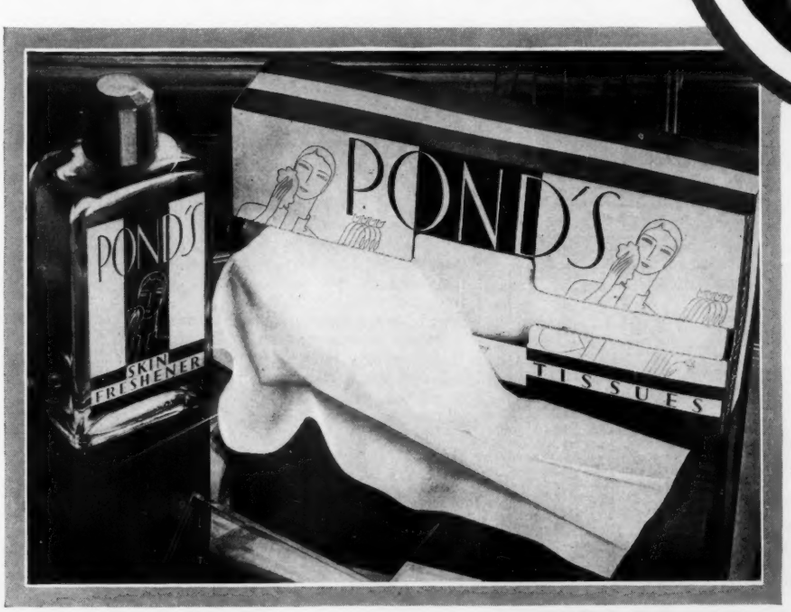
Mother and daughter, as debutantes and always, have counted on Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully." Miss Drexel charmingly adds: "When I was just a little girl, Mother taught me to cleanse my face and neck with the delicious Cold Cream . . . to smooth in a film of Vanishing Cream to protect my skin."

Now there are two delightful debutantes in Pond's family —two amazingly efficacious *new preparations* . . . silky Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream after cold cream cleansing . . . perfumed Skin Freshener to banish lingering oiliness, tone and firm your skin.

"I use them, and like them so much," says Miss Drexel. "We both delight in all four preparations," Mrs. Drexel says. Keep your own skin fine and lovely by Pond's famous Method . . . FIRST, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . SECOND, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . THIRD, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . LAST, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish . . . At bedtime always cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

MISS EDITH KINGDON DREXEL
at her debut
at the Ritz-Carlton, December, 1929.

"Now Pond's has given us two delightful new preparations," Miss Drexel says, "silky Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream and jolly Skin Freshener to take away any look of oiliness and tone and firm the skin. I use them and like them so much."



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THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 22*]

treatment. The ancient and long tradition of the minstrels set a standard from which it took us all a long time to grow up. The axiom of the theater ran that the Negro was a low comedy figure and nothing else.

The first play to break through completely was *Porgy* and although there is no similarity in theme it did serve to mark the way for *The Green Pastures*. Any very successful production is likely to depend upon a collaboration of forces. In this case honors must be split in several quarters. Marc Connelly deserves the major share not only because he adapted Bradford's material for stage purposes, but also because he touched the whole thing off with the fire which can come only from superb direction.

Some mention must be made of Robert Edmund Jones, designer of the sets and costumes. Too often the artist wars against the actor. His sets may be brilliant but they actually serve to distract the audience's attention from the players. This time the blend is perfect. Mr. Jones has caught the precise color of Mr. Connelly's intention. And to complete the synthesis of effort the cast has clicked into place without one jarring note.

MANY have held that the Negro is a natural actor. This is probably as false as the notion that any Pullman porter could sit down and dash off entrancing ragtime if only there were a piano in the diner. The men and women who make up the cast of *The Green Pastures* are much more than individuals riding along upon the crest of a native gift. These are artists highly skilled in the acting profession. You can run along Broadway night after night, sprinting from show to show, and see no better rounded and complete performance than that given by Richard Harrison in the rôle of God.

The fact that the Deity actually appears in person in this play is the explanation of the number of managers who fought shy of it. The manuscript went almost a complete round of the offices before an independent producer had the courage to take a chance. "People won't stand for it," was the criticism of many a Broadway wiseacre who read the script. Possibly Mr. Harrison's performance has done much to avoid any implication of offense. It is such a simple, reverent and straightforward piece of acting that the effect is one certain to move even the most religious minded. Though the play is shot through and through with humorous lines and situations its fundamental core is profound and serious. If the play must be classified it can be best identified as an Afro-American morality.

ALL of the play is to me engrossing and moving but one scene in particular grips me as little else in the theater has ever done. The children of Israel are on the march to the Promised Land. Naturally they are a very dusky set of children. Moses is old and feeble and cannot keep up with his followers. He sits by the side of the road as they pass on by and pat the fallen prophet on the shoulder. And as they go they sing a spiritual which has in it something of the same sob which must have been heard in the voices of the authentic Israelites centuries ago.

Probably there are not more than fifty or sixty people involved, but they walk slowly, tight-packed, upon a treadmill. It seems as if millions are on the march. Ahead lies the Promised Land which Moses will never see, but the city of Jericho bars the way. And then from offstage, faintly, sound the ramshorns and the tinkle of masonry as the walls come tumbling down. Up rises that mightiest of all the spirituals, "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho," and I am weeping once more.

I have a right to weep. The man or woman who can sit through *The Green Pastures* dry-eyed has no right ever to be allowed in any theater. In fact I rather think that I would bar such an individual from every communal contact with all who move about the world under the propulsion of a heartbeat.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 23*]

no place, as in some lives there is no place for music or the love of beauty; but they are not the fullest and best lives. Keeping in mind a psychological as contrasted with a theological point of view, I would define prayer as, in its essence and meaning today, three things:

"In the first place, prayer is the deliberate formulation in our minds of an idea of something that we need and want. The old hymn-writer was right when he said that 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed.' Our desires are always outrunning our attainments. Always we are reaching out for something that is beyond us, or above us, seeking some satisfaction that we have never tasted. Therefore, I define prayer as the conscious, deliberate fixation of our inner attention upon the needs and aspirations of our lives.

"But prayer is more than mere desire; it is the conscious, deliberate, repeated direction of all our powers to the attainment of our desires. It is attention unfolding into intention. It is purpose, resolution, dedication. Which brings us face to face with one of the greatest of all spiritual discoveries—that, if our prayers are to be answered, we must help answer them ourselves.

"But even this is not the whole meaning of prayer; a third element enters into it. For we are not alone in our desires, as we are not alone in our lives. What we are, what we want, we share with the universe, or with God, however we may name it.

"If we are to do anything final or perfect, we must move out beyond the limits of our own strength, and link our lives with a greater life for inspiration and support; and that is what we are doing when we lift up our hearts and minds, and pray. As a seed, reaching up through the dark, lays hold of the sunshine and air, so man, struggling on the low levels of his life, reaches beyond himself and merges his life with a life greater than his own, which we call God, the nameless One of a hundred names."

After this manner a wise teacher translates the oldest and greatest adventure of man into the language and experience of our own age, showing us that prayer, so far from being a vague, dreamlike thing, is the most profoundly practical undertaking of man, unifying his inner life, organizing it, and directing it toward its highest desire and goal. "Who rises from his prayer a better man, his prayer is answered."

Both at Home and in their Studio Dressing Rooms

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Hollywood—Broadway—and now the European Capitals all acclaim it...

NO MATTER how perfect a girl's features, she lacks the power to attract romance if she hasn't charming smooth skin.

"Lovely skin is absolutely essential for that attractiveness which touches hearts." This is the conclusion drawn by 45 leading Hollywood directors. For the close-up, with its revealing blaze of light, a smooth skin is essential, they say.

And so, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. They use this white, daintily fragrant soap not only at home, in their own luxurious bathrooms, but in their dressing rooms on location, as well.

All the great film studios have made Lux Toilet Soap official for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures shall have the very smoothest skin!

The Broadway stage stars, too, have long been using Lux Toilet Soap. At their request it has been made the official soap in 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York. And now the continental screen stars—in France, in England, in Germany—are just as enthusiastic about it as are the American stars.

You will love its caressing lather, so very generous even in hard water. And the delicate care it gives *your* skin! Order several cakes—today.

Photo by Bachrach

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious bathroom especially designed and built in Hollywood for her. "Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

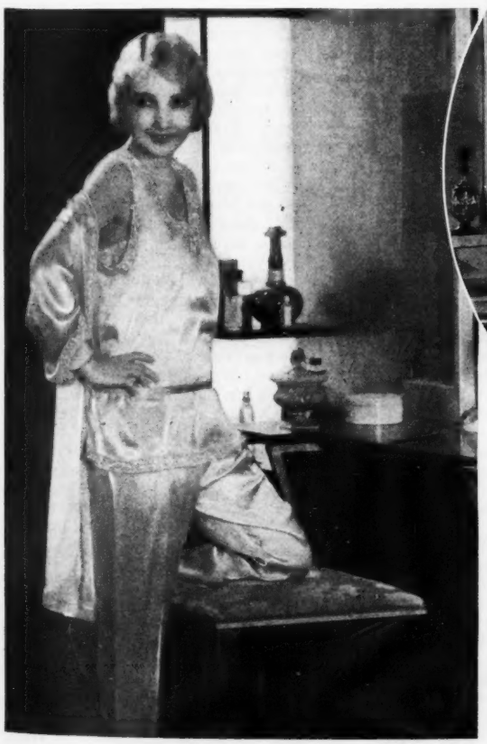

Photo by C. S. Bull

Photo by H. D. Carsey

Above—DOROTHY MACKAILL, exquisite star, is another of the 511 important Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "It gives my skin a beautiful smoothness. I certainly enjoy using it."

Left—BESSIE LOVE, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says of Lux Toilet Soap: "It leaves my skin as softly smooth as the most expensive French toilet soaps would—it's lovely soap, I think."

Photo by Elmer Fryer

Above—ALICE WHITE, charming First National star, is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Being a screen star, my first thought is for my skin, and I find Lux Toilet Soap keeps it in marvelous condition!"

Photo by C. S. Bull

Left—ANITA PAGE, young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has the softest, smoothest skin imaginable. She keeps it at its best with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "I *always* use Lux Toilet Soap! It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

LUX TOILET SOAP *Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake..* NOW 10¢

When lightning is crackling overhead, it's nice to have Morton's Iodized Salt in the house. Because it's made with cube-shaped crystals, which tumble off one another in damp weather instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salts, this better salt pours just as freely on rainy days as it does on dry.

Another nice thing about Morton's Iodized Salt is that it protects children from simple goiter. Why not change to it?

IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

Photo by Tony Van Horn

Picturesque Europe—but America too has its travelers' delights

TRAVEL MANNERS

By EMILY POST

EACH of us is constantly being judged by our manners—or lack of them! Especially when traveling do we reveal our real selves. In this article Mrs. Post tells how to plan a trip, what clothes and baggage to take, and most important of all, how to act toward traveling companions.

TRAVEL! Lives there anyone to whom the word does not hold out enchantment? To most of us the fascination of spreading out a map and planning a trip is one of the thrills that never palls.

Of course, the "how" you go is as important as the "where." You may plan your trip yourself, or you may prefer to evade responsibility and go on one of the personally conducted tours arranged by railroad and steamship lines or by specialized travel bureaus. These are specially suited to women traveling alone, particularly those who are not experienced travelers.

Advice as to baggage can be put in a nutshell: Take the least possible. Cut the list of necessary clothes to the minimum—and then cut the list in half! Nothing is such a nuisance as a lot of baggage. Whatever pieces of luggage you take should be in good condition. Nothing makes a worse impression on your traveling companions than sloppy baggage, trunks tied with frazzled straps, bags broken at the corners, handles or locks coming off and tray straps hanging out. If you are going to a foreign country it is always well to mark your baggage with some easily recognized device. A bright-colored stripe painted straight or obliquely across each side, or a pattern of any individual sort is easily recognized when hundreds of similar suitcases or trunks are piled together.

YOUR traveling accessories are of next concern. Since steamship companies have steamer blankets for rent you need not provide them. But, if you are going on a motor journey, or if you are traveling abroad in cold weather, a roll of steamer rugs will repay the nuisance of an extra piece of baggage. To us, European hotels often seem very cold and many trains are unheated. The item of first importance always is a really warm and thoroughly comfortable coat that wraps well over the knees when sitting down. For a winter trip nothing takes the place of fur, and at any season a small fur collar adds warmth when warmth is needed; and being small it is not uncomfortable on any coat-wearing occasion.

The increasing fashion of wearing sensible country clothes for all traveling occasions is a comfortable and practical one. Easy to put on, easy to wear, easy to pack, one-piece slip-on dresses, or skirts and blouses, are boons to the traveler.

If you are going to visit, or to stay for long in a fashionable resort, you will have to take additional evening clothes, at least one pair of evening slippers, and an evening wrap. But for the average traveler, two alternating warm dresses and two alternating thin dresses for hot weather and one or two afternoon or evening dresses to put on for dinner would be ample. Don't forget shoes! In England the American foot can usually be shod satisfactorily, but on the Continent it is often hard to fit the foot that is long and slim.

As in all other circumstances, Rule (1) is the ever-repeated and fundamental one of all etiquette: "Do nothing that can offend the sensibilities of others." On a tour where you are thrown in contact with companions who have hitherto been strangers, it is necessary to show more consideration than when you are traveling with your family alone. Your family can protest against your habitual tardiness or your dashing ahead for the best seat, helping yourself to the lion's share, accepting courtesies without thanks and without repayment, your lack of good temper, or your insistence upon doing what you please. But strangers, especially well-bred strangers, are made helplessly uncomfortable by one who forgets the essentials of good manners.

Personal tastes that may be indulged in at home become distressing to others on a boat or a train. Scents, for instance, that to you seem delicious, may cause discomfort to others. Many are actually made ill by the smell of tobacco, strong perfume, fruit, or other pervading odors. Car or seasickness is increased, if not caused, by little things like this that affect the senses.

IF THE people you have learned to like are hospitable because they choose to be and not because you are unavoidably planted upon them, there is no reason for refusing invitations that give you pleasure to accept. You return kindness always to the best of your ability. If your ability is great, so much the better. If it is small, it does not matter in the least. Make what return you can in the way you can, and that is all that is asked of you. Needless to say, a young woman, or an older one, for that matter, does not accept continuous hospitality from any man, most certainly not from a man about whom she knows nothing.

SONS OF THE DESERT

[*Continued from page 7*]

a novelty, they will buy things that they could conveniently do without, and it is really difficult for them to resist making a sale if the price offered is high. Even if he really doesn't want to sell, a Navajo will often dicker awhile, just to keep his hand in.

The system on which business is done is a remarkable example of adaptation to the temperament and seasonal occupations of a people. The heart of it is the procedure miscalled "pawning;" and the foundation of this, in turn, is the Navajo jewelry industry.

Along in December an Indian, let us call him Bay Horse, will have spent all the money received from the autumn sale of sheep. He has corn, beans, and piñon nuts laid by, but not enough to feed his family all winter, and he is reluctant to kill more than a few sheep. So he asks for credit at the trading post. To give a Navajo credit is to lose a customer; why pay a bill when it is just as easy never to go near that post again? The government specifies that credit is advanced at the trader's risk, a wise ruling which prevents snaring ignorant savages in hopeless debt.

THE trader asks for security; Bay Horse puts up his silver belt, worth about seventy dollars. It is not really pawned; it remains his, and no interest is charged on credit extended. Toward spring, Bay Horse has run up a bill of some sixty dollars, and the trader asks for more security, knowing that if he gives goods to the full value of the belt, the Indian may call it a trade and leave him with an article on his hands difficult to sell. A turquoise necklace worth forty dollars is put up. Along about this time the trader has a closet full of rich, barbaric jewelry, a marvelous sight, representing to him a thousand or more dollars of credit given, and not a cent received.

With spring and shearing time, there is wool to sell or to be woven into blankets. Bay Horse brings in a hundred pounds, worth fifteen dollars, more or less, according to the world market. During the next months, he sells three or four blankets worth about ten dollars each. Part of the value of these goods is checked off by the trader against the debt, perhaps the necklace is returned. But the family has needs, the corn is not yet ripe, some money is demanded. Bay Horse buys calico, some velveteen for a new shirt, flour with baking soda mixed in by the trader, coffee, sugar, tobacco, a pair of blue jeans, perhaps candy which he shares with all his friends. If he feels very well, he stands the crowd to a can of tomatoes or plums and a box of soda-crackers, eaten then and there. Finally, he demands some actual cash. It may be for his wife, it may come back to the trader, or be made into jewelry, lost in gambling, or spent in a rival post.

ORANGE BLOSSOM

The exceptional Indian adds to his income by jewelry, or working for Americans, or cleans up on a horse race. Bay Horse, being average, draws on his credit again by the end of the summer.

The crops are harvested; beside the hogans are great piles of multi-colored corn, melons, and squashes. Food is plentiful. Now is the sheep-buying season. The trader draws from the bank, or borrows, all he can get, and rides from camp to camp, bargaining, buying, paying. Now at last he wipes out the credits, with a deep sigh of relief watching his treasure closet grow empty as his corral fills with sheep.

His fiscal year is drawing to a close; how does he stand? He has purchased a year's turnover of goods, for which either he has not paid, or expended most of his capital. Now, in September, he has spent over and above this a handsome sum of cash money, for the Navajo gives no credit to the trader. Let us call his investment altogether five thousand dollars plus interest, in many cases it will be more. In return, he possesses raw wool, sheep, blankets, and a certain number of "curios," including two or three pawns that have become "dead" because their owners definitely will not redeem them. He believes all this to be worth his investment plus the difference between the wholesale and a rather high retail price. His wool is subject to the market—just after the war, many traders went bankrupt due to the slump. The sheep must be driven a hundred miles or more and then sold. Blankets are sold through the year, but there is overproduction. The "curios," jewelry, bows, arrows, and so forth, are unimportant, and the trader is wise to keep them so, for tourists, with infallible lack of artistic sense, turn away from the real Indian goods, preferring debased or fraudulent products.

If everything goes well, the trader will make a good return on his investment—*if*. He may just as well go broke. The low-grade traders, the men merely holding down a poor job, the so-called "traders" along the railroad who encourage debased weaving and jewelry for the sake of the tourist trade, the stray individuals who teach Indians to bootleg so as to increase their purchasing power, like the inferior type of government employee, are distinguished by race feeling. They misunderstand and despise the Indians. Sublimely obnoxious, they move in a nimbus of civilized superiority.

But the real trader, old or young, loves and understands the Indians, and in them finds his reward. It lies in the real friendliness of the gang of young Navajos who spend an hour unloading a truck for him, and the next hour trying to get him confused by fast trading. It lies in the meals awaiting him in a hundred desert hogans, in the unspoken welcome when he enters the medicine lodge. It is there when the headmen come confidently to him for explanation of a government order, or for intercession with headquarters in their behalf. It is in the respect and friendship of fine men and women.

HE sprawls along the counter of his store, exchanging repartee with a native humorist. The kerosene lamp picks out the keen Indian faces, the thick necklace of turquoise, silver and coral. The colorful Navajo sentences are interchanged lazily, the audience laughs as first the Indian, then the trader, makes a hit. Sundown and closing time, they mount their ponies, to lope away singing and yelping. The trader leans in the doorway.

A tall, elderly Indian walks toward him. They shake hands, then in silence watch it grow dark. The Indian coughs.

"My brother's daughter is home from school. She has forgotten our language, our ways. She is sitting in his hogan, crying. Will you come and help us, my friend?"

That is the reward.

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AMERICAN housewives have discovered a new "star" of particular brilliance . . . Armour's Star Bacon, prepared by a new, improved method. A finer, more even-textured bacon whose very fragrance in the fry-pan whips the most jaded appetite to primitive frenzy. You just can't wait to get your fork into a slice of it!

What is this "double-f" process—this Fixed★ Flavor? It came about by an earnest desire on the part of Armour and Company to give you still better bacon. We began with the livestock itself, raising still higher the standard of selection.

Then we revised the cure and smoke process from start to finish. Some well-meaning friends advised us to let well-enough alone. Star Bacon was already the most melting morsel that ever decorated a dish, they said. But we were bent on "doing the impossible." Years were devoted to research, to perfecting that uniformity of fragrance and taste which we have called Fixed★ Flavor.

Let your family decide at breakfast tomorrow. After all, there are no words in Webster that can put *taste* in your mouth. But you will *know* the instant you remove the wrapping. When the fat sputters in the pan, and that glorious fragrance percolates through the kitchen, you will be more certain. And when, finally, your fork divides each marvelous mouthful, you will be convinced beyond question. Mail the coupon for "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

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Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. Armour and Company, Chicago.

Even the cartons are new. You can see what you're getting through the window in the pound and half-pound cartons.

ARMOUR'S STAR BACON

with the Fixed★ Flavor

Dept. E-7, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

Name_____

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Hands Around The Clock

By Hildegarde Fillmore

SHOW me a woman who does nothing useful or beautiful with her hands, and I'll wager that she's a discontented or a restless woman—unless she has reserves of mental enjoyment that are rare indeed in this hustling and unmeditative world. Working with our hands is a heritage of women down the ages. When laziness or a craving for luxury takes this away, we are lost. Of course, for some of us there are just to many dull manual tasks in some days to give us the relaxation and poise we need.

It is probably true that we do plenty of silly, useless things with our hands, too. Yet I say that even frivolous manual activity is an emotional outlet. And productive activity is an even better one. Among that large group of women whose lives are tangled in unhappinesses of various sorts there are plenty who have never learned this secret: If you have the blues, go out and dig in your garden—or window box! If you feel a burst of temper coming on, drag that scarred chair down from the attic and paint it a gay vermilion! If you feel thwarted and abused, find some needlework you really love—or bake an angel food cake!

I'm not writing a sermon on idleness; I'm reminding you that there is not and never has been any stigma attached to doing things with your hands. The only qualms we should have are when duties round-the-clock seem to allow us no time for keeping hands shapely, creamy-textured and well-groomed. Your friends will exclaim over your success in restoring the antique finish of great grandmother's bureau much less enthusiastically if your hands bear the unmistakable brown stains of oil and varnish. Everybody admires a housekeeper or a stenographer or an amateur gardener twice as much if she has, at the same time, learned to keep her hands from advertising her work.

NOWADAYS it is so simple to keep hands good looking, if you'll give little attentions to them throughout the day as automatically as you've learned to do other business or household tasks. The morning scrubbing of the nails should involve a quick sliding of the cotton-tipped orange stick under the nail tip and around the cuticle—it takes such a little time to do this! Orange sticks, the most important tool you need in nail care, should be kept in the handiest places, as handy as towel, toothbrush or soap. Then, too, either a hand cream or hand lotion should be rubbed on the hands for protection; you can almost do this while you're walking downstairs to breakfast! Cotton work gloves are a help and may save you a moment of embarrassed awkwardness the next time you dress in a hurry for a party. For most household tasks nowadays soaps are so mild and bland that they don't draw the hands or make them red and rough. In fact hands suffer from insufficient drying during the day more than from too much soaping. Dry your hands thoroughly every time they're in water; keep hand cream or lotion close-by to use in a split-second emergency!

If you are doing something about the house where gloves interfere with hand skill, then be very sure to use the hand preparations, either as protection or after the chore. Lots of clever women keep a tiny container of hand cream or lotion in the pocket of the sewing basket, or in odd corners of the house near the cleaning implements. Good homemakers insist on a complete assortment of household cleaning powders, liquids and oils, but too often they forget that the skin of the hands suffers as much as the fine finish on a mahogany table or the smooth, satiny surface of a silver platter.

In the garage, too, there should be an emergency shelf of hand care equipment, and if you're one of the hundreds of thousands of modern women who take care of the family car, you'll want something for your hands in a pocket of the car itself. It's a good precaution, too, if you're dealing with obscure dirty corners of the house, to put a layer of vanishing cream or soap under the nail tip. This protects the tip from grimy stains that are difficult to remove.

Canning and preserving seem to ruin hands faster than any other task. At this time, a good professional manicure will do much to restore your pride in your hands. At home use nail bleaches, cuticle liquid, or simple handy things like a cut lemon to take away stains.

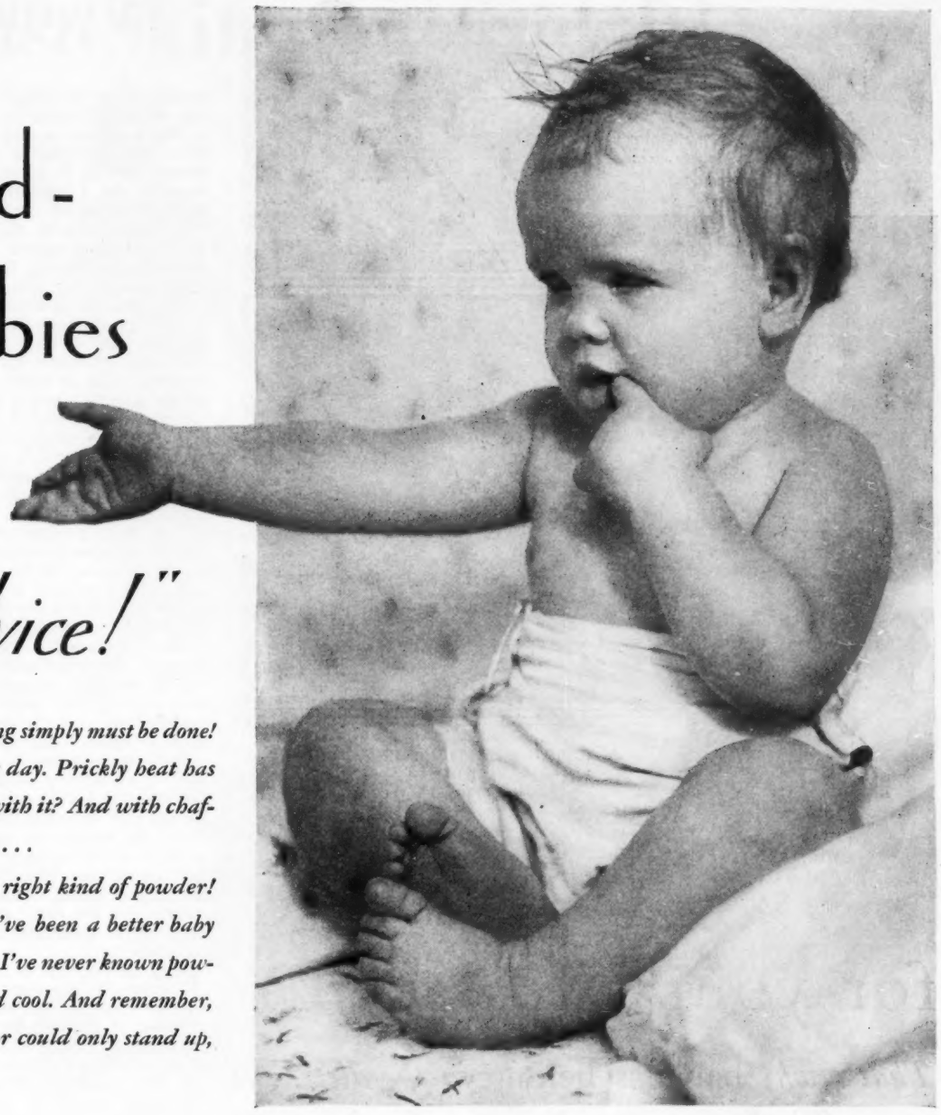
Hand and nail preparations are simple enough, so simple that we are apt to take them for granted. Yet it is only in the past few years that any real study was made of the best methods of home manicure. Curiously enough it was a man who thought of putting within the reach of every modern woman simple manicure essentials. He found, for example, that orange wood sticks, and emery boards and cuticle liquid for softening cuticle, and polishes of various kinds, cake, powder, and liquid, could be made well in such quantities that it brought them into the price range of the simplest toilet accessories. We may buy expensive equipment for hand care just as we may buy expensive soaps, if we like. But, as in the case of toilet soaps, you may be sure nowadays that good manicuring essentials are not necessarily high-priced.

When the day's work is over, during that half-hour breathing spell before dinner, give yourself a home manicure from one of those kits that you can keep in almost any handy place in the house. First, again, a nice soap wash, with special use of the nailbrush on knuckles and wrists. Now, twist a bit of cotton on the end of an orange stick and clean the nail tips. Again, the cotton-tipped orange stick dipped into cuticle liquid to loosen and push back the cuticle and smooth the rough edges. Don't get into the habit of cutting the cuticle! It makes it tough and is far too apt to encourage hangnails. Only when a rough point of cuticle forms during the day should it be clipped off with the cuticle scissors. Now file the edges of the nails smooth to coincide with the line of the fingertips. Even a light day's work may make some roughness on the nail. Then smooth a rich cream all around the nail and cuticle—down all over the hand, if you have time. A hand massage is a fine thing after a hard day—it seems to soothe jumpy nerves all over the body. After you've applied this nourishing cream to the hands, smooth each fingertip down as you'd smooth on a pair of tight gloves. Then, with the palms, massage the backs of the hands. If your manicure comes just before you go to bed you may profitably leave the rich cream on to lubricate hands and nails at night.

IF YOUR manicure is a daytime one, you'll take all the cream off before using polish on the nails. Remove the cream with cleansing tissues, and perhaps another washing of the hands. Then you may apply a lotion or vanishing type of hand cream. The nails themselves should be quite dry before applying polish, and I hope you'll use the kind of polish you *really* like. As in the case of rouge or lipstick or eye make-up choose the shade of nail polish that is truly becoming to you.

There are two safe truths to remember about hands at all times: First, learn to use them capably; skillful work with your hands gives you self-expression that will serve you all through life. Second, never let your hands look as if they were slaves to any grimy task. That's a major crime in the beauty code.

"Ladies and-babies take my advice!"



"I tell you, folks, the time has come when something simply must be done! Just look at the weather—getting warmer, every day. Prickly heat has become a big problem . . . are we going to put up with it? And with chafing, too? I say—No, my friends! Take my advice . . .

"End these troubles! Get acquainted with the right kind of powder! I met it when I was all chafed and cross, and I've been a better baby ever since. In all my eleven months of experience, I've never known powder so soft and fine! It keeps me comfortable—and cool. And remember, folks, I'm not the only one . . . if all those in favor could only stand up, you'd see that babies know what's best!"

The Chief Chemist has something to say . . . Baby powders are not all alike, as a baby soon finds out! You yourself will understand the difference in them, when you know the difference in *talcs*. The high-grade Italian talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope—or you can feel it this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Then do the same with other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc. For your baby's sake, decide wisely!

Babies should have the best of soaps, too . . . Johnson's Baby Soap is made *especially* for babies, from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is as bland and soothing as the finest Castile soaps—but unlike Castile, Johnson's Baby Soap gives a rich, smooth lather and rinses off quickly and completely, leaving the skin soft and velvety. Note this fact, also—whereas Castile soaps are frequently impure and inferior in quality, every cake of Johnson's Baby Soap conforms to the highest standards of purity and excellence.

Extra comfort in this cream! Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing and relieves chafing, prickly heat, "diaper rash," and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of this cream, rubbed gently on the baby's skin before going outdoors, will prevent painful sunburn.

FREE SAMPLES! *In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample—free of charge. With it, we will send you free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 4-J, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

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CREAM

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No Vacation for your VITALITY

That's why bananas belong *in the diet . . . They're a natural* vitality food

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What is it that gives bananas this energizing quality? Let the leading food authorities answer . . . Bananas are liberally stored with health-building properties. They are a valuable source of the protective vitamins—A, B and C. They have the regulating minerals that are necessary to body tone. And, of course, no food is more easily digested than a ripe banana.

So eat bananas at least once a day . . . for breakfast . . . luncheon . . . dinner . . . or as a tasty bite between meals. Revel in their mellow, luscious flavor . . . Let them add to your vacation pleasure . . . and help guard your vitality through the strenuous summer.

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BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION

A WORD TO THE BRIDE

[*Continued from page 8*]

transforms it, but simply the disturbing, destructive thing that it really is.

The monetary consideration, most of us have discovered, is not to be dismissed lightly. It is age more than anything else, I think, that determines one's definition of comfort with the result that financial demands are a good deal more modest early in life than they are later on. When two very young people marry, the business of finding success as measured by contemporary standards is an intriguing prospect, an exciting adventure; a more seasoned couple if they are compelled to think in terms of money at all are secretly appalled by it.

You will find that a girl who has survived the adolescent stage without making the most courageous of all romantic gestures usually finds another interest that replaces the frustrated homemaking urge. This occupation is apt to give her an exaggerated financial independence carrying with it a subconscious pride in her ability to look after herself; a vainglorious, empty pride that is the arch enemy of matrimonial congeniality.

An early coming together, apart from the theoretical points in its favor has its practical advantages as well. For one, it is a health policy unexploited by even the canniest of insurance agents; for show me the happily married couple who do the amount of chasing about, who keep the fantastic hours and who consume the quantity of liquor that unattached people do. In spite of their reluctance to admit it—for being a "home body" isn't considered chic—after that first hectic year during which everyone is entertaining for them an evening at home has an undeniable appeal.

THE advisability of having one's babies early is perhaps the most significant of all the arguments advanced in favor of youthful marriages. That it is a smaller physical hazard is generally admitted and I am not one bit sure that the casual attitude of which the young mother is frequently accused is not better for the child itself than the unduly elaborate tactics employed by the older woman whose excess of care is stimulated subconsciously by an intense fear that should this youngster be snatched away from her she might not be able to have another. This constant surveillance and fanatical amount of attention simply turns what might have been a healthy little animal into a fractious, high-strung bundle of nerves.

Then, too, dispositions are more tractable when they are young, just as bodies are more pliable and the adjustment that must take place, if true congeniality is to be found, is a far less painful operation if attended to early than it is when a later attempt is made.

BUT it is none of these sage, sound, reasonable assumptions that has made of me the staunch advocate of early marriage that I am. It is rather the incorrigibly romantic notion I've always hugged to me that "love comes but once"—the sort that is the especial property of the very young, the mad, unthinking kind that makes you tremble with mingled delight and trepidation at a touch, and the conviction that life owes us the consummation of that love.

The world is filled with people who are trying desperately to delude themselves into thinking that love and a friendly tolerance are interchangeable terms; that an affectionate esteem, which I call love that has been served once and warmed over, is the emotional status to which the sensible aspire. Perhaps they are wise. They save themselves many a heartache certainly; but I think that those who define first love as a malady that must be endured but cured in short order and who defer marriage until a more suitable alliance looms up, are a pretty sorry lot, for they consummate something they don't really want except with their minds.

They marry, a great many of them, for a comfortable kind of security which, in their ignorance, they confuse with tranquillity. The state of being they babble about is nothing but respite from fatigue, balm for disappointment, snug harbor for the disillusioned. Inner calm, however, that safe sweet sensation, is the product of a lifetime of companionship and understanding. It belongs to those who have come a long way together to find it and have been generous on the journey.

Practical souls, dull, unimaginative, sane souls will urge you to abandon all idea of adventure and play safe. Love doesn't last, they will tell you. After a time—whether you've married the boy you adored at seventeen or the man who adored you at thirty-seven—it will all be the same in the end, they will say in their cynical fashion. But does the end matter so much? Enough to relinquish the beginning?

[*Now turn to page 102*]

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 23*]

a means of making aesthetic whoopee, and more and more a serious choral organization, conducted by a musician and devoted to performing the best music in the choral repertoire.

Consider, for a moment, the Harvard Glee Club. Here is a male chorus with an average membership of two hundred and fifty, conducted by a man who has made himself and his organization famous, Dr. Archibald T. Davison. Its spring program included hardly a number that the Schola Cantorum or the Oratorio Society would not gladly sponsor.

Equally good are the programs offered by the Hamilton College Choir. For the choir is a real one, and the music that it offers at its concerts is the music that it sings in the Hamilton College chapel. The organization owes much to its conductor, Paul A. Fancher, who besides being a faculty member is a rabid musical amateur who developed the choir more or less as a hobby.

Just how and when this "excelsior" movement among the glee clubs took place I do not know. One thing of which I am certain is, that it was not imposed from above. If American undergraduates today elect to sing Palestrina and Brahms and Wagner and Purcell, leaving *Sweet Adeline* and *Didn't He Ramble* to the old grads and the business men's lunch clubs, it must be because they like to sing good music. If things keep on as they are, a college reunion twenty-five years from now will probably sound very much like the Tournament of Song in the second act of *Tannhauser*.

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BREAKFAST-SKIMPING spoils many a day! When you find you grow tired too easily—when nerves give way too readily—stop and think back to breakfast. *Did you have enough to eat?*

"Enough" doesn't necessarily mean a large quantity of food. Few people in these hurried, modern times eat a large breakfast. And there is no reason why they should.

A small breakfast can give you plenty of nourishment if you choose the right kind of food. Food that supplies the varied elements your body needs to replenish its energy and vigor after the night's long fast.

That's why Grape-Nuts, a delicious food made from wheat and malted barley, has become so popular on millions of American breakfast tables. In the tempting golden kernels of Grape-Nuts—nut-like in flavor, deliciously malt-sugar-tinged—are vital food elements the body *must* have for health and strength.

Grape-Nuts supplies carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; vitamin-B, builder of appetite. . . . And Grape-Nuts is one of the easiest foods in the world to digest!

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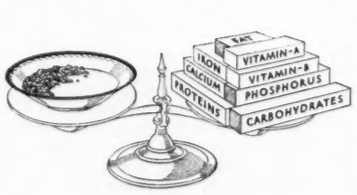

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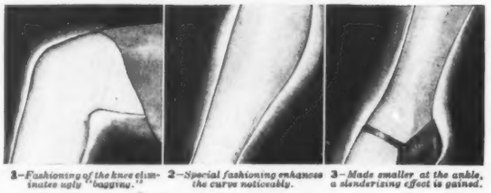

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A Startling difference in shapeliness *attained with this new hose*

The secret of shapely legs is no longer a secret. As you will quickly learn the first time you wear this newly improved Allen-A hosiery that has won the favor of Hollywood's most brilliant Stars . . . Three unique improvements (illustrated above) account for the startling difference. First, this hosiery molds *creaselessly* to the knee. Second, it *accentuates* the natural curve of the leg. Third, it gives new *slenderness* to the ankle . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles $1.25 to $2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.*

Allen A

Allen-A HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 20*]

dishes. Even now her own brother sat in scornful silence by the living room fire, dark brows drawn, listening, sullenly, to the giggles from the kitchen.

Dishes done, they sat by the fire and talked. Bob told of London days and nights and Neeka listened, spell-bound, crouched in a corner, all eyes and eagerness, hugging her knees and watching the play of firelight on the golden heads of the visitors. "They will marry," was her secret thought. "They are so beautiful and so suited to each other. They look at the world together. They are team-mates, like Giekie and the white malamute he met and loved last spring."

Neeka brought Miscou his fiddle. "Mak' music for your snow-bird," she whispered to him.

"It's wonderful!" Carlyle whispered as Miscou played. "The lad's a marvel."

A change in tempo . . . longing, woman-longing . . . someone, seen brilliantly, as if a stage curtain had just gone up on an unforgettable scene . . . a tall, dark girl in an open doorway, her skirts whipped about her body by the wind . . . Neeka! Neeka in the lantern light, kneeling by his prisoner, woman's eternal compassion shining in her eyes . . . Neeka close by him in the moonlight, taunting him with the cry—"You nevaire, nevaire catch me!" Neeka, at home, serving him, hanging upon his words; quiet as a deep running river amid the brook-chatter of his talk with the blonde girl, Daisy. Daisy? No note of her in the music. It was all Neeka and Carlyle turned to look at the girl.

She was dancing. Lightly, smoothly; a graceful, pliant bending, a ripple of brown hands like leaves, hushed as silver moonlight, joyous as golden day, untrammeled as crystal water gliding over agate pebbles.

"Bravo!" Carlyle cried when the music stopped and, with it, Neeka's dance. Daisy laughed. Carlyle shook himself and threw off the spell. "If I could take you two home and stage that act you'd be a sensation!" he said.

Neeka was rosy with sudden shyness. "I no think you look, m'sieu," she said. "It is jus' something silly I do by myself in the woods, or when Miscou and I are alone. But, oh, m'sieu," she added, loyally, "you should see Daisy dance! It is beautiful! Daisy, please! For M'sieu Carlyle!" and she seized the girl's hands, dragging her to her feet and ordering Miscou to "play gay!"

"Go on, Miss Dell," said Carlyle, politely.

DAISY did not want to dance. Her steps, she knew, would place her all too plainly, in a certain class. "I don't really dance," she explained. "Just some steps I learned at dancing school, when I was little." But she flung off the veil of her unhappy thoughts and kicked formality with the toe of her slipper. She danced. She flung her legs ceilingward, she bent, she twisted, she twirled silken knees in a froth of white lace. Fire and lamplight played upon her and her lips parted in the set, red smile of the trained chorus girl.

"You never learned that dance in a school for young ladies!" considered Corporal Carlyle to himself, drumming the tabletop and roaring the lilting chorus. Neeka, standing upon a chair the better to see the show, clapped her hands with unfeigned delight while Miscou played as one possessed. He drew nearer to the whirling figure until he was standing beside her and Daisy dropped into a Spanish posture, hands on hips, heels clicking and lithe body swaying before the musician. The fiddle crashed to the floor. Miscou's arms were about the dancer and she was struggling against his breast. "Oh!" cried Neeka, from her perch, frightened for her brother, fearful for Carlyle. Might they not fight, these two? As her forest friends fought in the mating season? Her eyes flew to the Mounty. He had stopped drumming upon the table with the two pieces of kindling wood but he was still humming, under his breath, and he made no move to interfere. Daisy wrenched herself from Miscou's arms, slapped his face, laughed and with a high-pitched scream—"Tag, you're it!" darted from the cabin and down the path. Miscou was after her in a flash and the night swallowed them.

It all happened so quickly there was not time for Neeka to leave her perch upon the chair and she was still standing there when Carlyle slammed shut the cabin door and came back to her. "She can take care of herself," he said, dryly, answering the question he thought he read in Neeka's startled eyes. "He's very much in love with her, isn't he, this brother of yours?"

SHE breathed assent. "Oui, m'sieu, I 'fraid so, but Daisy . . ." she wanted to assure him it was all right, that he need have no fear for Daisy, the girl did not care for Miscou but was deeply enamoured of himself, as anyone with half an eye could see!

"You must do your best to break up your brother's affair with this girl," Carlyle said. "Listen to me, Neeka, and try to understand. You're good and sweet and everything that is adorable. I only wish . . ." Here he checked himself and began again, lighting his pipe and cursing, inwardly, the tremble of his fingers. "You couldn't possibly know the sort of a woman Daisy is," he went on; "nothing like her, naturally, has ever floated into the backwater of Neepawa. She is hard to explain, to you, but, promise me, when the time comes you'll see that she goes on her way free of entanglement. An affair with your brother would be a terrible mess."

"I think I understand," Neeka found tongue at last. "It is because Miscou is an Indian, eh? An' because Daisy, as you say, is so different from us. She is not our sort. Is that the word? I know that, m'sieu. She is not for us, m'sieu, any more than you are for us." She was thinking of the pebble and the dewdrop and tears crept into her voice. "I understand, m'sieu, an' I ask you to hav' no fears. I know Daisy care for you. I feel it, here!" her hand on her loyal little heart.

"Nonsense!" Bob pulled on his pipe and laughed. "Stuff and nonsense! That sort of woman makes a play for everything in trousers! . . . I mean for every man who comes along. She doesn't care for me any more than I care for her! But when it comes to your brother—"

"You don' care for her? You don' love her?"

She leaned forward, breathlessly, her whole world caught in her eyes. He laughed again. "Lord, no! I was pretty sure at the post today as to what she was and tonight's performance fixed it.

[*Continued on page 60*]

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Accept FREE a supply of this tooth paste to try. Your teeth's appearance will improve at once. The danger of dental ills will be distinctly lessened.

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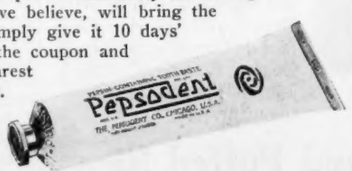

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What has happened to convert ordinary kernels into these delicious, nutlike morsels? The natural moisture in each tiny grain has turned to steam. The steam has caused over 100 million explosions in each grain! Every tiny food cell has been broken open. Thus these grains become more completely digestible than hot cooked cereals. Hence virtually as nourishing!

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Order Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat today. Other products with the famous Quaker quality are Quaker Farina and Pettijohn's. The Quaker Oats Company.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 58*]

Mind you, she is probably all right. Lots of those girls are and they've had a devil of a time and all, but—"

Neeka did not hear a word of it. Her mind was totally occupied with the glittering fact that he did not love Daisy! She no longer saw the golden head against the scarlet tunic.

Some of her relief must have blazed from the forest-pool depths of her eyes for Carlyle, reading the sweet confession there, stood up; silent, apprehensive; conscious of an unspoken, trembling hope within himself.

And now the girl was free to move away but she stayed still, waiting. And he was a man. The spell of her dancing, the thoughts that raced riotously through his mind when Miscou played, trouped hungrily back. He drew her to him so that she knelt upon the chair and he kissed her; kissed her until her first faint struggles ceased and she relaxed in his arms. She leaned against him as if she were tired. "I did not think there was this much happiness in the worl'!" she whispered.

The voices of Daisy and Miscou as they neared the cabin crashed in upon an even sweeter second kiss. "I must go," Carlyle said, hurriedly. "But I must see you again, talk to you. . . where?" Wild roses, he thought, were no more sweetly flushed than the girl's cheeks and her eyes shone, star-like.

She considered, forefinger nestled on the spot at the corner of her bowed lips—the dimple so inviting to a lover's kiss. "Come to the High Trail," she said. "The river sing there now on its way to Le Bois Noir an' violets grow. Fin' the High Trail. In Neepawa they tell you where she is."

"Early, Neeka?"

"Oh, so early as you say. Wit' dawn?"

"Well, not quite that early."

"Then when the sun come to hear the river sing."

"When is that, adorable?"

She clapped her hands as if to catch the word between her fingers and imprison it, like a butterfly. "Oh!" she cried, "that is a nice name. May I call you that name — 'Adorable?'"

"That name is only for lovely girls, like you."

"Then what I call you?"

"Sweetheart . . . if you want to."

"Sweetheart! Heart that is sweet! M'sieu Sweetheart!"

"You didn't answer my question. When does the sun come to the river?"

"Ah, you is stranger to the big woods if you ask that, M'sieu Sweetheart! He com' at noon, when he is mos' high in the Heaven. That is the only time the sun can reach on his tip-toe and look down through the tall trees to hear the singing of the River!"

REASON rode with a sharp spur as Corporal Carlyle came down the High Trail to his rendezvous. When he left the LaRonde cabin upon the previous evening he walked to the post on air, the tops of the tallest pines tickling his chin and his head scraping the clouds. The Factor, cynically dry and infinitely wise, pricked the bubble. Sitting by his fireside he talked plainly of existence in Neepawa as opposed to life at home. He expatiated the fate of certain squawmen he knew. The father of the LaRonde girl, he pointed out, was a sad case and illustrative. A fine enough fellow, he had been, clean as a hound's tooth and with no reason to contract such a marriage, no more reason than there would be for, say Bob himself to throw over his career, his chances in the service and risk the breaking of his people's hearts by marrying a breed-girl!

This conversation revolved in Carlyle's mind as he came down the trail and thoughts of Neeka, he found, were inextricably woven into the motif. It seemed he could not have her; nor could he forget her. He must, he thought, be careful in his interview today, must make things clear to her about Daisy, Miscou and himself.

HE FOUND Neeka sitting with Giekie upon a mossy boulder overhanging the stream. She was a throned queen of her forest, her sceptre a bouquet of white violets, her crown the shaft of sunlight gaining the tops of the tallest trees and shining obliquely, for a precious handful of minutes, upon the river below. "You are on time, m'sieu," said the girl, greeting him shyly and lifting her lips, as naturally as a child, for his kiss.

Carlyle pretended not to see the innocently expectant gesture. He looked instead at the brawling stream as it flung itself in a flurry of white froth over the boulder barricades, lay quietly in deep pools, or chattered, noisily, as it tripped down rocky stairways. "Must be good fishing here," he remarked. Neeka nodded, repulsed, certain he must have noted her bold offering, hoping he had not.

She jumped up. "It is col' here. See, the sun is already mos' gone. Only for a leetle minute does he see the river. If you will follow me, m'sieu," she invited, "I will show you somethings."

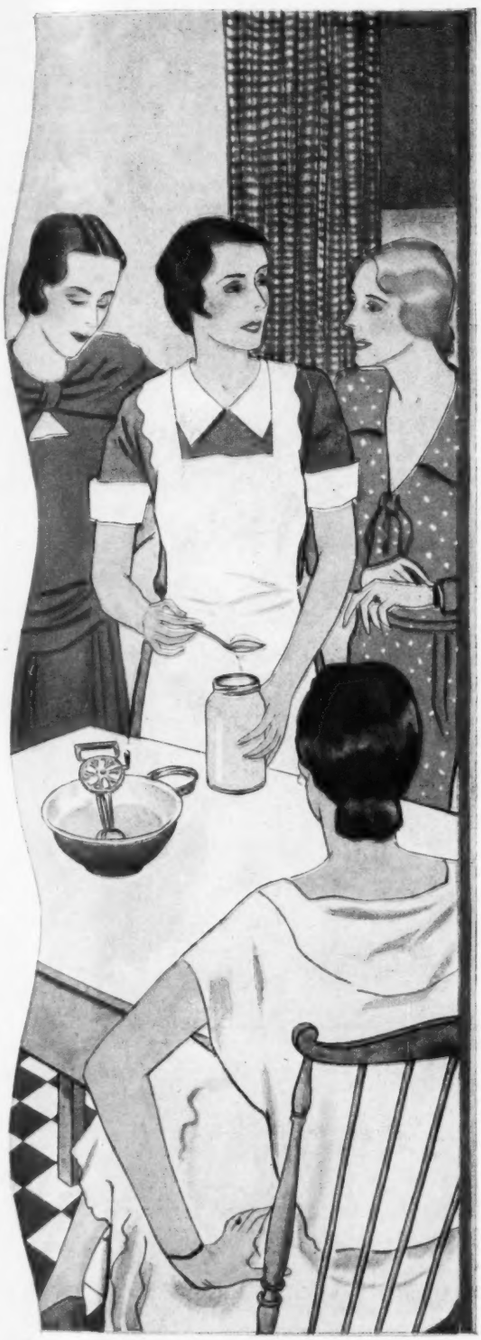
"Ssh!" she warned at length. "Crawl on your knees, like me. Giekie, down! If they see you they runs!"

Passing the tangle of bush they came to the rim of the ledge and looked down upon an open meadow, a mountain intervale of lush loveliness; small, circular, walled by the ledge upon one side and forest-screened on the other. A silver thread of brook embroidered the flower-starred grass and a dozen or more deer were scattered about the meadow. Upwind from the watchers on the ledge, the deer did not notice the invaders and went contentedly about their meal, nibbling the juicy grass, chewing their cuds, stamping sharp hoofs and jerking short, white-tipped tails at the pesky May-flies.

Neeka cautioned Carlyle to lie still and watch and ordered Giekie to remain with the man. Then she stood up, advancing, slowly, to the rim of the ledge. Slight as was the noise she made, the deer jerked up their heads and stood motionless, listening, jaws and hoofs stilled and the white hairs upon the undersides of their knees and tails flying erect, like warning flags. A fawn bleated and the largest stag wheeled and began to lead off, but, just then, Neeka gave a soft, appealing call. It seemed to carry confidence to the deer for the buck came to a standstill and the eyes of the herd were fastened upon the girl above. She called once more, then started to climb down to the meadow. The deer paid no attention, their tails were lowered and they resumed their peaceful chewing. A doe nosed at the bleating fawn and he bunted about until he found her teats and began to nuzzle.

[*Continued on page 64*]

Compare them !



See what you'll save IN TIME . . . IN WORK . . . IN MONEY
when you use these Magic Recipes

MAYONNAISE

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
20 MINUTES	4 MINUTES
8 INGREDIENTS	6 INGREDIENTS
5 UTENSILS	3 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 7 cents less.

MAYONNAISE
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

¼ cup cider vinegar — ¼ cup salad oil
⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg yolk (unbeaten) — 1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt. Few grains Cayenne

Place ingredients in a pint jar in the order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for a few minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, place jar in refrigerator to chill before using.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
20 MINUTES	5 MINUTES
7 INGREDIENTS	4 INGREDIENTS
7 UTENSILS	5 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 6 cents less.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind 1 lemon — 2 egg yolks

Blend together Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated rind, and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating until very stiff two egg whites and two tablespoons sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.), 12 minutes. Cool before serving.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
15 MINUTES	6 MINUTES
8 INGREDIENTS	4 INGREDIENTS
7 UTENSILS	4 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 3 cents less.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
⅛ teaspoon salt — ½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and ½ cup or more hot water, depending on consistency desired.

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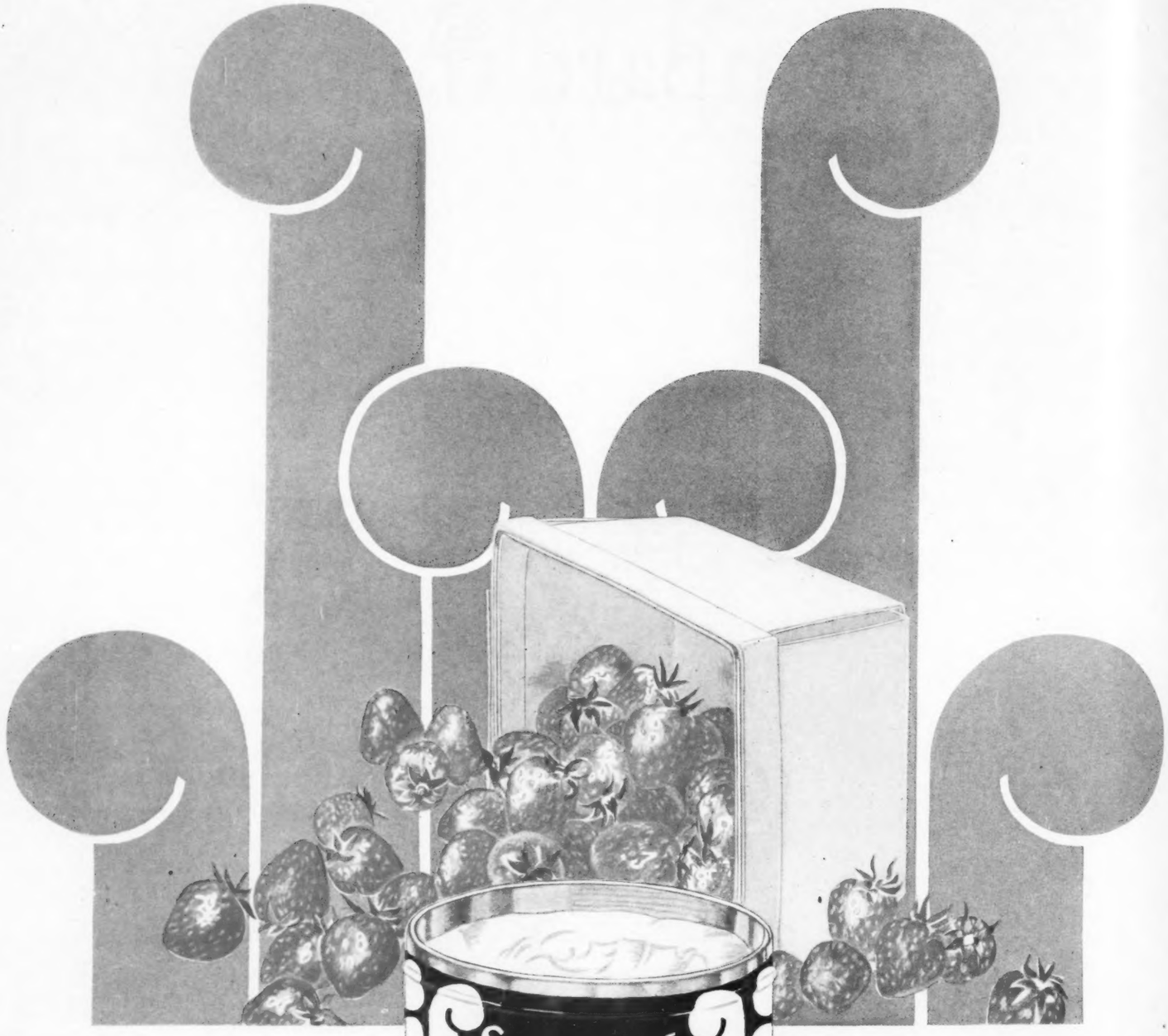

Sometimes we forget that we must eat the shortening that goes into our foods — and that baking does not change the *quality* of it one bit. Baking won't make a good shortening out of an indifferent one — and never has . . . In a strawberry shortcake, for instance, where your berries, your flour, your eggs are *always* of the best—how necessary that you use Snowdrift!

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We'd be glad to send you the Snowdrift book of recipes. It's free. Address the Wesson Oil–Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

THAT BOY YOU LIKE

By MARIAN KENTLEY WOOD

WHY are some men unworthy of your friendship . . . dangerous to your happiness? In this article, a woman of wide experience discusses two types to avoid. "Don't give your affection too lightly!" she warns. "First, find the reason for your friendship."

YESTERDAY he was just another boy who said "Hello!" to you when he passed you on the street, or on the school stairs between classes. Today, by some transformation, he is your *friend,* someone you can trust, someone who can be depended upon not to laugh if you tell him your aims and hopes, someone whose dreams for the future have more than casual significance for you.

That boy you like—have you ever thought why you like him? Why he is more to you than a mere casual acquaintance? Of course, you like his looks, the way his hair grows on his forehead, the quirk of his eyes when he smiles, his voice, his taste in choosing clothes that are always good but never foppish: it is easy to say what outward physical qualities you like in a boy. But there are other reasons, reasons that lie in his character, his behavior, in the kind of work he does when he isn't entertaining you. What are his hobbies? His plans for the future? His special talents and abilities?

MARGERY, I think, is typical of most girls of her age, especially in her feeling about Bill. "I just adore Bill," she says enthusiastically. "He's the swellest dancer—and he certainly has a snappy line!"

Bill, from what she says, must be an all round capable person. "Of course," I query, "he does other things as well?"

But for some reason that question puts Margery on the defensive. "Bill's not much good at high school. He flunked last year and if his dad hadn't had him tutored he wouldn't be graduating with his class. But I hate a bookworm! Bill knows how to give a girl a good time!"

Now, Margery has a good head; her grades are better than Bill's. She has charm and lively blonde good looks. I try thinking of Bill and Margery together. Of the Bill of a few years ago, cutting people's lawns, or acting as delivery boy after school for the drug store. Then I think of Bill's father, who suddenly made a pile of money in the stock market, and of the Bill of today, with a sporty roadster, plenty of spending money, a typical son of a father whose money was made faster than he could learn how to spend it. Like the rest of the girls Margery loves the kind of playtime Bill can give her.

But Bill can entertain any girl—and just the other day I saw a sleek, black, bobbed head next his tawny one in the seat of his swift car. I know Margery is hurt; she misses the importance it gave her to go spinning round the town in that car of his, the glamorous dances at the country club where Bill's father has a membership, and the occasional late rides into the country.

After losing Bill, the other boys seem tame to Margery. School games and meetings at the soda counter and dates at the movies: she has all these, but her heart isn't in them. Her expression has a restless, discontented look and her grades at school are beginning to show the effect of her preoccupation. The other day I saw her in the unforgivable act of waiting for Bill outside the drug store—of "happening along" just at the moment he came out! A strange gesture for a girl with Margery's young independence and striking beauty!

Three or four years from now Margery will wonder why in the world she mooned over the kind of time Bill could give her. She will know then that the things Bill cultivated so assiduously diminish in importance in the grown-up world. She'll probably watch him play the game of being "extra man," a dancing partner, a social ornament whose status in the eyes of other men and girls grows smaller as he grows older. I've wished these past few days that I could give Margery a glimpse of that world of hers a few years from now, show her how values change, how, if Bill continues to be a professional entertainer he'll probably take his place with the rest of the professional entertainers, and never become a person of consequence in the community.

The kind of boy who knows the responsibilities of friendship with a girl soon grows out of the age when a new dance step or a new roadhouse is the smartest thing in the world. The boy who doesn't shake off this juvenility is pathetic—as pathetic as the older man who took over grown-up responsibilities before he satisfied his desire to play. When this pleasure-starved man is about forty, he becomes restless and so he goes out to find a thrilling playtime among people half his age. Usually, he is married, and has a family; *always,* he is misunderstood.

Now the test of a man's success in life is his standing with his peers. When a man fails to keep the respect and admiration of men and women his own age, you can be pretty sure that he has some definite lack, no matter how much money he has or how many banks he owns! To make up for this lack, he wants an appreciative audience, a young girl awed by his position and willing to sit back and admire him.

Sometimes this desire for flattery is harmless, but it is usually dangerous because it distorts the man's values. When *they* are topsy-turvy, anything may happen. He loses his sense of responsibility and goes to ridiculous lengths to satisfy his desire for admiration, often endangering his own reputation as well as that of the young girl whom he has set out to charm.

Because of his position and his experience, an older man knows exactly how to capture a young girl's interest. With him it is merely a game. And when he tires of it, the game is over so far as he is concerned. If a girl finds herself becoming interested in an older man of this type, there is one thing she should remember. So far as she is concerned, *he has no tomorrow.*

He can give her gaiety with a grand gesture, but he can't give her anything that will last. Her affection will satisfy his ego for a while; but nine times out of ten, he will go back to the world where he really belongs—to his wife and his family and the interests bound up with his business affairs.

A young man, though he hasn't a cent in his pocket, has at least a free and open future which you can share with him. A future for struggle and hardship, perhaps, but a future that has plenty of time for happiness. At twenty a girl still has about two-thirds of her life to live; she can wreck all of it by wasting it on the wrong person.

THAT boy you like—or that older man who attracts you—what do they really mean to you? Remember that there must be a reason for friendship, a reason for love. Find the reason for your friendship with a man—check off his qualifications, and then don't give your affection too lightly, lest it be handed as lightly back again!

Remember that friendship is a priceless possession, and a prime necessity for human happiness.

Police the danger spots in your home

Refrigerators—coolers—drainpipes—garbage cans—toilet bowls—sick-room equipment—all these are *danger spots* in every home that need constant policing to keep them free from dirt, germs and odors. . . . And Clorox, because it has positive germ-killing power, destroys germs and odors. In every drop there are billions of active units of oxygen eager to cleanse, deodorize and disinfect.

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Clorox, when added to strong suds, makes light work of cleansing garbage cans and at the same time destroys odors and aids in preventing the breeding of flies. Clorox works wonders all over the house! Use it in laundry, kitchen and bathroom to bleach, remove stains, destroy odors and kill germs. Order a trial bottle from your grocer today!

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Manage THESE *or they'll manage you!*

THERE'S no question about it, *millions of women need help!* With all our new devices, they still are being bullied by dirt. Day after day, they are working too long hours . . . without getting much of anywhere.

Yet other millions of wives and mothers present such a different picture. Their homes sparkle. They make cleaning seem easy. And they have, every day, some time for themselves . . . to read or ride or rest in . . . to walk, or visit, or go to the movies . . . to keep as young as their families.

Of course our homes must be spic-and-span. That's what homes are for. Everyone knows that when woodwork and curtains and porcelain and glass get dingy, home happiness, too, may become less bright. And we can no more get along without fresh towels and sheets, and spotless table linen than we can put up with dirty clothing or unwashed bodies.

Nevertheless, now-a-days there *is* something wrong when "a woman's work . . is never done." Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of the many *surprising* ways in which soap, the simplest and cheapest of cleansers, can be called upon to save backs and long hours.

***Send for this extraordinary book—it's* FREE!**

If you, too, have days when work piles up, then we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 60*]

Neeka dropped quietly to the meadow and approached the deer, stopping to gather flowers as she came. A yearling chewed the blossoms from her hands and she petted him. She called up to Carlyle: "I think you can come down, now. But Giekie mus' stay where he is!" The dog whined and crawled to the farthest edge, his head hanging over and his eyes on his mistress, but he dared not disobey. While Neeka moved among the herd, repeating her little reassuring call, Carlyle clambered down to her.

The deer permitted the man to come to the meadow-edge before they broke and ran. The sight of his brilliant red tunic was too much for them and Neeka could not stay the stampede. Only the smallest fawn was left, bleating plaintively. She picked him up, laughing as she showed Carlyle how his long, jackknife legs sprawled every which way in her arms. The baby-creature found her throat and nuzzled the soft flesh, his black and velvety nose shining. Carlyle stroked the red, white-spotted coat. "What a pity the little chap has to lose his pretty jacket!" he said.

"You both hav' red coats, eh? But those others, they not like yours! See, how they come bac' to peek at you!"

The herd were returning, slowly, peering out from the forest wall, timidly. Neeka called them and the mother doe ran up, nervous but eager to reach her fawn. She nosed the little thing and Neeka stroked her quivering flank. "Look into her eyes, m'sieu," said the girl, "then tell me if you could kill her!"

Bob's mind swung to a remembered hunting morning at home. Outside, in the cold, crisp air, horses champed, impatiently, and the hounds whimpered. Inside, the hunt breakfast—silver on the sideboards, pretty women in smart black, fine men in pink, a bright fire under the carved mantle, the horn! To saddle and away, down the copse, over the wall! Tally-ho! And away!

"Yes," he said, snapping back to this mountain meadow, the strange girl and her wild companions. "Why, yes. They hunt for the sport of it, if that's what you mean."

"Did you ever hunt these deer for what they call the fun of killing them?" she barely breathed the question.

He failed to realize the import, the seriousness, to her, of his answer. "Oh, yes," he said, easily, "quite often." She turned white. "Oh, I wish I had not ask," she murmured. "You—to be a murderer of these, my frien's!"

AND now the deer, aware of the departure of their friend, for Neeka had moved away, and as if cognizant of the lust felt by the red-coated man, grew nervous. Heads tossed, white flags flew and the animals began to mill between Bob and the stream. Suddenly they stampeded for the forest. Only the leader, a big, eight-prong buck, who happened to be directly in Carlyle's path, held his ground and began to paw the earth in the manner of an enraged bull.

To Bob's surprise and slight alarm, the stag reared, his sharp fore-hoofs slicing the air. "Go on, get out of here!" the man cried, waving his arm, but the deer did not retreat, instead advanced, standing upon his hind legs, ears back and a reddish light in his eyes. Carlyle felt it ridiculous to back away, turn or run, especially after the way that slip of a girl had handled these animals! But he realized that the buck meant business; those flying hoofs, once descending upon him with their sharp tattoo, would slice him, literally, to ribbons. And the deer was coming fast. Carlyle swung his arms, shouted and side-stepped, but the buck followed his moves, and kept on coming. Then sharp teeth nipped the irate leader's heels and he dropped, with a snort, wheeled and came face to face with Giekie.

Deer and dog met, eye to eye. Then Sir Buck swung off, briskly, and disappeared into the forest.

"Thank you, old chap," Carlyle remarked, breathing more easily.

A few moments of winding and twisting on the warm trail scent and Giekie was off, out of the dark woods, rimming the meadow, and to a steep hillside overlooking Lake Chaudière. Here they found Neeka, hunched by a fallen log, her head buried in her arms. Giekie pawed her arm, tentatively and she lifted a flushed face. "Who tol' you to come from that ledge?" she said, sternly.

GIEKIE looked at her reproachfully and, with an assumption of offended dignity, went to Carlyle. "Now it is up to you," he appeared to say and forthwith betook himself to a respectable distance, sniffed the ground, turned around three times, groaned and sat down; his back to the pair and his eyes upon vacancy.

Carlyle sat upon the log and lit his pipe. This gave him a few seconds respite. He found he could not bear that Neeka should cry and again he promised himself she must not be hurt. Why, he asked his gods, had anything so tender, so lovely, so impossible as this girl crossed his path? "You're crying because I have hunted deer for sport, is that it, Neeka?" he began.

She nodded but did not lift her head. "Did you ever hear of custom?" he continued. Vigorous negative shakes answered this and he commenced a pedantic and lengthy harangue concerning the usages of society. "I will try and show you how we all have different customs," he said. Unconsciously, telling of things he knew and loved, warmth and color crept into his narration. Neeka forgot her tears and sat up, finding a comfortable spot for herself between his knees. She listened in witched delight, as to a fairy story. "Tell me more!" she would beg, if he showed signs of lagging.

The world of Piccadilly and of Mayfair dissolved into the screen of forest-rimmed lake and mountain range surrounding them.

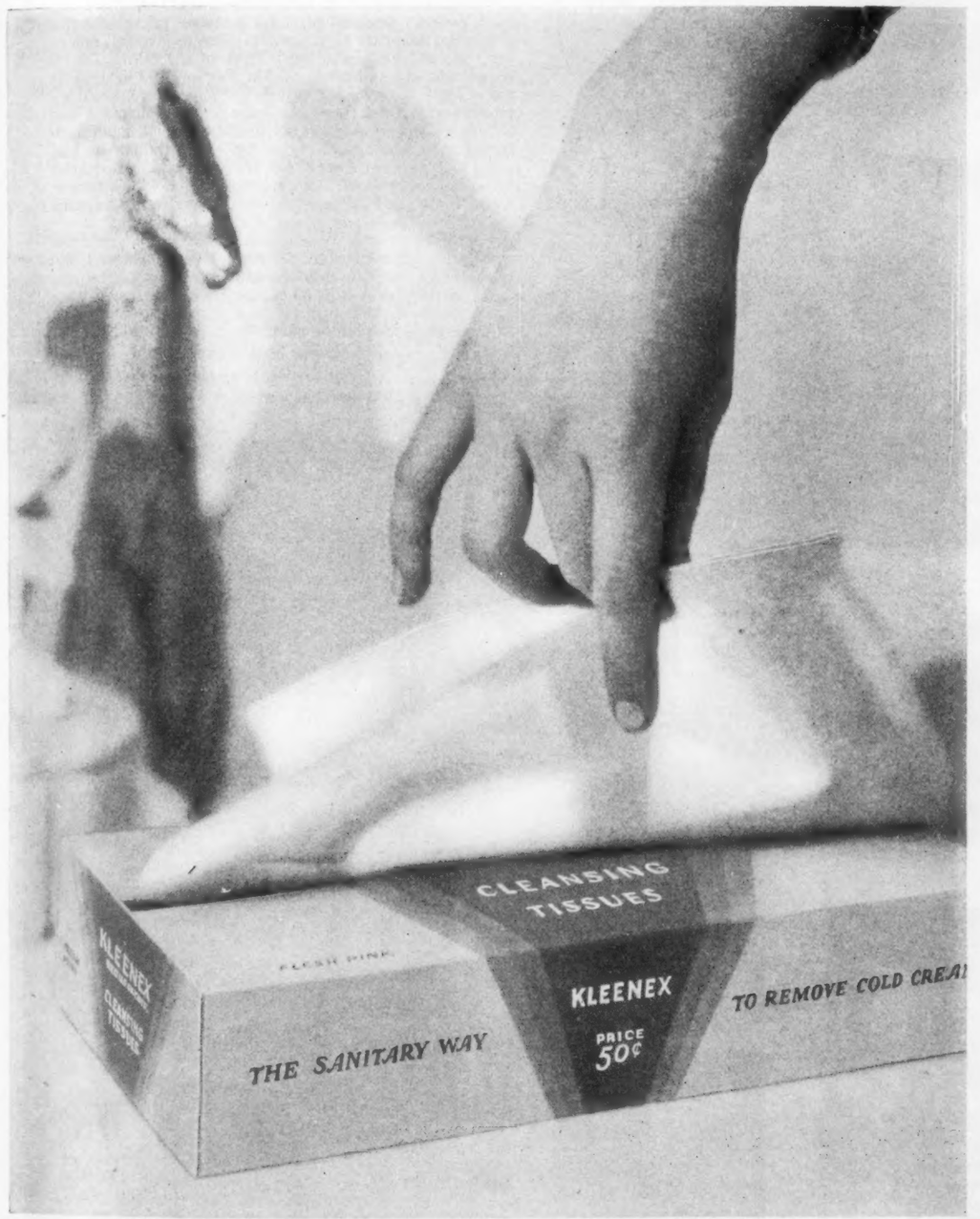
"What a strange world! But I would like ver' much to go there, m'sieu. Will you tak' me when we are marry?" the girl demanded.

She had turned, leaning her elbows upon his knees and looking up into his face. Her tumbled dark hair framed her delicately pointed face with a golden halo as the sun, sinking behind the last ridge, touched the curls with flame-fingers. Behind her, down the sharp slope of the hill, the lake lay cradled by the mountains; irridescent, opaque, like an inverted sky. In the etheral light and the spiritual

[*Continued on page 68*]

Be *safe*... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

Your skin absorbs the cold cream it needs in 5 to 10 minutes' light massage . . . then the cream should be removed with safe, absorbent Kleenex



LOVELY HELEN WRIGHT, Universal's talented new leading lady, has her own feminine reasons for removing cosmetics the Kleenex way. She exclaims: "Such lovely tints! Kleenex not only removes make-up and cleansing cream very thoroughly — it puts me in the right mood for a beauty treatment."

Helen Wright

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin . . . like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that are so disastrous to beauty.

And Kleenex is so *very* absorbent. The delicate tissues simply blot up the surplus cream, along with lingering bits of dirt and cosmetics. No rubbing is needed.

Many women do not know that the skin absorbs cold cream in 5 to 10 minutes' light massage or patting. The unabsorbed cold cream should then be removed . . . to prevent those little oily areas that so quickly form around nose and chin. Blackheads and large pores are other beauty ills that follow neglect of this important rite.

Kleenex tissues are becoming more and more popular for handkerchiefs. They are so fresh, clean and soft . . . and do away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Doctors advise Kleenex when there's a cold, to avoid reinfection. Think how much better it is to use a tissue, then discard it, than to carry germ-filled, damp handkerchiefs about with you.

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A HOME AWAY FROM HOME

By MARY DAVIS GILLIES

THE perfect guest room takes visitors into its comfortable arms and soothes, cheers, and rests them. Luckily, its most important furnishing—a faultless spring and mattress—can now be bought for a modest price; with this necessity taken care of, a woman is free to give full rein to her taste and kindliness. She'll think of the friend, for instance, who always likes to read in bed, so a bed light (left) and a shelf of books will make their appearance. She'll remember gruff Uncle Ben, who hates feminine fluffiness, and for his sake she'll abandon her dream of a pink moiré bedspread and choose one of cream chintz with trailing vines of green and rose and mauve. But because Cousin Anne loves pretty things, she edges spread and curtains with a narrow rose pleating, and she finds old floral prints to hang against the peaceful green and cream of the wall paper.

She provides a convenient place, and the materials, for writing letters, even when her room is small (below) and one piece of furniture must do double duty as a chest and desk. In this same little room, she covers the bed with a small-patterned, non-crushable mohair so that guests can sit or lie on it with all the nonchalance in the world.

A well-lighted mirror and an easy chair speak volumes for your thoughtfulness. . . If you'd like other suggestions, send for our leaflet, "The Guest Room," and enclose two cents postage. McCall's Service Editor, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

Compare Super Suds with chips or flakes

in these first photographs* ever taken of dishwashing soaps at work

Actual color photographs through glass dishpans prove Super Suds dissolves far faster... gives richer soapiness, faster dishwashing.

NOW... see through glass dishpans the difference between instant dissolving Super Suds and slow dissolving chips or flakes.

These are the first photographs ever made that show how soap works *below the surface of the water.* Down where the real job of dishwashing takes place. Down where swift, all-through-the-water soapiness really counts.

Notice how the gummy, half-dissolved flakes of soap leave the water almost devoid of helpful soapiness. While in the same length of time every tiny "bead" of Super Suds has dissolved... flooding every drop of water in the pan with rich creamy soapiness.

An utterly new-type soap

Super Suds can do this because it's not chips, flakes or powder, but tiny hollow beads. Made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Thus this wonderful new form of soap gives instant suds... suds with such speed of action that they cut dishwashing time in these 3 ways:

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring, coaxing or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness. Wiping is not necessary.

Once you've used this instant dissolving, instant washing, instant rinsing form of soap you'll have no more patience for old-fashioned, slow-dissolving soaps. And Super Suds is only 10 cents a package, 10 brimming cups. Order from your grocer today.

Super Suds 10c

At Left** **Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips** **At Right

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

5850

Cool that fiery Sunburn

INSTANTLY *with* HINDS CREAM

APPLY Hinds Honey & Almond Cream freely, but gently . . . feel the instant relief from painful burning. Apply a little more. Your sunburn is cooler at once. Try it again in a little while . . . and again the last thing at night. Hinds Cream will give blessed relief to the most violent sunscorch . . . it will make your skin cool and supple and comfortable again. It offsets the ravages of wind and sun, too, and keeps your skin soft and fresh. Rub on Hinds Cream before you go out into the sun if you would like a glorious tan without the painful burn. Or, if you prefer to keep your skin creamy-white all summer long, Hinds Cream with powder over it will help prevent burning at all. All drug counters carry this soothing lotion.

Refine the texture of your skin with Hinds Toning Cleanser

This extraordinary new liquid cleanser will clean your pores thoroughly, will make them exquisitely fine, will tone your skin and refresh it. Used together with the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream, it will keep your skin radiant and young. Hinds Toning Cleanser is 60c at all drug counters.

A. S. Hinds Co., *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company, Bloomfield, N. J.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 64*]

intensity of the moment, Neeka seemed to float before him, an embodied sprite of the wilderness.

With every hesitating moment he was more hopelessly lost, like a man plunging deeper into quicksand. "My dear," he began, but the words choked him.

"Oh, say that other, like las' night!" she begged.

"What was that? I don't remember."

"Oh, bad one, you do! It was 'Adorable'."

"Adorable!" he breathed it after her, closing his eyes against the temptation of her curved throat, the dimpled sweetness of her mouth.

"Ah! How I love that name," she whispered. "An' my name for you, that one you tol' me—'M'sieu Sweetheart!' I hav' say it over and over to myself. All night and all morning, until you come to me today, M'sieu Sweetheart!"

And there was the heart, flung before him, loving, loyal; to trample on, to fling away, or to gather up and cherish. Groaning, he took her into his arms, crushing her to his breast, his kisses beating down upon her lips, her throat and her hair. The tumult passed she lay, unresisting, in his arms, her face nestled against his red coat. Flaming sunset bathed their hilltop. Giekie, forgotten, looked over his shoulder at the lovers and grinned, pinkly. "Neeka, dear, adorable, give me something to take with me when I go."

"When you go?" Sudden apprehension chilled the warmth of her voice.

"There is this job to finish."

"Oui, oui, the trapped man. I had forgotten him. I was so happy. So selfish. But, when he is—when he is taken there, then you will come back, for me? You will? Oh, say to me you will or I tell you I follow right after you!"

Carlyle visualized an arrival in Edmonton with his prisoner and this beautiful, if untamed, girl. "I'll come back," he said, the bleak knowledge that he lied cutting him like a knife. "But, give me something . . . those violets you've worn all afternoon in your sash. Kiss them . . . there, they shall go into this pocket."

"No, no! The other one, over your heart!"

"My keys are there," he objected, showing her the steel ring from which jingled several keys. "Handcuff keys and white violets don't go together!"

"Then change them over!" she demanded and gravely watched the transfer of the keys to the right-hand pocket, placing the flowers in their stead, over his heart, first kissing each blossom again. "They will grow old and die," she said, "but my kisses will always be on them, until you come bac' for me, over the las' ridge!"

THAT afternoon found Neeka alone in the post, tending shop and singing riotously as she stacked tinned goods into new and astonishing patterns. The well-intentioned Factor's lady came to her. "I must talk to you about Mr. Carlyle," she said.

Neeka plumped down upon a pile of blankets behind the counter. "Oh!" she cried, "he hav' tol' you?"

"Yes," Mrs. McDonald fibbed, "but it is all quite impossible."

The dark eyes clouded. "I not understand, Madame. It is impossible that we should marry?"

Mrs. McDonald gasped. "It has gone that far?"

"Far?" Neeka was wide-eyed innocence. "I not understand. On the night before las' M'sieu Corporal kiss me. That is a sign of our marriage pac', is not that so?"

HIDDEN by the counter, Alice settled herself upon the blankets at Neeka's side, genuine pity in her heart for she loved this child and disillusion was a cruel knife. Some moments later Carlyle came into the store and heard the women's voices. Checked by the repetition of his own name, he listened, guiltily. Mrs. McDonald's explanation of his conduct was truthful but difficult to swallow. "Men of his class are like that," she was saying. "They think nothing of kissing a pretty girl, particularly if she is a girl from another walk in life."

Neeka said, fiercely: "He love me!"

"Did he tell you so? Didn't you just take it for granted, because of that chance kiss, which he might have given to any pretty girl who tempted him? Did he really tell you he loved you? Did he ask you to marry him?"

Thick silence fell in the store, like the ticking of dying heart-beats, then a small, tear-drenched voice confessed: "No, Madame."

That broken cry echoing in his burning ears, Carlyle stole from the post, his face as red as his coat and his lips a taut line. 'No, Madame!' No. He had not said he loved her; had not asked her to marry him. He had kissed and held her, once in the cabin, again on the hillside, and he had known the impossibility, known he would never come back to Neepawa.

"You beastly rotter!" he cursed himself as he walked swiftly from the village, past the LaRonde cabin. He was hailed by Daisy from the cabin window. "My, but you go fast," she cried. "Won't you come in for a cup of tea?"

Wheeling in his tracks, Carlyle stared at the blonde girl with a fierce animosity. What right had she to stop him? What right to be in Neeka's house at all, a girl like that? Well, for the wrong he had done Neeka, he'd do one right; he'd put a bug in Daisy's ear and send her packing before the Indian brother was hopelessly entangled. "I hope she tries to vamp me!" he thought, grimly, going up to the cabin.

Daisy met him at the door, all smiles. "I was so lonesome," she said, "so I'd just boiled a kettle of water for some tea. I just love afternoon tea, don't you? We always had it at home. Then I happened to see you going by. My, but you were walking fast! And, I thinks, I'll just bet the corporal would like a cup too. So I called you."

"Very kind of you, I am sure." He sat down, without removing his Baden-Powell.

A flush deepened her rouged cheeks but she nervously pretended not to notice the hat. "One lump or two?" she asked, her hands fluttering among the teacups. "As I was saying," she added, "we always served tea at home and—"

"Don't tell me the dance-halls you've worked in made a speciality of five o'clock tea!"

There! He, too, could cut. But he lacked the courage to look at his victim; stood up, instead, and went to the window. After a little silence of

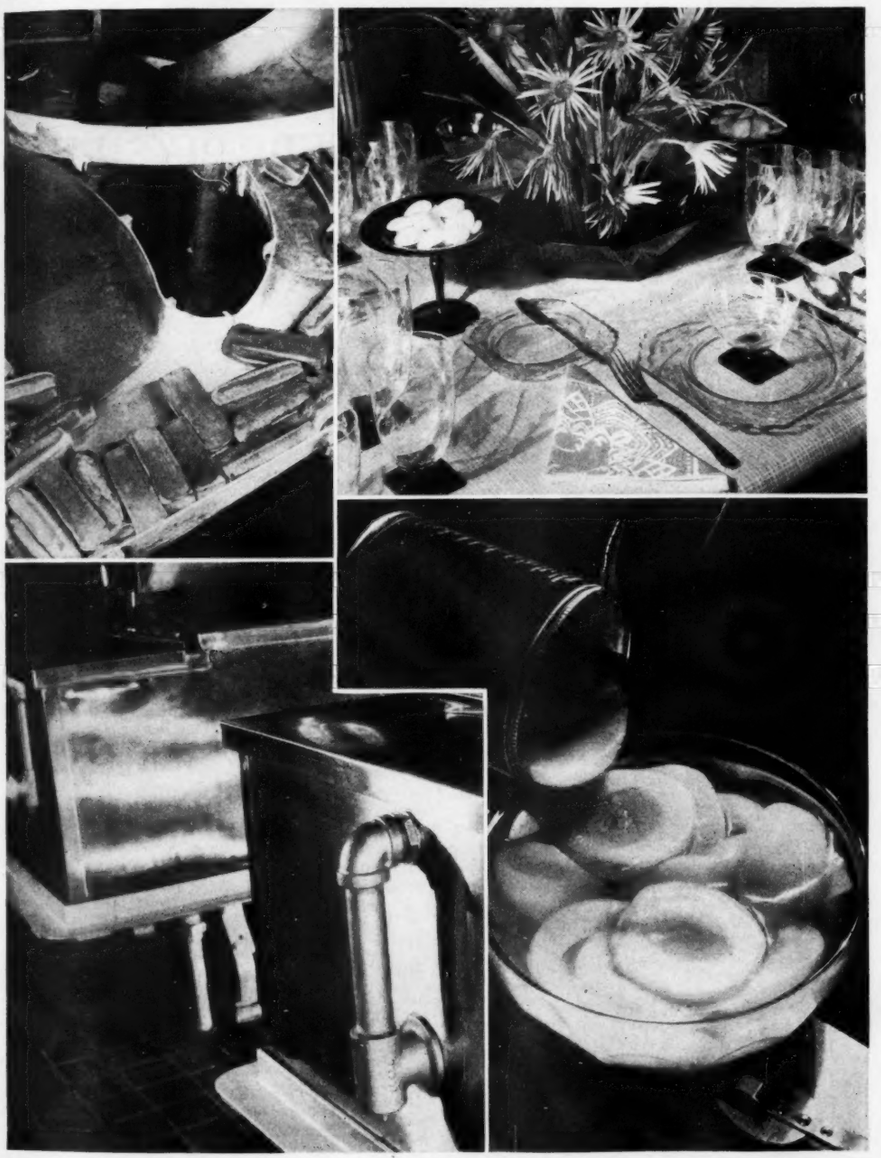
[*Continued on page 74*]

THE BUTCHER . . . THE BAKER . . . THE CANDLESTICK-MAKER KEEP THINGS CLEAN AND WHOLESOME FOR YOU WITH WYANDOTTE

MOST of the things that come into your home have been made better for you in one way or another by Wyandotte products . . . canned peaches for your luncheon . . . the spotless bottles your milk comes in . . . gossamer silk hosiery . . . kitchen-ware . . . shoes . . . even bread and butter. . . .

Wyandotte products bring cleanliness to every great industry — and thus into your own home. They bring food to your dining-table, wholesome and inviting. They wash dishes for you in hotels and restaurants. They clean the stores, the office buildings, the hospitals, you visit . . . walls, floors, paint, tile, marble, in fact, everything. They return your clothing from the better laundries, clean, safe and sweet-smelling, without damaging the most delicate fabrics. They even make metals "chemically clean" . . . the fenders of your automobile, for instance, so they will retain their brilliant finish without "peeling."

Leading bakeries depend on Wyandotte to maintain the very highest standards of cleanliness, everywhere. ■ *Much of the food that comes to your table has been guarded on its way by Wyandotte cleanliness. Meat, milk, butter, canned goods . . . almost, in fact, anything you may name.*



Great ice cream plants are kept spotless and sparkling with Wyandotte, so that their products may reach your home, absolutely clean, wholesome and sanitary. ■ *For your protection the canneries from which your fruit comes are kept as clean as your own kitchen . . . with Wyandotte.*

The J. B. Ford Company is the world's largest manufacturer of cleaning materials. For a third of a century, it has been developing special products, dozens of them, for difficult jobs. These products guard your health, and aid in manufacturing processes.

Textile manufacturers use a special Wyandotte product to remove impurities from wool, silk, cotton. Tanners use another in the preparation of leather. Lumbermen use still another to prevent "sap stain," so your furniture will have a beautiful, clear grain.

The meat market cleaned with Wyandotte has no grease spots for the breeding of bacteria; neither has the packing-plant, nor even the refrigerator-car in which the meat is carried. The bakery is sanitary and wholesome; the dairy, shining and spotless.

Indeed, there is hardly an item of the three great essentials of life — food, clothing and shelter — that has not been improved for you by one or more of the Wyandotte products. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark

CLEANS THE WORLD

CONSTANCE Tyndale McCormick

She's only three but *she can do a lot of things!*

Her health is guarded by this special care

Plump legs that hardly straddle her pony . . . thick dark curls . . . big violet eyes that are very fetching.

Constance Tyndale McCormick is the three year old daughter of the Alister McCormicks of Chicago.

Life is a joyous round of tempting things. Riding (she has a firm small hand on the bridle) . . . swimming (short legs can kick effectively) . . . a Springer Spaniel . . . a playhouse in the garden.

But, first of all, she stows away a morning bowl of that cereal the baby specialist advised when she was a tiny little thing. Cream of Wheat, an ideal food for infants.

Constance started eating Cream of Wheat when she was six months old, and she's been at it—gleefully—ever since! As a breakfast it exactly suits her. And it exactly suits her mother to have her eat it so regularly.

"Constance is *never* ill," says Mrs. McCormick. "We are careful about her outdoor life and food. I think Cream of Wheat should be in every child's diet from six months on."

Naturally, Mrs. McCormick speaks with such conviction. Cream of Wheat has so long headed the list of all foods for babies and children.

When we asked 221 leading baby specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto about cereal, *every one* of them voiced approval of Cream of Wheat.

They know that it is exceptionally rich in energy, and that—especially important when it comes to babies—it is digested without tax on inexperienced little stomachs. Cream of Wheat is very inexpensive too. *It costs less than one cent for a serving.*

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Constance started eating Cream of Wheat when she was six months old. "I think it should be in every child's diet," says her mother

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HOT WEATHER RECIPES FOR THIS AND THAT

By McCALL'S FOOD STAFF

PUZZLED, these hot days, about what to have for luncheon or dinner or in-between meals? Here are some easy-to-use recipes, especially planned to tempt summertime appetites. Wouldn't you like to try some of them?

Jellied Veal

1 knuckle veal
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Cover veal with cold water, bring to boiling point, and simmer until the meat drops from the bone—about 2½ to 3 hours. Season at the end of the first hour. When done, remove the meat and strain the stock. Return the stock to fire and boil until it is reduced to 2 cups. Add the meat, finely shredded. Pour into a loaf pan and chill. Serve in thin slices with

Summer Salad

Cut radishes and green pepper in wafer-thin slices, put in ice water and chill thoroughly. Drain well. Serve on crisp watercress with French dressing to which a little grated onion has been added.

Stuffed Tomato, Fondue

6 large ripe tomatoes
1½ cups cooked rice
½ lb. mild American cheese
½ cup cream
½ cup top milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains paprika

Scoop out centers of tomatoes and sprinkle insides with salt. Invert and let stand in refrigerator ½ hour. Fill centers with rice and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 15 to 20 minutes. Cut cheese in small pieces and melt in the combined cream and milk. Add salt, pepper, and paprika. Pour around tomatoes and garnish with parsley. The tomatoes may be stuffed with sautéd mushrooms, if desired.

Pineapple Icebox Cake

1 box (8 oz.) graham crackers
1 No. 2 can (20 oz.) crushed pineapple
½ lb. marshmallows
12 dates
1½ doz. lady fingers
½ pint cream

Crush crackers with rolling pin. Add pineapple pulp and juice, marshmallows cut in quarters, and dates cut in small pieces. Line a bread pan with waxed paper, then with split lady fingers laid round side out. Fill with graham cracker mixture and cover top with lady fingers. Put waxed paper on top and place in refrigerator for several hours. Turn out on platter and serve with sweetened whipped cream

Plombière Glacé

Put vanilla ice cream in the bottom of a dessert glass. Cover it with marrons glacés, cut in pieces. Then put a layer of macaroon crumbs, and on top pile whipped cream. Garnish with pieces of marrons and pistachio nuts.

Rhubarb Punch

Mix equal quantities of tea and rhubarb juice together. To each cup of liquid, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup (made by boiling equal quantities of sugar and water together for 5 minutes). Chill and serve with ice. Garnish with lemon and sprigs of mint.

Chocolate Malt Shake

Dissolve 1 tablespoon prepared malt cocoa drink in 1 cup milk. Put in a covered jar, or shaker, and shake thoroughly. Add a few drops of peppermint. Chill. Garnish with mint.

Orange Milk Shake

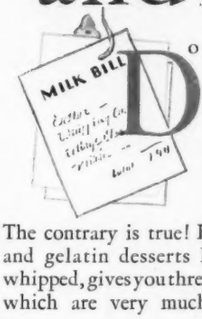
Mix ½ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ cup evaporated milk, and 1/3 cup water. Put in shaker and shake thoroughly. Serve with cracked ice. To make this drink more nutritious, add 1 egg before shaking.

Pineapple Fruit Cup

Mix equal quantities of pineapple juice and grape juice. To each cup of this mixture, add ½ cup water and ½ cup ginger ale. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Garnish with pieces of pineapple and serve icy cold.

We have a new leaflet, Cold Plates for Hot Days, *which gives combinations for 16 plate-meals. For your copy, send a two-cent stamp for postage to the Service Editor, 22 McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.*

Whipped~ used in place of cream ☆ and costs ten cents a pint



Do you think a thing that costs so much less than cream must be less good? The contrary is true! For frozen and gelatin desserts Pet Milk, whipped, gives you three qualities which are very much desired:

1 Desserts that are delightful in taste and texture.

2 Desserts that are most wholesome food.

3 The better, more wholesome quality at less than one-third of what they'd cost if made with whipping cream.

Here's the Reason

Cream is rich only in fat. Pet Milk is rich, not in fat alone, but in all the milk-food substances—the elements that make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods. It takes the place of cream, because in *degree* of richness (in solid substance) it is equal to ordinary cream. It makes better food than cream can make, because the richness of Pet Milk is a balanced, whole-milk richness. Children may eat as much as they will of such desserts. And adults, who want to preserve the slender lines of youth, need not shun them.

It Will Whip

Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—in butterfat and in all the other food substances of milk — you can whip it.

METHOD: Place the unopened can of milk in a pan and cover with cold water. Heat to the boiling point. Remove can and chill thoroughly.

Whip in a shallow enamel or china bowl 4 to 4½ inches in diameter across the base, with a rotary egg beater. Surround the bowl with an ice and salt mixture — have the whipper and bowl ice-cold.

Smooth Texture— Rich Flavor

The texture of whipped Pet Milk desserts is exceptionally fine, because the milk is homogenized —the fat globules broken into such tiny particles that the fat never separates. The same process—with the extra richness of the milk—accounts for the fine richness of flavor.

MAPLE MOUSSE FOR NORDICA PEACHES

1 cup maple syrup Pinch salt
4 egg yolks 2 cups Pet Milk

Boil syrup 5 minutes. Remove from fire and pour slowly over well-beaten egg yolks, beating constantly. Add salt and cool. Fold in milk that has been properly chilled and whipped until stiff. Freeze in a mechanical refrigerator tray or in mold packed in a 1:2 salt-ice mixture. Serves 8.

Toast rounds of Plain or Sponge Cake and cool. On each round put a tablespoonful of Maple Mousse. Top with a fresh or canned peach and pour some of the syrup over all.

Pet Milk is sold in two sizes only—six ounces and sixteen ounces. The cans are of the same size, contain the same quantity and the same quality of milk at all stores. The tall can (16 ounces) can be bought generally for ten cents—never more than eleven.

Mail the coupon. It will bring you, without charge, our new loose-leaf book — 300 recipes — 25 for frozen desserts.

PET MILK CO., 140-2-6 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
I would like to have your new free loose-leaf cookbook.

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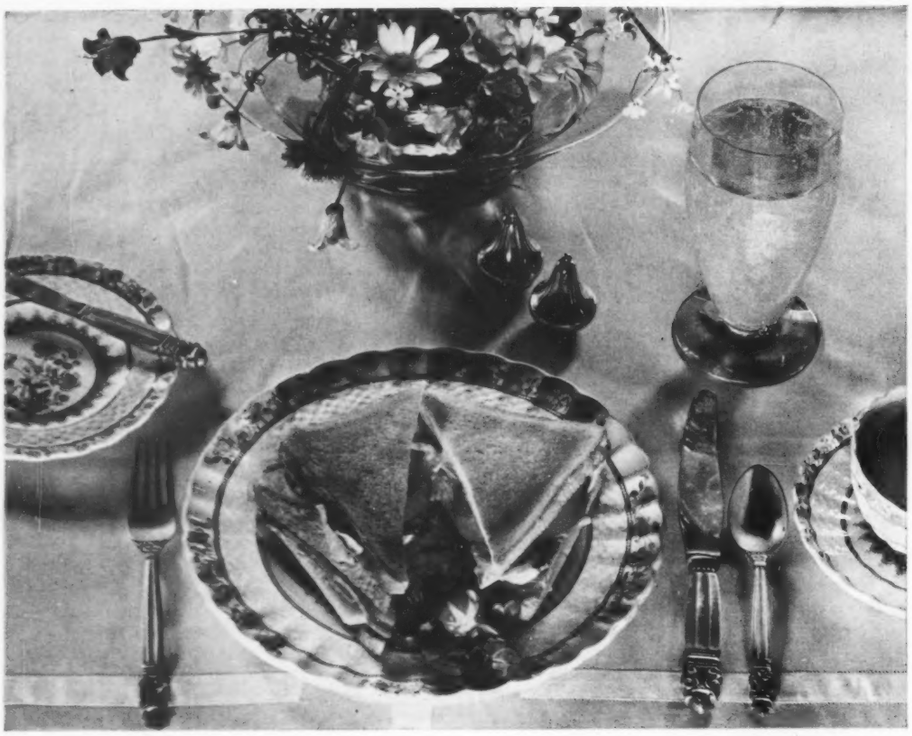
SANDWICHES

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT AND DOROTHY KIRK



"Huh, *woman's* food," members of the Stronger Sex used to say when a sandwich was so much as mentioned in their presence. And just for that they were turned into the chief sandwich consuming branch of the Human Family. Who is now the luncheonette's best friend? Who herds around the soda fountains at noon time? Who thought up the bright idea of the "hot and hearty" sandwich? Why, *Man,* of course.

The club sandwich (left) is an old and honored member of the group called "Substantial Sandwiches." Some contain two or more layers of filling as, Swiss cheese and cold tongue; sliced ham and American cheese; chopped egg and sardines (split and boned); crabmeat and tomatoes; liverwurst with chopped celery salad; veal loaf and watercress; Swiss cheese, tongue, pimiento cheese, chicken (four layers); deviled ham and piccalilli. For sandwiches like these, two or three slices of bread or toast are used.

But the hot sandwich is the Siren of them all. Who could turn a cold eye on a slice of tender, juicy roast beef half concealed between two slices of bread from which the crusts have been cut—the whole covered with savory brown gravy? Or baked Virginia ham with hot raisin gravy; or Hamburg steak with tomato sauce; or fresh baking-powder biscuit, split and covered with diced chicken and golden gravy; or a fried ham and egg sandwich; or a grilled cheese, tomato and bacon surprise?

[*Continued on page 73*]

AS A hint to parents, children recommend this picture (right). The best sandwich filling in the world becomes tiresome if it appears constantly on the same kind of bread. Therefore, let's vary our sandwich breads. Boston brown bread, once made only at home, can now be bought at the bakery or in a tin can from the grocer. Spread one slice quite thickly with cream cheese (moistened with a little cream or mayonnaise) and in a second slice cut a "Funnyface." When the two slices are put together the effect is amusing.

Raisin bread, nut bread, whole wheat bread, bran muffins (with raisins), rolls, and the plainer kind of bun, all make excellent sandwiches.

Children, we suspect, would eat lots more lettuce in their sandwiches if they found it crisp and dry instead of slippery and wilted. We can imagine their saying: "Our folks should remember that we have to keep our lunch boxes in a hot cloakroom for *hours,* and that some kinds of food don't stand the strain very well." So hereafter let's spread mayonnaise on the bread instead of on the lettuce; or put a jar of it in their boxes.

Among the sandwich fillings liked by children are: peanut butter (plain, or combined with chopped prunes, raisins, or marshmallows); cream cheese and nut (or chopped olive or pickle or preserved ginger); jelly and cream cheese; chopped meat; cold meat loaf; chopped egg; shredded tuna fish and celery; snappy cheese; and the prepared sandwich spreads.

SANDWICHES

[*Continued from opposite page*]

In humans and in sandwiches, an open face attracts us

OPEN sandwiches are as versatile as the other members of the Sandwich Family. They can be served at the elaborate kind of tea called a reception, or as the first course at dinner, when they are called canapés.

Pinwheel Canapé—Spread bread circles with butter mixed with a little anchovy paste. With two strips of pimiento, divide circle into quarters. Fill sections alternately with egg yolk pressed through a sieve and chopped egg white.

Black and White Canapé—Chop the whites of hard-cooked eggs, season and mix with a little mayonnaise dressing. Spread generously over bread, leaving a small well in center. Fill with caviar. If preferred, use the red caviar which is cheaper.

Watercress Canapé—Cut bread in fancy shapes; soften butter and blend with it finely-chopped watercress. Spread over bread and put a border of it around the edge, using a pastry tube. In the center place a small sprig of watercress. Chill well before serving to harden the butter.

Inlaid Sandwiches—Use any desired bread and filling. With a fancy garnish-cutter, cut a small piece out of top slice of sandwich; fill it with piece (exactly same size and shape) cut from bread of contrasting color (below). Or cream cheese and a nut, pimiento, chopped olives, or other bright-colored food may be used.

Lily Sandwiches—Remove crusts from bread and cut in thin slices. (For all rolled sandwiches use a close-textured, moist bread.) Lay on a dampened cloth, spread with cream cheese softened with a little cream. Fold over to make a cornucopia; press lightly so that edges hold together. In the opening, place a small strip of yellow cheese to represent the stamen.

Our new leaflet, Sandwiches for All Occasions, *is yours for the asking. Write to the Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.*

Tea sandwiches every hostess ought to know

This recipe is so good

a woman from Memphis telegraphed for it!

We frequently serve this dessert at home on special occasions and never fail to get requests for the recipe. It has all that a dessert should have—good to look at—exquisite to the taste—nourishing, digestible. And, best of all, it is easy to make. We urge you to try this recipe which we are giving below for we know you'll think just as highly of it as did our friend who telegraphed for it.

RASPBERRY WHIP *{6 Servings}*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 cup raspberry juice and pulp (fresh or canned)
Whites 3 eggs
Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice, and raspberries which have been forced through a fine sieve and all seeds removed. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until frothy and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold, even a plain bowl will do, or pile in glasses and serve with a garnish of whipped cream and a few whole berries. For a brighter color, use a little red vegetable coloring. Strawberries, blackberries or loganberries may be used. A little more sugar will be needed if fresh berries are used instead of canned.

Raspberry Whip

20,000 women wrote for our Recipe Books last month and if you do not have them we want to send them to you, for they give answers to every dessert and salad problem. And you'll find many other delightful suggestions for meat and fish dishes and candies, too. And if you're interested in knowing how to make "whipped cream" with evaporated milk, we'll tell you.

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS

With Knox Gelatine, you do not have to remember whether strawberry flavor blends with fish—or raspberry flavor with eggs or lemon with milk or cream. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is not a ready-made mixture. You merely soak and dissolve the gelatine, add your own pure ingredients, cool and serve it—ready for banquet or plain home meal. And you needn't use the entire package at one time. It is good for four different desserts, salads or other combinations, and they can be made into these appetizing dishes on four separate days. Try the recipe given above and you will still have enough gelatine left in the package for three other delightful dishes of six servings each. Is it any wonder, that millions of women say—"Knox is the *real* gelatine!"

ORANGE CREAM SHERBET *{8 Servings}*

1 teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1½ cups sugar
1½ cups orange juice
½ cup cold water
½ cup sugar · 2 eggs
1½ cups boiling water
Few grains salt
Grated rind of two oranges
1 cup lemon juice
1 pint heavy cream or evaporated milk

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve gelatine and sugar in boiling water; add orange rind, lemon juice and orange juice. Turn into ice cream freezer or trays of automatic refrigerator and freeze to a mush. Beat cream until stiff, and add sugar and salt. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored and whites until stiff, and add to cream. Turn into frozen mixture and continue the freezing. In automatic refrigerator, stir twice during freezing.

Mail this coupon for the Knox Recipe Books

KNOX GELATINE, 108 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

My name is_____
My address is_____
My grocer's name is_____

No. 339, as shown $140

Tsizz! the pan is hot ...the kitchen cool

Here's the range for 1930 kitchen speed

AT THE TOUCH of a match the clean, swift heat of the powerful Superfex burner is ready. The pan is hot in "just no time". Tsizz! . . . . and a quick searing keeps the meat juices in . . . . while evenly distributed heat browns every piece uniformly. All cooking is easier with this new range.

The new Perfection model shown is finished in shining white porcelain. It has a built-in oven with smooth porcelain lining and an accurate heat indicator. There are five Giant Superfex burners, one a Big Giant.

You can have the same range with Giant Puritan short-drum burners with close-up flame, if you wish. There's a choice of color, too: white, as shown, or white with trim of golden sand, cherry red, sea blue or apple green.

• • •

BEAUTIFUL RANGES

$55 to $140★ New models include beautiful ranges in great variety, from $55 to $140. Perfection's handsome new stoves for separate ovens, at $7.00 to $83, complete the choice of sizes and styles.

No. 87, Price $55

$15.00 DOWN These new ranges may be bought on the new Perfection Purchase Plan, with a small down payment and easy terms. For instance, the white range shown in the illustration, priced at $140, will be placed in your kitchen for $15 down . . . with payment of the balance divided over a period of thirteen months.

No. 87—New four-burner range, finished in silver-gray porcelain and Perfectolac with satin black. Built-in oven. Heat indicator. Long-chimney burners $55

Dealers displaying this sign offer you free trial and easy terms on any Perfection, and accept your old stove in trade.

★ Prices slightly higher in the South, the West and in Canada. Small financing charge on deferred payments.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

PERFECTION

Oil Burning Ranges

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 68*]

painful recovery, Daisy spoke, clearly. "I don't understand you," she said, the silver hammers of her brittle voice chipping on ice.

"Don't bluff, my dear." He did not turn around. This was rather a beastly business but he was going through with it—one decent gesture, for Neeka! "I wasn't sure, at first. I'll admit you fooled me. But the other evening here, certain things you said, the way you danced, and, later, I remembered a snapshot of you one of the lads in Calgary carried. You may recall the picture, and his name—Dick Turner. He knew you in Las Pas, at the Klondike Dancehall. He often addressed your photo in terms of great professional admiration. In fact he said you—"

"Shut up, damn you! Shut up!"

The pent-up bile of two month's enforced decency found outlet in her tongue and surged about the Mounty's ears in a torrent of abuse. When the storm passed in a deluge of tears, he came to her and spoke more gently. "Now," he said, "that's over and you'll feel better. Don't worry. I shan't say a word if you'll just get out. You mustn't stay here, with these people."

"Because you're stuck on the girl, I suppose?" sobbed the woman.

"Because they are decent people and it's plain you're making a play for the lad."

She sat up, tigress-fierce. "That's a lie! He's dead stuck on me, if you want to know. He wants to marry me. And I've played straight ever since I been here. I've been decent. Do you hear that? And now you're trying to kick me back! Haven't you a heart? Haven't you one spark in you that's kind? Can't you see what it means to me to be chucked out of here?" Now she was on her feet, shouting defiance. "I won't go, do you hear? You can't make me! This boy wants to marry me and I'll do it. Won't you give me my chance? Don't turn me out! What harm do I do Neeka and Miscou? I'll marry the lad, be straight, make him a good wife. I swear it!"

SHE was leaning against him, sobbing, and, instinctively, Carlyle patted her heaving shoulders, sorry for her. The door was flung open and Miscou came into the cabin like a storm cloud. He did not waste words but lunged for the Mounty, knife flashing as he came. Bob met the impact with one outstretched arm while, with the other, he drove a stiff blow to Miscou's jaw, staggering the Indian. He fell back and Daisy threw herself upon him, crying: "No, Miscou, it's a mistake, there's nothing—" but he shook her off.

"I've watched this man," he said. "I told you I kill him if he touched you!" And with this he jerked back his knife hand and the blade sang. Carlyle dodged and the knife bedded in the log wall behind his head. Without further ado, and before the maniac could spring, the constable pulled his gun and fired, pointblank. Miscou dropped, a bullet in his shoulder. "My God! You've killed him!" screamed Daisy.

"Quit the acting!" Carlyle cut in, crisply, the gun already returned to its holster. "I've winged him. It was that or kill him outright, poor fool! Come on, help me. Where's a bed? I'll get the bullet out and a bandage on him. He'll be all right."

His sharp, cool authority calmed the girl. Obediently she helped him lift Miscou and together they carried him to her own bed. Working fast under Bob's instructions, she heated water and blew the kitchen fire to white heat so that he might sterilize his knife. Carlyle tore clean lint into bandages and cut Miscou's shirt away from the wound.

THE Indian was unconscious and, as she worked over him, Daisy's tears, genuine now, splashed upon the still face. Carlyle, watching her, shrugged his shoulders and said: "If I thought you really cared—"

"I do!" she whispered, fiercely. "Can't you see? I'd of taken the bullet myself if I could have got between the gat and him. Won't you keep quiet and let me stay?"

He threw her a look of half-belief and one word of hope. "Perhaps," he said, and fell to prying. Working behind the closed door of the bedroom, they did not hear Neeka when she came into the living room. And she too was quiet and her eyes were blind with tears.

Mrs. McDonald's victory had not been easily won. "If I mak' of myself something better," the girl had plead, kneeling, abjectly, by her counselor on the blankets behind the counter. "If I go to the school in the South and learn things, to speak as you do, and be as you, would I not then be his equal, nearly? If he hav' love me, or could ever love me, an' I was so he would not be ashame' of me wit' his mama and those peoples of whom you speak in England, then might he not marry wit' me?"

And for this there was the cruelest cut of all, the final plunge, twist and turn of the knife in the naked wound. Mrs. McDonald did not hesitate, but her voice trembled: "Haven't you remembered, Neeka, that you are a breed, that your blood is tainted with the red of your mother? A white man, a man whose blood is blue and pure and aristocratic, like Robert Carlyle, cannot marry a half-breed Indian girl! He would be ostracized, that means put out from society. There would be no future for him, no career. He could not stay in the service. You wouldn't ask that, Neeka, even if he loved you and would marry you! If you love him you couldn't ask such a sacrifice!"

No, Neeka couldn't. It was all over.

Habit brought her home, rather than to the solitude she craved. Habit and the spirit of service, for it was supper time and Daisy and Miscou would be hungry.

Standing alone in the living room of the cabin, trying numbly to jerk her bewildered faculties together, she unwound her woolen scarf and pulled the knitted cap from her curls. As she put the things upon the table she saw the tumbled cups and saucers, the overturned teapot and the red coat hanging on a chair-back. Beside it was a stiff-brimmed hat.

So he was here! Carlyle was here! Her first impulse was to run. She would die rather than face him again. Then, in a vivid flash, she recalled something—the violets! The white violets she kissed and hid in his tunic pocket! He should not have those to scorn and toss away!

[*Continued on page 76*]

How Two Mothers Made Their Children Over

One, the mother of a nervous child... one, the mother of an underweight child

What Happened to the Nervous Child

"IT PUT HER ON HER FEET, WHEN I WAS SURE I WAS LOSING HER"

My little daughter 2½ years old had the flu with measles following. As the result of this she was very puny and nervous, cried all day, bit her finger nails, and refused to eat her meals or drink milk. At night she was restless. Altogether she was in bad shape.

Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her. The roses are coming back in her cheeks. She sleeps and eats regularly, does not bite her finger nails any more, plays out in the sunshine all day and is altogether a different little girl.

Mrs. John Rosen,
8616 Garfield Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio

A discovery from Switzerland, world-leader in child development, that has swept from one end of the world to the other—Employed Now by children's experts of over 50 different nations

Please accept 3-day supply
Not a medicine..
a super-delicious
food-concentrate

What Happened to the Underweight Child

"WE NOTICED AN IMMEDIATE INCREASE IN WEIGHT"

My small son was a perfectly healthy child, but his appetite had fallen off noticeably during the summer heat. I wanted to see if Ovaltine would provide the necessary food elements and vitamins even though he was not eating as much solid food as usual.

We noticed an immediate increase in weight and he has certainly come through the hot weather in first-class shape. He likes Ovaltine immensely—drinks it 3 times a day with meals and whenever he wants it between meals.

Mrs. H. A. Witcher, Amarillo, Texas

NEW light has been thrown on the problem of the underweight, nervous child.

Important discoveries have been made in Switzerland—and the result, an utterly NEW TYPE and supremely delicious food-drink—has spread now over some 54 nations of the world.

New to America, over 20,000 doctors are already advising it. It frequently increases weight 1½ to 2 pounds weekly. *Nervousness is often noticeably curbed in a few days.*

The two examples of its results, reported on this page, are typical of thousands of others coming from mothers in practically every part of the world.

It may do much or it may do little for your child. But, in light of what it has done for others, we think most mothers will agree that trying it is worth while.

So that you may first test it, before purchasing a larger quantity, a coupon good for a special 3-day supply is printed at right.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Ovaltine may make your child over—try it.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, *including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations. Ovaltine is now made in 8 countries (including the U. S. A.) according to the exact original Swiss formula—to meet the demand from 54 different nations.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR 3-DAY TEST

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THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. I-21
180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

(One package to a person) 725

WAVES

look lovelier, last longer when properly combed . . .

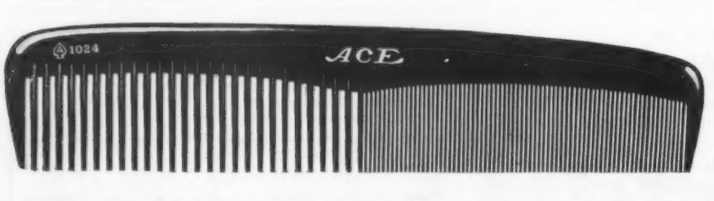
YOU can spoil the lines of the best-looking wave by using an inferior comb. Even the least roughness along the edges of the teeth will catch and pull the hair so that it will not be exactly as you want it.

With an Ace Comb you can always dress your hair better in the lines set by your hairdresser. Moulded—not cut—from vulcanized hard rubber, Ace Combs are perfectly rounded and highly polished to remove even the slightest roughness, Ace Combs make it possible to accomplish the most difficult hair arrangements.

The Ace Comb Cabinet

For your convenience and choice Ace Combs are made in a variety of sizes and styles—for dressing table use, to carry in your purse, for the special use of guests, and the dry shampoo comb fulfills a need, as its name suggests. Twenty different Ace Combs are displayed in the cabinet, as illustrated. Almost every drug store or department store you enter displays an Ace Comb cabinet on the counter.

ACE COMBS



Interesting facts about the structure and hygiene of the hair have been assembled for you in a booklet, "Lovely Hair". You may have a copy free. Write your name and address plainly in margin and mail to

McC 7

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY, 11 Mercer Street, New York. N. Y.

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 74*]

She found them still fragrant, and tore the blossoms to bits, crushing them with hot fingers and flinging them to the floor. Then a swift revulsion, an obedience to her sterling honesty which warned her that no matter what happened she would always care, she knelt to retrieve the fallen flowers. "I'll keep them for myself," she thought. Voices, from Daisy's bedroom, came softly to her ears, the words indistinguishable but the tones familiar. Daisy and Carlyle then were together in there—in Daisy's bedroom. His hat and coat were out here, on the chair. Here, at home, was the dreadful thing Mrs. McDonald had tried to explain—a man, loving lightly. At evening, on the hillside, he could kiss one girl; a sun later and he was with another, in her room!

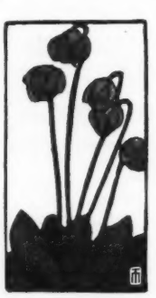
A new being was born in the depths of her soul and sprang, hot and red and raw to her burning eyes. She thirsted for vengeance like an angry animal. With fingers that neither trembled nor faltered, she opened the right-hand pocket of Carlyle's red coat, extracted the handcuff keys and ran from the cabin.

WHEN Neeka returned, some fifteen minutes later, she found Carlyle on his knees by the table picking up crushed white violets. "Did you do this?" he asked her.

She shrugged. "Why not? What good are they? Forget them, m'sieu!"

Carlyle thought he understood. She was angered, naturally, by what Mrs. McDonald had said. He rose, dusting off his knees and feigning a nonchalance he did not feel. So be it! Better it end this way than in tears! He held out his hand but she ignored it. "Won't you say 'goodbye'?" he asked. "I'll be going tomorrow, taking my man down to Edmonton, you know."

She gave another short, ugly laugh. "Neeka!" he blurted, "Don't act this way. Can't you forgive me, dear? I —Oh, I'm an ass, I know, but I did care for you and . . . . Neeka, won't you pick up the poor little violets and put them back in my pocket?"



For a moment he thought she was going to strike him for her brown hands were clenched, then she seemed to gain control of herself and, uncurling her fingers, disclosed his own key-ring in her outstretched palm. "These belong better in your coat," she remarked. "Please to take them."

He looked at the extended keys in wonderment, her motive in removing them from his tunic ambiguous. Then he laughed. "Put 'em back yourself!" he ordered.

She eyed him levelly and he thought he had never seen such a look in any but the eyes of a wounded animal. "You are right," she said. "When Neeka tak' something, she mus' mak' return!" She thrust the jingling keys into his pocket and he seized her wrist. "Now," he demanded, "the violets! Pick them up, at once, and put them back!"

"Non, non, m'sieu! Let me go!" She struggled furiously for now his arms were about her and he was crying: "Neeka! Adorable! Listen to me! You must! I am sorry for what has happened—I—"

He drew back before the swift impact of her nails, five red welts crossing his cheek. For the moment he was tempted to strike her, brutally, slashingly, as she deserved, then he recovered himself and bowed. "Adieu, Madame Wild-Cat! Have it your own way!" and he turned to go but she flung herself in his path. "I wish you had beat me," she sobbed. "I wish you would beat me. I am bad, bad, bad!" And she fell at his feet among the crushed violets, a crumpled figure of heart-broken penitence.

CARLYLE picked her up and sat down, holding her upon his knees, patting her heaving shoulder, and soothing her. "Hush, my dear," he murmured; "hush!"

She sobbed into his coat: "I hate you! I hate you!"

"Because of what that old hen—I mean, Mrs. McDonald, told you?"

She lifted a face flushed and swollen with crying. "You know?" she said. "You heard?"

"Some of it," he confessed. "But it isn't all true, Neeka, that is—"

"I don' care!" she interrupted, fiercely, wiping her eyes on her sleeve and sniffling. He proffered his handkerchief and she blew her nose, childishly, striving to control the sobs which shattered her voice. "I don' care about that now, m'sieu," she said. "When she tell me that you kiss an' go 'way, that you don' mean—anything—jus' mak' flirt wit' me, well, for time I think my heart will break but he don'. No, he mak' himself of ice instead." She slid from his knee and stood facing him, accusingly. "You are ver' bad mans, m'sieu."

He tried to be properly serious. "Neeka! What have I done?"

"Oh, not much, by your way of thinking maybe. It is as Missis McDonald say: 'He mak' love wit' all womens, parlor-maids, Neepawa girls, anyone. All is fishes to his net!' Oh, when she say that I am sad! But I only cry and that hurt nobody but myself."

"I don't make love to every woman, Neeka, that old cat—"

"Then what of Daisy?" she flashed. "Daisy?" he was nonplussed. "Surely you are not jealous of her? Why, I told you the other night I don't give a rip for her, she—"

"Then what do you do wit' her in the bedroom, m'sieu? I hear you, in there, when I come home. I see your coat an' hat out here. It is then that I—Oh, m'sieu, how could you? It is your own fault that man is gone. I don' care!"

He looked at her, sternly. "Neeka, I don't know what you are talking about and neither do you.

"Neeka, tell me you were just mad and jealous! That you didn't really think any such rotten thing of me! Here," he seized her arm and almost dragged her to the bedroom door, flinging it open, "Look in there. What do you see?"

Daisy looked up, her finger up-held for silence. "Miscou's conscious," she whispered, "an' restin' quiet."

With a smothered cry Neeka ran to her brother's side. The wounded man recognized her. "Your policeman shot me," he murmured, in Indian. "I told you I would kill him if he came near Daisy. I found them together. She was clinging to him but she tells me now there was nothing wrong. She was begging him to go away, for your

[*Continued on page 79*]

Now a new way to get a *"Vegetable Effect"*

in a new, delicious cereal!

. . . a food so dainty and alluring that it wins every child. An entirely new creation by HEINZ *of "57" fame.*

SHE LIKES THEM • Here Mother, are some happier *healthful effects. You win certain "battles" at the table through attractive strategy.*

A rare combination, Mother . . . to help you solve a diet problem that causes arguments at many tables.

Here is flavor that your children *can't resist,* so they *don't* resist the benefits that come with it. Crunchy, oven-toasted crispness in the daintiest rice flakes you've ever tasted and a *new healthfulness* that rice flakes have never offered heretofore are now available to you.

AN ENTIRELY NEW VALUE

You may know that vegetables and fruits would form the same healthful habits. But you know, too, how difficult it is to get these essential foods consumed in right amounts.

Serve these luscious *rice flakes* with delicious cream and sugar to *supplement all other foods.* See how whole days are made happier and brighter for everyone concerned. This entirely *new value* in HEINZ Rice Flakes results from years of experiments and tests by HEINZ.

AN EXCLUSIVE PROCESS

Through a patented process, owned by HEINZ, a fine *cereal-cellulose* is added to HEINZ Rice Flakes. It is a natural food substance derived from rice itself. It isn't bran. It isn't harsh. Being soft, fluffy and *non-irritant* it forms a mild, gentle, stimulating bulk and roughage that is both effective and acceptable to all.

Because it is odorless and tasteless, no one can detect its presence in these luscious flakes, which is one of the main secrets of its notable success, especially with children.

LET CHILDREN JUDGE

Don't urge the eating of HEINZ Rice Flakes because they are good *for* children . . . simply let the children see how good they *taste.* That's the best method.

In a series of tests by unprejudiced authorities the health-habits of children were greatly improved in this attractive way. (Details on request).

PROOF IN A WEEK

One week's trial usually wins a mother's great enthusiasm and respect for these new HEINZ Rice Flakes. Serve *twice daily* for one week to start the benefits; once daily thereafter to maintain them.

Remember . . . no coaxing or "forcing" ever is required. The *flavor* wins the child.

Remember, too, that this new feature comes to your entire family only in HEINZ Breakfast Foods. Here is all the energizing food value that any other rice food offers, *plus* HEINZ Cereal-Cellulose which no other brands contain. You are getting *more than merely "rice flakes,"* therefore when you order HEINZ, which is reason, in this instance, to *insist* on HEINZ. Just as good for adults as for children. Mail coupon below for free booklet "Children's Futures Told in Foods", telling all about HEINZ Rice Flakes.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN

He will know the importance of the effects of HEINZ Cereal-Cellulose in the absorption of moisture and the resulting bulk.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

ENJOY THESE RADIO TALKS: Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Heinz Home Economics Department, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and 34 other associated National Broadcasting Company Stations.

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ONE OF THE *57*

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Please send **without charge** your booklet "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

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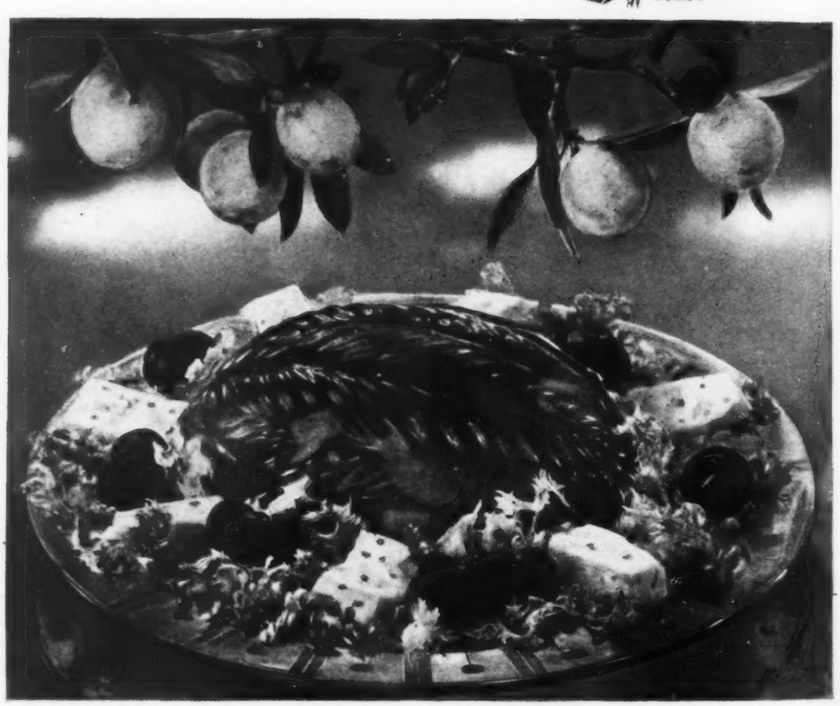
HEINZ RICE FLAKES

NEW ... *Lime* FLAVORED QUICK SETTING GELATIN

This Cooling Royal Flavor Makes Possible Delicious New Summer Dishes

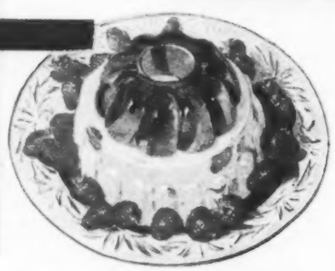


ROYAL LIME FRUIT SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken; add ½ cup thinly sliced cucumber and 1 cup sliced fresh fruits (honeydew melon, fresh pears or peaches). Pour into mould. Chill. Serve garnished with chicory, lettuce or curly endive, curls of ripe olives and finger-shaped pieces of Royal Cheese Salad, made as follows:

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert, as instructed above. Add 1 teaspoon salt and chill. When it begins to thicken, beat in 2 packages (6 oz.) cream cheese which has been mashed. Mix in 1 cup cream, whipped, ½ cup finely chopped canned pineapple, drained from juice, and 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Mould in square, shallow pan.
Serve with mayonnaise.

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Pour in large mould to half fill; chill until firm. Dissolve another package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water. Chill until it begins to thicken; whip until frothy and add 1 cup cream, whipped, with ⅛ teaspoon salt and few drops vanilla and almond extract. Add 1 cup cut strawberries. Pour in mould of firm gelatin; chill. Garnish with whole strawberries.



Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill ½ cup of gelatin in small pan; when set, cut in cubes. Fill parfait glasses two-thirds full with remaining gelatin mixture. Chill. Before serving, whip 1 cup cream with few grains salt; add ½ cup macaroon crumbs. Pile on lime gelatin in parfait glasses. Garnish with cubes of lime gelatin.

FOUR months ago, we gave to the women of America a marvelous new quick setting gelatin—that jells nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

Today, we are introducing a new flavor . . . the luscious coolness of juicy limes.

Piquant, refreshing . . . this new lime flavor makes possible a wide variety of tempting dishes—garnishes, appetizers, salads and desserts.

So easy to make, too. Without a bit of fuss. For Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin sets in half the time you have heretofore allowed. In fact, with modern electric refrigeration, it is ready to unmould in an hour . . . or less.

Making gelatin in summer used to be an ordeal. It took hours to set. And often it was still soft and liquid when dessert time came.

But this new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin always jells on time.

You prepare it in 3 minutes—just before your meal is put on to cook. When you're ready to serve, there's your gelatin . . . perfectly set . . . tender and quivery.

Serve it tonight for dinner. But remember—all gelatins are not alike. Ask for Royal Gelatin Dessert—the *quick setting* kind. In the red box—the same color as the famous Royal Baking Powder can.

Six flavors to choose from: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange . . . and a brand new flavor—Lime.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 76*]

sake. She says you are mad about this man and would do any wrong for him. Is that true?"

Neeka looked at Carlyle, standing in the doorway, watching them. "Yes," she said, "I would do any wrong for him."

MISCOU turned away, disgust in his eyes. "You! My sister! Bah! I no spik more," he added, wearily, in English.

"Poor Miscou went kinda crazy," Daisy explained, patting the lean brown hand extended upon the coverlet. "He jumped for Mister Carlyle with his knife out. The Mounty held him back and landed him an awful wallop on the chin. Then Miscou threw his knife but it missed and so, I guess, Carlyle done the only sensible thing he could. He pulled his gun and fired. "Oh, I was nuts at first! I thought he'd killed Miscou and, so help me God, if he had I'd have killed him. But he is a pretty good shot and knew what he was doing. He winged Miscou and sorta put him out of the running; stopped the argument as it were. Then he had me help him and we got Miscou in here and fixed his wound. He's all right now, ain't you honey?"

"So long as you stay with me, Snow-bird!"

"Daisy'll stay with you, always!" She rested her blonde head beside his dark one, stroking his forehead, soothingly. Neeka tiptoed from the room and Carlyle, closing the door softly, followed her.

The girl struggled to find words, wringing her hands in torment. "Forgive me," she begged. "Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

He took her in his arms. "I am the one to ask forgiveness, dear," he whispered into the sweetness of her hair. "I know better. I shouldn't have played around, knowing it was impossible, that I should have to go away and never come back.

"I'm crazy for you, Neeka. You're the most adorable girl in the world. Just to have you near me makes the blood pound in my veins."

"I am a half-breed, m'sieu."

"I know . . . don't say it. That's the pity of the whole thing! God, if it wasn't for that, for that cursed streak in your blood, which is probably what makes you so altogether adorable and desirable, we could . . ." He stumbled on the word "marry." Neeka freed herself from his ardent embrace.

She shuddered with distaste and closed her eyes to shut out his flushed and yearning face. "No, m'sieu," she said, "we could never marry. It would ruin your chances in the ser-vice an' break the heart of your mama, in England. So Missis McDonald tell me an' I believe her. Not for us, m'sieu, is that countree beyond the las' ridge, that place where the sky begin."

"Oh, Neeka, Neeka! Don't put it that way. Don't make me suffer. Just let me go and forget me, as quickly as you can."

"That I cannot, m'sieu."

"They tell me all girls say that, but in time they learn."

"I don' mean forgettin', m'sieu. That, indeed, I can never do. But I mean something else. I mean I cannot let you go. Listen . . . ." She came swiftly to him, her words tripping each other in her haste to get this thing said and understood. "M'sieu, I am not a thief. I took your keys an' . . . something else, but I am no thief. Always, when I tak' poor, wounded animal from the trapline I mak' some return. An' always it is of more value than the fur I set free. An' now I mus' mak' some fair return to you. I hav' done one terrible thing, but I was like mad womans for what I believe of you and Daisy. That is why I say I cannot let you go away—yet. I hav' not paid you back. M'sieu, whatever I hav' that you want, she is yours."

What this offer cost her, her God alone knew. The man stared at her. "Are you joking, Neeka? Or tempting me? Don't do it, I warn you! I do want you. God knows I want you. And I'd take you here, now . . . only . . ." he resisted the well-nigh overpowering desire within him to crush her in his arms and reluctantly strode to the door. "Only I'm not such a beast—not quite!"

GOODBYE—no," for she ran to him and twined her arms about him, "No, Neeka, make it goodbye, now! I've got my man to take down to Edmonton. When that's over, then perhaps, someday—"

"Tak' me instead of that man, m'sieu! No, don't turn from me, but listen! I tell you I always giv' something in place of what I steal. If that something you want is me, then I am ready to go wit' you . . . any place you say."

There was a violent knocking on the door behind them.

[*Continued in* AUGUST McCALL'S]

PICNIC EATS

WOULDN'T you like to have some new suggestions for that picnic in the woods or the campfire party at the beach? Our booklet *What to Serve at Parties* will also give you recipes for delicious cooling drinks, summer salads and sandwiches. Send for your copy now—twenty cents in stamps. The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle .. its gloss and lustre .. depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

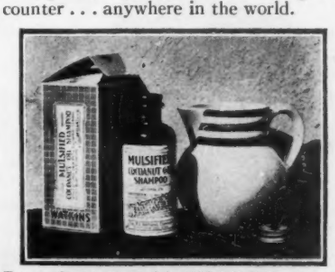
To Set or Wave Hair

To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Prove it at our expense!

La France saves hard rubbing
saves bluing
. . . cuts washday work in half!

FREE . . . A TRIAL SIZE PACKAGE—ENOUGH FOR A FULL-SIZED WASH!

La France is a wonderful cleansing agent that you use *with soap*. It's different from anything you've ever tried! For it loosens dirt and grease as if by magic—makes hard rubbing unnecessary—and blues your clothes at the same time!

Straight off, you'll see the difference it makes. Rich, buoyant suds! Only stubborn soil holds out against such suds! And with light rubbing, even stubborn soil is gone! If you use a washing machine, you'll find you won't have to run it so long! What's more, no extra bluing operation is necessary—La France blues as it cleans . . . without streaks or spots . . . the loveliest bluing you ever gave your clothes! With half the work, your clothes will go on the line . . . a perfect wash!

La France is safe for colors . . . cleans and freshens even the most delicate tints. Use La France for white silks—it prevents yellowing. La France won't—*can't*—hurt the finest fabrics—can't hurt your hands. Send for the free test package. You'll never go back to old washing methods again!

Try Satina for Easier Ironing!

With the sample of La France we'll send you also a sample of Satina. Add it to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite gloss and finish to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer. With the samples will come a copy of the new booklet, "The Easier Way to Perfect Laundering"—a treasure-house of hints and helps for the home laundress. © 1930, G.F. Corp.

Your grocer sells La France and Satina, products of General Foods Corporation.

FREE!

FREE..enough for a week's wash! Send Now!

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO. (Inc.) McC.-7-30
113-125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S.—please include a free sample of Satina.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)
In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

PROHIBITION

[*Continued from page 34*]

recalls the evils of the saloon and the stranglehold that the brewers and distilleries had upon politics. "It's ridiculous," she exclaimed, "to say that Prohibition has brought the liquor issue into politics. Liquor has always been in politics.

AS I see it," Mrs. Catt went on in her statesmanlike manner, "the one question worth weighing in this Prohibition discussion is this: what kind of a law shall we have if the present one is repealed? For my part I very much doubt that a law could be conceived by anyone which has not already been tried somewhere in our country and pronounced wanting.

"Some people now say that the perfect law is that of the Canadian provinces where the government manages the sale of liquor. Alas, we tried this system in several of our states without success.

"In any event imagine what would happen in this country if the government took to selling liquor. The vast army of manufacturers, smugglers, criminals, and sharp business men who are now breaking the Prohibition law, would ally themselves with the politicians and we should be worse off than we now are.

"Certainly no sensible country will repeal one law, simply because it is not well enforced, until it has worked out a better one to take its place. And if we are to have a new law it must be prescribed, not by the wets alone, but by all varieties of people."

Disagreeing with Mrs. Catt that the Canadian system is not a great improvement over our own, Mrs. Charles Fiske, wife of Bishop Fiske of Central New York, believes that we should repeal the 18th Amendment so that we shall be free to try a more workable system. Describing herself as "personally dry," she says that she believes in temperance. "By that I do not mean total abstinence, but rather, 'the spirit and practice of rational self-control,' which is the definition that the Standard Dictionary gives for temperance.

"Ten years ago," Mrs. Fiske points out, "we were told that we must wait for a decade to give the law a real chance. The decade is past. In my home town of Utica, New York, the annual police report for the year 1929 shows an increase of 25 per cent in arrests for intoxication. Utica is merely a sample of what may be found elsewhere.

"The statement is constantly made that the Prohibition law has transformed the workingman's home into a comparative heaven. Yet Judge Franklin C. Hoyt, presiding justice of the Children's Court in New York City, states that 50 per cent of the neglected children with whom he has to deal are brought before his court because of the intemperance of their parents.

WORST of all," Mrs. Fiske concludes, "education as to the evils of excessive drinking has practically ceased. As a result the improvement in habits of temperance which had become so noticeable before Prohibition, has been checked, if indeed there has not taken its place a defiant attitude which makes excessive drinking 'good sports'."

Whether you agree with Mrs. Fiske that we must find a more workable system than Federal Prohibition, or with Miss Jane Addams that the latter has not yet had a fair trial, I am sure you will agree with me that conditions cannot remain as they are. We must enforce Prohibition with a will, or we must find a system for controlling the liquor traffic which can be enforced.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 23*]

industrial age's tribute to real literature. For its subject matter—the tragic love story of a gifted and beautiful courtesan on an island of peasants, shortly before the birth of Christ—is foreign to the spirit of our own day. The sheer beauty of its writing has swept us aside for an hour from our hasty pursuits, to savor a simple tale, and ponder, perhaps, on its subtle spiritual implication, the foreshadowing of new beliefs in the world.

Here are two delightful historical novels: *Desires and Devices*, a nineteenth century story by Helen Simpson, and Margaret Irwin's prize novel, *None So Pretty*, laid in the time of Charles the Second. It would be hard to say which of these I most enjoyed. Both authors have the gift of endowing romance with conviction, and presenting characters of the past as vividly as if they were your neighbors. *None So Pretty* is the story of Nan, daughter of an impoverished nobleman who marries her off to a sottish farmer neighbor. Nan, in love with life, eager for the world, dreams of romance and love. When it comes she has her brief idyll, and pays for it. The book gives a vivid picture of the times, and is piquant with odd points of view—a calm acceptance, for example, of outrageous debauchery, and yet great indignation against such vices as collecting china and imbibing "those new eastern drinks, coffee and tea, for breakfast instead of wholesome British beer!"

For want of space some good books must be omitted and others reduced to brief mention. Another English prize novel, *The Seventh Gate* by Muriel Harris, tells of the rejuvenation of a middle-aged woman and the development of her latent genius, by the sublimation of sex; and her final destruction... *The Asking Price* by Helen Hull has brilliant writing in it, and an interesting theme: a poet, yielding to his wife's importunities to "do the right thing," to make money, to avoid offending those in high places, lets life frustrate him at every point. The book's one hopeful note is the sturdy strength of a daughter who realizes that the asking price need not be paid, and who has a strong will and a warm heart and will get on, in and with the world . . . An unusually good book for anyone about to go there is H. V. Monton's *In Search of Scotland* . . . *Peasant Art in Roumania* by George Oprescu, beautifully illustrated with photographs and colored plates, doesn't intend to be a travel book, but gives a better picture of the country than would most travel books . . . If you're interested in needlework, it has an added appeal . . . In *Flying Gypsies* the Countess de Sibour tells of the trip she and her husband took round the world, mostly in a tiny moth plane—a gallant, perilous journey which you can follow comfortably from your hammock. . . . Two authors needing no introduction are Kathleen Norris, who tells in *The Passion Flower* of a rich girl who marries poor and has much to endure and forgive; and Mary Roberts Rinehart, who gives you a favorite thriller, entitled *The Door*.

Filmy Stockings of Enduring Texture

toned to blend with your Summer Dresses . . . 98¢ *and* $1.49

SUN-TAN skin tones of Southern beaches . . . subtle tints sponsored by Fifth Avenue shops . . . and the soft shades approved by great couturiers! This is the exciting color range that we have accurately reproduced in these new stockings for summer wear.

Today, in our 1,400 stores throughout the country, these exquisite stockings are ready for you to choose the tones . . . the weights . . . your summer wardrobe needs.

Here are semi-sheer No. 447, service No. 449, and most popular of all for summer wear . . . our famous chiffon No. 455. Sheer, clear-textured and durable . . . full-fashioned, silk to the top, and picot-edged. It's hard to believe that even the J. C. Penney Company can sell stockings of such lustrous beauty . . . such supple strength for $1.49. And stockings as luxurious as our silk-to-the-top No. 442 . . . for only 98¢.

•

We know that hosiery as fine as ours usually costs considerably more. To convince yourself that J. C. Penney stockings are as sheer, clear and enduring as others in a higher price range . . . we invite you to make these two simple tests . . .

Choose any one and hold it up to an X-ray of bright sunshine. Notice how clear this filmy texture is . . . how gracefully the narrow heel is shaped . . . and how generously the toe is reinforced. Buy two pairs and wear them. Decide to your own satisfaction what extraordinary service this smooth silken sheath will render!

Countless women who trade with us have made their own tests of the extraordinary quality in J. C. Penney merchandise. And many hundred thousands of them have found that each thing they buy in our stores is even finer than they first thought . . . finer than we ourselves claimed it to be.

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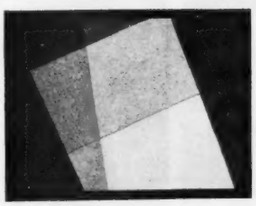
That discovery brings them back to our stores again and again . . . for smart hats, frocks and lingerie . . . draperies for their homes . . . clothing for their husbands and youngsters. And always, these women rely upon us to save them money on fine merchandise.

To do this, we buy on a colossal scale that earns for us manufacturers' lowest prices. And we operate our stores by modern business methods which put this excellent merchandise into each customer's hands at a retail price very close to the low initial cost.

On each thing you buy from us you enjoy the full benefit of these double savings . . . low purchase price and progressive store management. Let us show you how true this is, in your own J. C. Penney store. If you do not know our most convenient location, write to us and we will gladly tell you. We will send you, too, a FREE copy of our illustrated booklet, Spring Fashion News. Please address the J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.



Photograph above shows exquisite texture of our chiffon sheer No. 455. *In the small sketch at left, is* No. 449 *in service weight. To the right, the new openwork clock of our popular* No. 465 . . . *chiffon-sheer stocking, silk to the top. Each weight* . . . $1.49.

At 98¢ *we are offering a popular new stocking, not illustrated here. Smart tints, luxuriously sheer, and silk right to the top! This is a most unusual value.*

J. C. PENNEY CO. INC. DEPT. STORES

The largest department store in the world . . under more than 1,400 roofs

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete.*

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

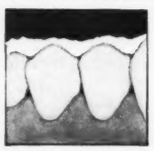
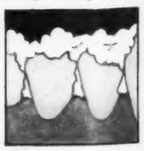


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



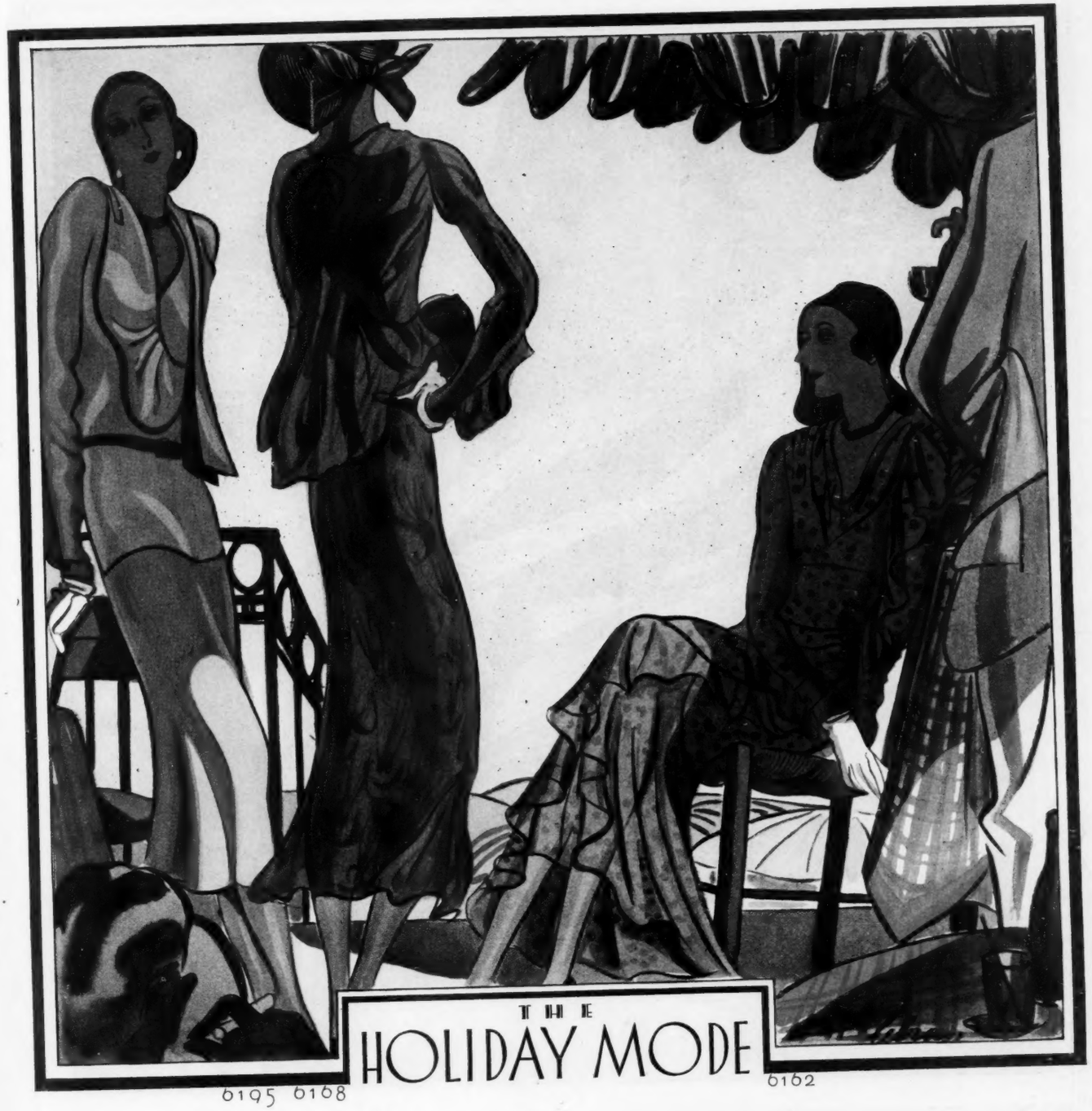
This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-593, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....



THE HOLIDAY MODE

6195 6168 6162

Eleanor Bellalley

July finds everyone in a holiday mood, whether at the seashore or the mountains, travelling abroad or merely being lazy at home. And fashions, to follow suit, also go in for a brief period of rest. But though the changes are not so spectacular as in the earlier active months of the year, what is happening is just as important from a style standpoint. It is these rest periods that decide which among the new clothes are really the most beautiful, useful and wearable. On these the future developments will be based.

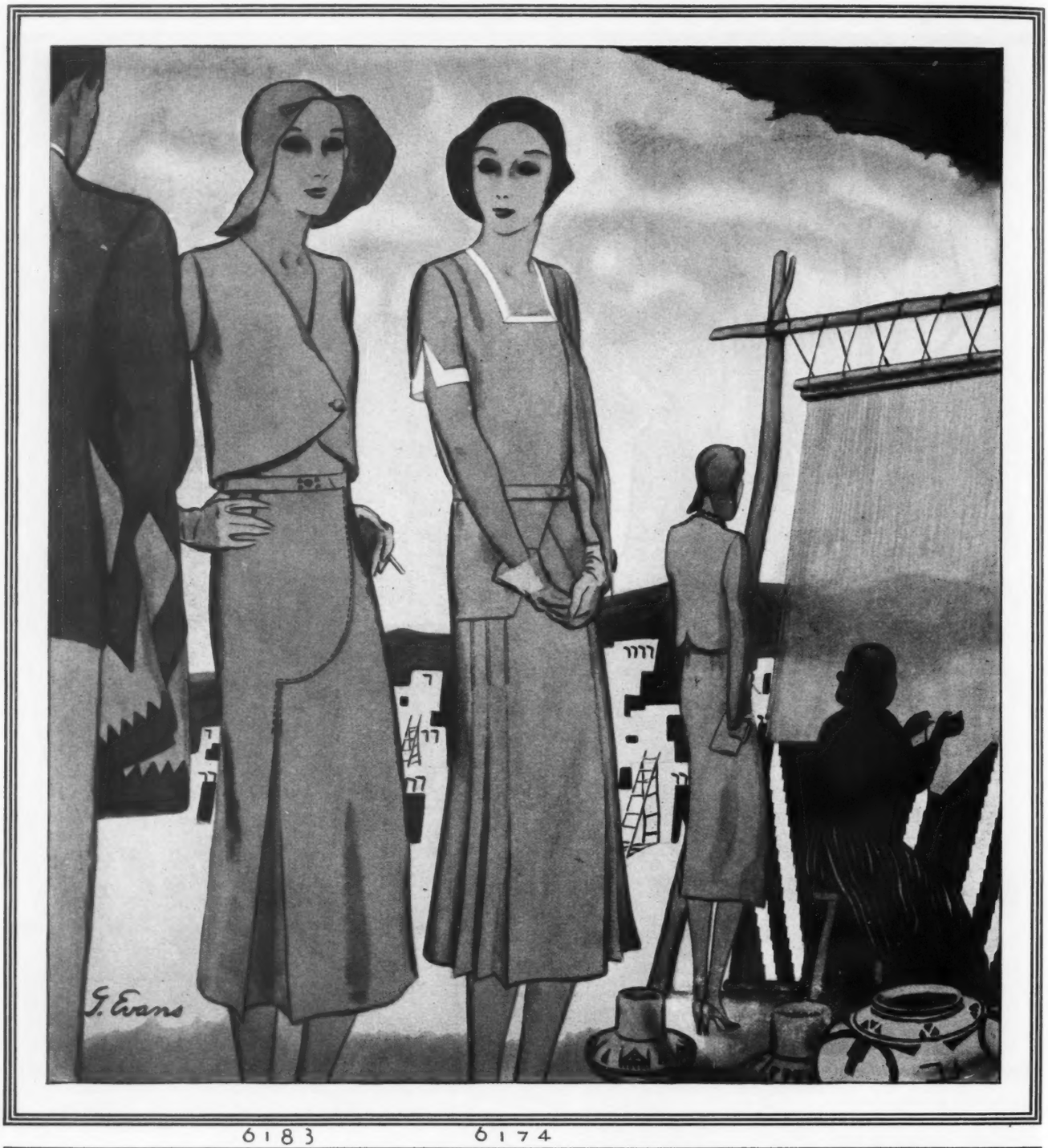
Among the items that stand out in this process of smart selection are the classic note in formal gowns, and the new liking for draped effects. Almost every formal gown shows drapery of some sort, sometimes almost Grecian, as in the hood-like drapery at the back of the evening gown shown on page 90, sometimes simply a line of shirring down the front of the bodice. This fashion has an attractive echo in daytime clothes with draped necklines, like the afternoon frock and the sports frock on this page.

Boleros and capes are developing in such charming ways that they have an assured future. The latest capes are usually separate, forming an evening wrap, or an outdoor ensemble like the one on page 87. The new boleros are becoming fitted in their lines, to seem more a part of the dress, and often they are merely suggested by soft flounces on the bodice. The back of the afternoon frock on this page shows this treatment.

The nipped-in waistline, as an accent to long full skirts, is perhaps the most universally accepted feature on all kinds of new clothes. It is particularly successful in the new suits, made with a simple skirt, a contrasting tuck-in blouse, and a fitted coat that may match the skirt, or, very smartly contrast

FOR BACK VIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

No. 6195. A scarf collar lends flattering lines. No. 6168. A soft flounce suggests a bolero. No. 6162. The new neckline is draped in front.



6183 6174

TAILORED SIMPLICITY IN

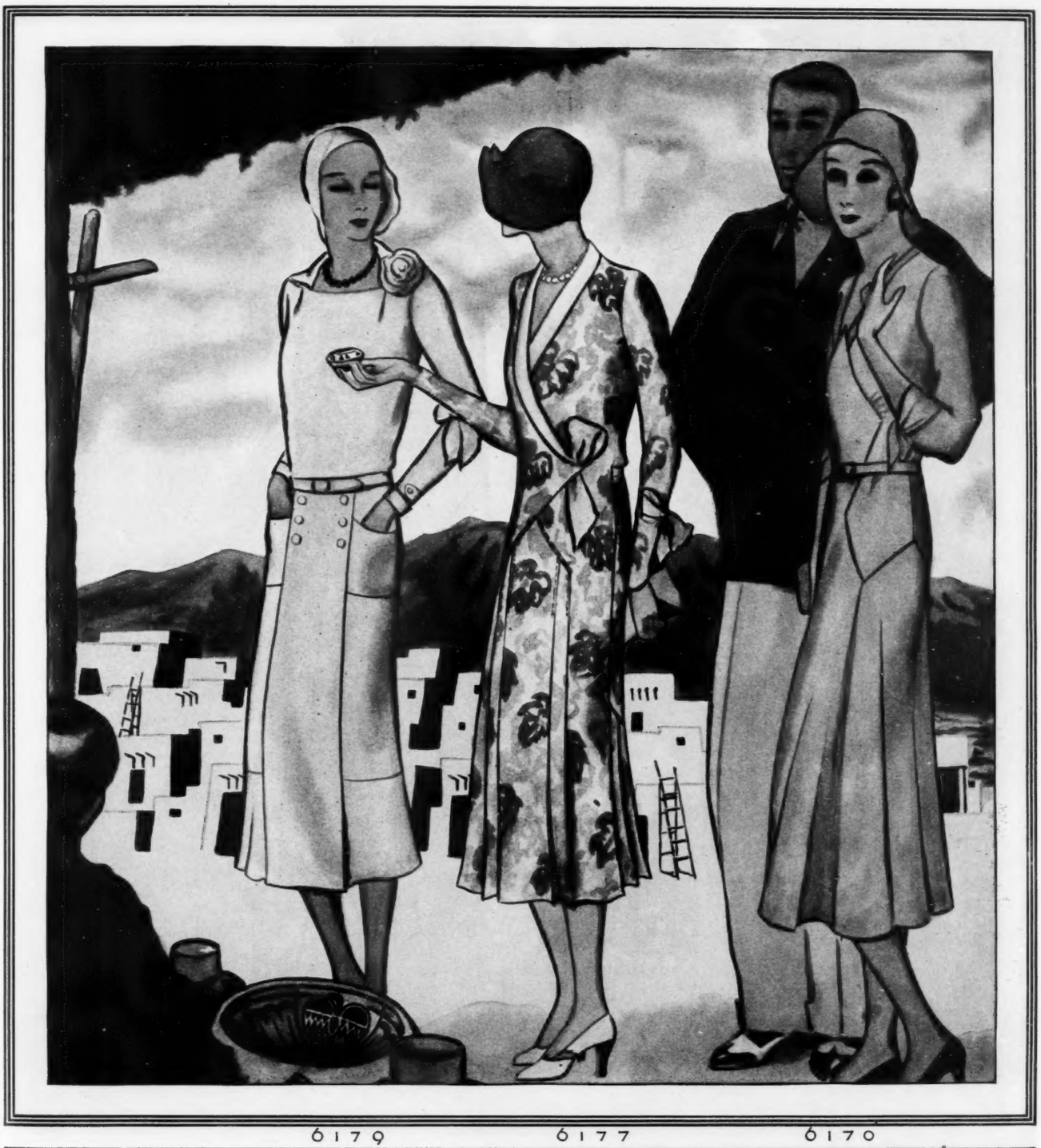
M-2

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

No. 6183. A straight-line belted frock with curved seamings and a pleat at the side acquires the air of a suit by the addition of a separate bolero.

No. 6174. Groups of pleats at the front and back supply fulness in a one-piece frock. The bodice is seamed to suggest jacket-lines and finished with a jabot.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 124



6179 6177 6170

FROCKS THAT TRAVEL

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

No. 6179. A flounce at the hemline lends a princess suggestion to a frock cut on slightly fitted lines. Buttons and pockets are smart details.

No. 6177. A contrasting collar finished with a bow accents the surplice collar lines of a tailored frock. Pleated sections supply fulness.

No. 6170. Lines that make any figure look youthfully slender are simply produced in a frock with decorative seaming on the bodice.

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6194 6173

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

Traveling Clothes Take

No. 6194. A double collar lends French chic to a simple frock made with pockets heading circular sections.

No. 6173. Pleats held down by button-trimmed tabs trim a frock worn with a seven-eighths length coat.

6180 6165

French Smartness Outdoors

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

No. 6180. Princess lines are practically interpreted in a belted frock that closes with a row of buttons.

No. 6165. A becoming ensemble consists of a frock with a novel flounce on the skirt, and a short cape.

6176 6178 6186

Smart Sightseers Favor

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

No. 6176. A knotted lingerie collar lends charm and freshness to a frock for morning or afternoon wear.

No. 6178. Tucks and a little frill head slightly circular sections at each side of a simple frock belted at the waist.

No. 6186. Contrasting color accents a V neckline finished with drapery, short sleeves, and a shaped skirt yoke.

6187 6163 6184

The All-Day Frock

No. 6187. Clever cut lends flattering princess lines and results in decorative seaming. A belt marks the waist.

No. 6163. The soft drapery that Paris uses to make all kinds of frocks feminine appears in a pointed collar.

No. 6184. Contrasting bands form a smart trimming on the neckline and side pockets of a tailored type of frock.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

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6188 6188 6182

No. 6188. A beautiful example of the very formal type of gown that Paris intends for important occasions has flounces on the bodice and the skirt.

No. 6182. Soft drapery shirred in front and falling in a hood at the back of the bodice, and a skirt trailing in points achieve graceful flowing lines.

No. 6185. Typical of the new French frocks for dancing is a gown which has a short bolero, a flattering peplum, and a circular ankle length skirt.

PARIS

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6185 6182 6185

SAVES ITS MOST STRIKING IDEAS FOR THE EVENING

FOR YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

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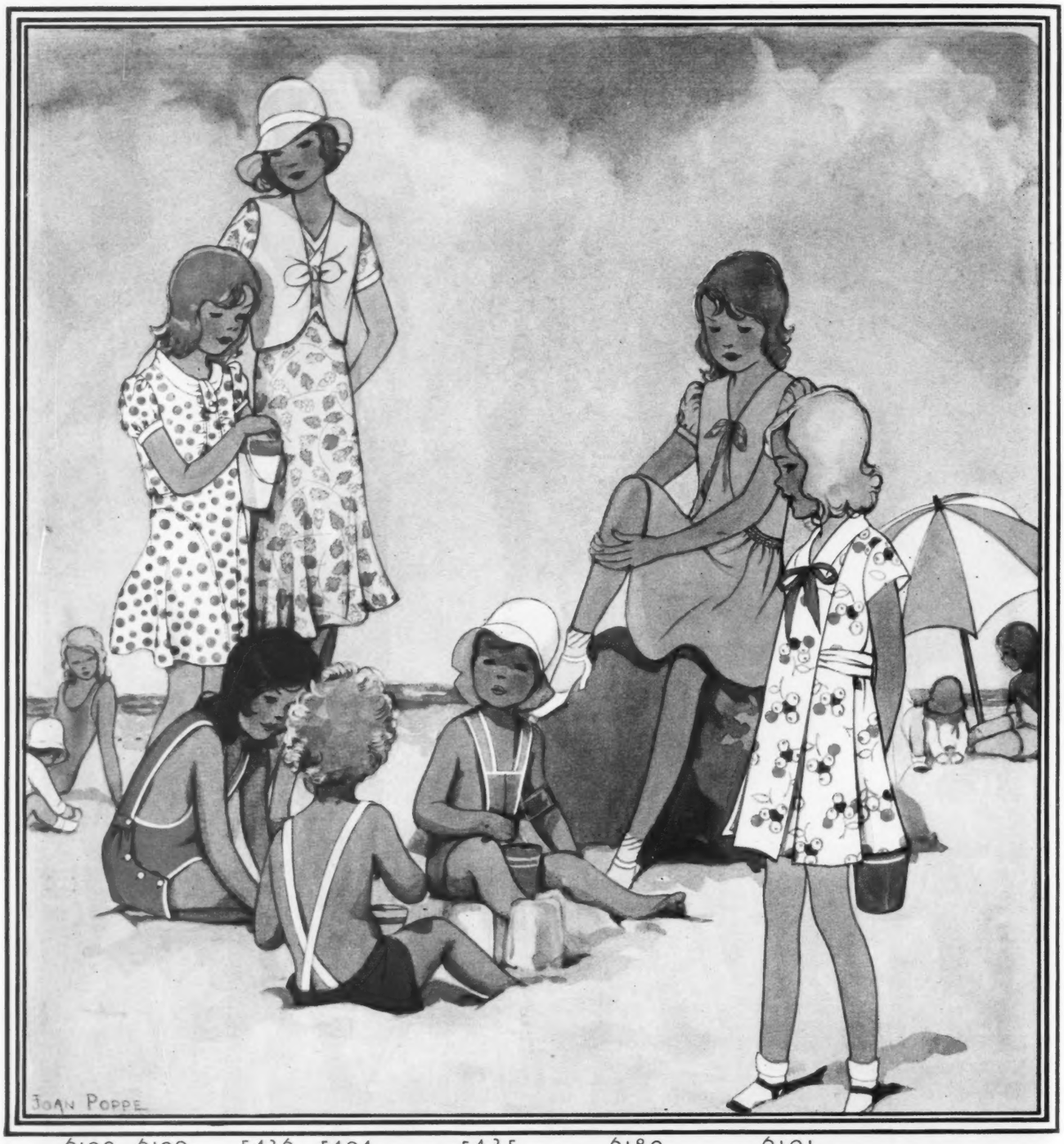


6192 6190 5436 5404 5435 6189 6191

Paris Play Clothes Go To The Seashore

No. 6192. Style features of a small frock are shirrings down the front of the bodice, short sleeves, and clever cut producing becoming princess lines.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

No. 6191. Box pleats supply skirt fulness in a simple frock which is made with short sleeves. A sash tying in the back marks the waistline.

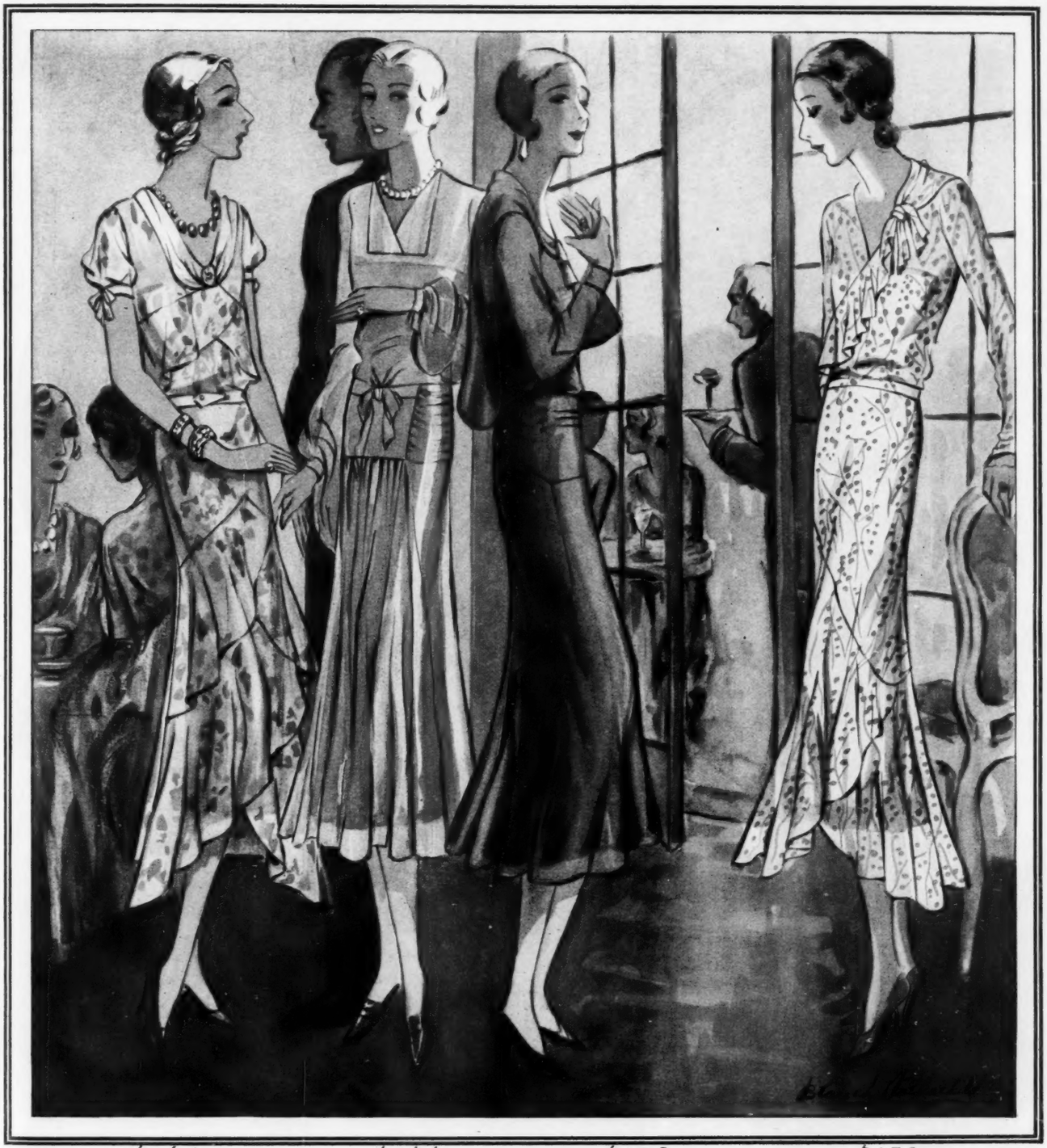
No. 6190. A separate bolero is a smart addition to a frock that has a belt in the back, and seamings in the front.

No. 5436. Rompers that have a deep round neck and are open at the sides form a practical costume for play.

No. 5404. Trousers that are held by narrow straps crossing in back permit the sun and air to reach a small child.

No. 5435. Another costume for a sun bath or for play has a square bib in the front to which straps are attached.

No. 6189. The full skirt of a smart little frock is shirred on to a bodice cut to form curved seamings suggesting a bolero.



6164 6166 6172 6175

Frocks Grow Elaborate in the Late Afternoon

No. 6164. The lines of a flounce suggesting a bolero on the bodice are repeated in deeper flounces on the skirt, crossing in front.

No. 6166. A new French draped effect appears in a simple frock cleverly cut and shirred to suggest an apron front and back.

FOR BACK VIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 126

No. 6172. A cape collar is a flattering detail of an afternoon frock. The skirt is cut to form a low flare at the front and sides.

No. 6175. Soft bodice lines are lent by a diagonal frill and a cape collar. The diagonal treatment is repeated in skirt flounces.

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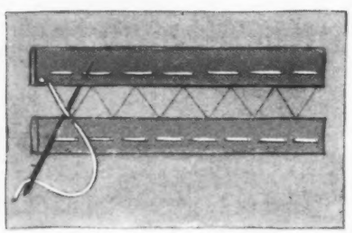
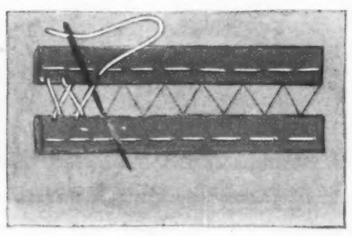
FAGOTED FROCKS ARE NEW

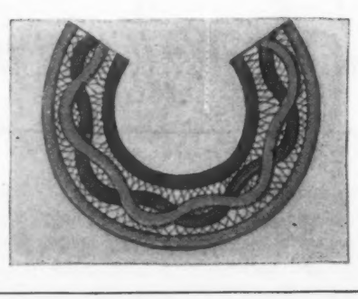
by ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

1796

1795







Bias tape bands held together by fagoting are one of the smartest innovations in the field of "hand-finishes" for children's frocks. Clever mothers are making them by the simple method shown in the details at right. The bias tape is basted in rows on a heavy brown paper yoke and then joined together by simple fagoting stitches. The results are utterly charming.

Nos. 1796 and 1795. The cunning fagoted frocks, which wee sophisticates are wearing, are the loveliest in pastel colors. Bias tape bands, in colors contrasting with the dress and held together with fagoting, make simple and charming yokes. The demure miss-six-year-old is proud of her cape collar. Her little two-year-old sister prefers a dress with tiny puffed sleeves.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices listed on page 124

Here's That New Way of Removing Arm and Leg Hair

So many women are asking about

By a total and altogether delightful lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Utterly Avoids Fostering Bristly Re-growth!

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

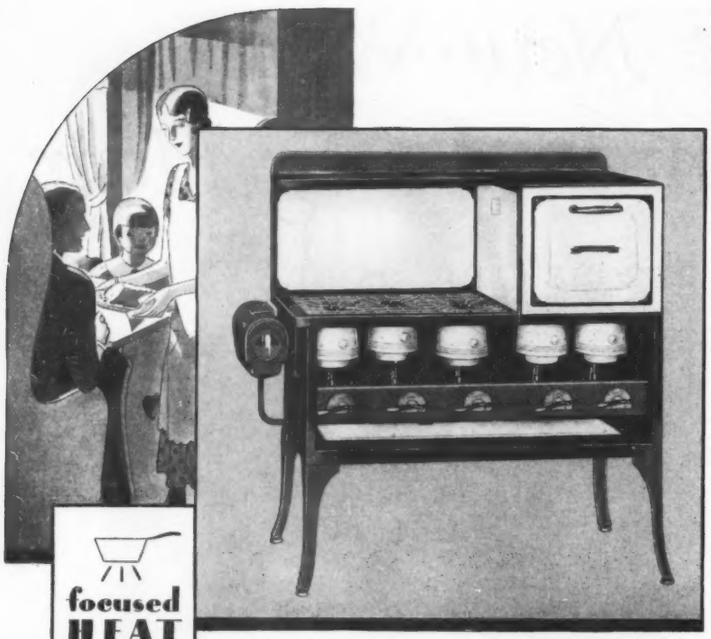
The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 256

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*



Finished in Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black enamel

A COOL KITCHEN *Reveals its* SECRET

HOW can you have intense heat to cook your food quickly, yet keep the kitchen cool even in blistering weather? The Florence oil range provides the answer with *"focused heat"*.

The Florence has short burners and no wicks, so the flame strikes right on the center of the cooking vessel. The heat goes into the cooking instead of out into the room.

This Florence principle of *"focused heat"* is not only a blessing in hot weather but proves a great economy in the use of kerosene (coal oil). Also, when you are not actually cooking, you don't burn the Florence at all. The Florence is odorless, smokeless and safe.

The advance Florence model (FR-51) shown above has five burners, but they are ingeniously "staggered" so the range takes only modest floor space. The oven is built in as an integral part of the range. Two burners will bring the oven temperature over 650 degrees and the side-wall thermometer is accurate.

The FR-51 is finished in Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black. There are other Florence models—a stove of the size, finish and price to meet every woman's requirements. In many models, the oven is removable and is sold separately. Florence ovens, because of many special advantages, are world-famous and are often used on gas stoves. Hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere, have the Florence line.

Constant Hot Water

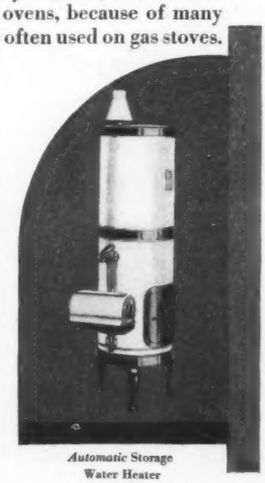
You should also own a Florence *Automatic* Water Heater. It works under thermostatic control, with a pilot light, requires no attention and gives you constant hot water for a few cents worth of kerosene a day. Four Florence models to choose from through your plumber.

"Shorter Kitchen Hours"—The title of this unusual booklet is accurate. It is full of expert household information, including delightful recipes. We would like to mail you your copy without charge.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY

Dept. B-4, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

If you have gas, ask your dealer about the new Florence Gas Range.



Automatic Storage Water Heater

FLORENCE

RED, WHITE AND GREEN

[*Continued from page 13*]

mound of tortured ocean leaped up under them. The stricken seaplane shot up sharply, hesitated a moment, and dropped off helplessly on the left wing. As its speed mounted, Jackson felt the controls stiffen. He moved the wheel a little; sluggishly the plane responded. Faster and faster they slipped and whirled toward the sea.

In a last desperate effort to regain his sight, the frantic man at the wheel ripped off his blinding goggles. Before his unprotected eyes filled with the stinging, burning oil, he caught a fleeting glimpse of the waves jumping up at him. He hauled the control wheel violently back to his chest. The whining aircraft zoomed out of the death-dive, fluttered for a seeming age and then fell heavily into the sea, deluging the whole structure.

CHOKING and gasping for breath, Jackson finally managed to speak: "Foster—Foster—are you—all right?"

"I—I—can't tell—yet," came the shaky answer.

"Foster, we've got to find out as soon as possible how badly the plane is busted up. What I can see from here doesn't make me feel very cheerful."

Very carefully the drenched men climbed about the rolling, pitching, slippery seaplane to determine the extent of the damage. The radiator hung on a single cable. The motor was frightfully wrecked and wrenched loose from its bearers. The forward float struts had been pushed up by the force of the landing into the fuselage. The bows of both pontoons were sliced off. Practically every fitting was bent or twisted from its base. A score of holes gaped in the riddled wings. But most important of all, the water-tight bulkheads of the pontoons appeared to be intact. Here lay the key to their buoyancy.

"We've got to get this engine overboard before it drops through a pontoon. Break out the tool-kit, Jack."

On such an unstable platform, it was slow, difficult work clearing the engine of the wires and bolts that held it in place. They finished at last and waited for a favorable wave.

"*Let 'er go,*" yelled Foster.

They gave the engine a mighty push; with a big splash it sank into the sea, barely clearing the port pontoon.

"God, that was close!" breathed Jackson, weakly, wiping the cold sweat from his brow.

"Write out the bad news to the Air Station, Jack," directed the pilot, "while I get a bird ready."

As Foster gently pulled one of their two carrier pigeons from its cage, Jackson climbed into the after cockpit for the little book of tissue message blanks.

"How long do you figure we can stay up, Jack?" asked Foster.

"Your guess is as good as mine," replied the other. "I've seen 'em go under from one minute to four hours after hittin'."

"Well, what'd you say? We've got to put somethin' down."

"My vote is for the top time of four hours, Foster. I wouldn't give the Skipper the satisfaction of saying that we misrepresented our condition."

"I'm with you! Put 'er down at four hours."

So Jackson wrote:

From: A-408. Time: 0845. Date: 17/9/17. Forced landing. Position 45. Plane damaged. Estimate can stay afloat at least four hours. No ships in sight. Sea too rough for rescue plane to land. Personnel O. K.

Jackson rolled the message and slipped it into the tiny aluminum container on the pigeon's leg. Foster planted an oily kiss on the bird's head before he tossed him into the air.

The pigeon flew off bravely, made two wide circles around the rolling seaplane and alighted upon the end of the top wing.

Like two lunatics the men yelled and whirled their arms at the frightened bird. Finally sensing he was no longer welcome, the little pigeon began his dreaded flight over the waves toward home.

The long, exhausting morning at last gave way to afternoon. The tortured seaplane was settling slowly forward, like a great animal with its nose between its paws. No longer were the compartments of the pontoons water-tight. The continuous pounding of the seas was ripping the fabric from the wings. Some hours ago the battered officers had removed their heavy shoes and flight clothes. Between them they had divided the important equipment. To Jackson, the observer, went the precious Very's signal pistol; the water-proofed box of red, green, and white shells; and the little secret signal book with its covers of lead. Foster guarded the remaining carrier pigeon. In addition, each of them had a manila wing-line, a canteen of fresh water, and a tin of concentrated emergency rations. The eyes that searched that dreary horizon now were desperately anxious. Aid had to come soon to be of any use to them. Already they had remained afloat beyond the four hours they had believed possible. They were living on borrowed time now. And Foster and Jackson knew it.

The last pigeon had been released shortly after the seaplane had plunged over on its back. This bird seemed glad to go. The discussion as to what the message should contain was brief. Foster had said: "Whatever you say, Jack don't let 'em think the old upper lips aren't stiff."

So late in the afternoon two very frightened and despairing young officers sent their last carrier pigeon off with a simple message:

From: A-408. Time: 1600. Date: 17/9/17. Position 45. Wreckage awash. No ships in sight. Believe can stay afloat a little longer. Personnel O. K.

THEY felt very lonely after that last little bird had gone.

"We're so low in the water—no ship—will ever see us," said Foster hopelessly.

"Don't forget, old fella," returned Jackson, "we've got a Very's pistol which can make us seen for miles."

"I forgot, Jack. Don't mind me . . . My legs have no feeling in them . . . I never knew—water—could be so cold."

"Try to keep your circulation goin'," pleaded Jackson. Then, to cheer Foster up, he laboriously thumbed through the dripping little signal book until he came to *Emergency Signals*.

"Listen, here's ours, Foster: '*A series of red and white Very's lights: Aircraft sinking. Need immediate help.*' The guy who made up that signal—must have heard about us."

[*Continued on page 98*]

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

HELPS TO KEEP LIPS YOUNG

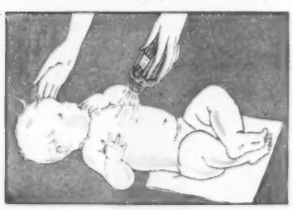
WHAT most excited the astonishment of those bedazzled Spaniards who first set foot in Mexico was not the glittering gorgeousness of Aztec civilization half so much as the Aztec women's seeming possession of the Secret of Perpetual Youth. It was observed that Aztec women rarely lost their teeth and their lips stayed marvels of youthful loveliness even into old age. Could this signify that a woman is only as young as her lips? Did the Spaniards know the Aztecs chewed gum? Wrigley's is the same sort of chewing gum only enticingly more delicious. Chew Wrigley's ten minutes or more each day. Wrigley's tones up the muscles about the mouth and preserves the youthful contour which keeps you looking healthy and young. Try Double Mint—for its delightful and sumptuous new peppermint flavor.

You Never Saw a Happier Baby

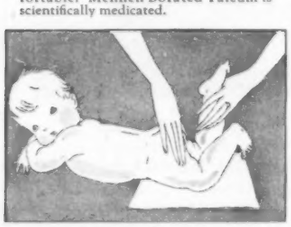
Than This One!

And Yet, a Month Ago It Was One of the Most Irritable Children You Ever Held in Your Arms.

1. After the morning bath massage baby's entire body gently with Mennen Baby Oil. Rub this delightful, pleasantly scented, medicated oil into the folds and creases of the skin, to prevent chafing.



2. After wiping off the excess oil dust baby with Mennen Borated Talcum to keep him sweet-smelling, cool, and comfortable. Mennen Borated Talcum is scientifically medicated.



3. After every diaper change massage the buttocks with Mennen Baby Oil to waterproof the skin against urine and other matter. Then apply Mennen Borated Talcum to prevent any possibility of "ammonia diaper" irritation.

A certain young mother was unable to account for the irritation that was causing her baby so much trouble in the diaper region. Its tender skin broke out into galling red rashes causing pain and sleeplessness.

And all this in spite of the fact that she changed the diapers frequently, and laundered them thoroughly. Consulting her doctor, he immediately explained the cause.

He advised her to rub her baby's entire body daily with Mennen Baby Oil—to massage it gently into the folds and creases of the skin.

And after every diaper change the buttocks were to be massaged with oil to act as a water-proof coating against urine scald. After the excess oil had been wiped off, Mennen Borated Talcum was to be dusted over the buttocks and into the diapers, to help correct and prevent "ammonia diaper" irritation.

Following this procedure baby was instantly relieved from the irritation that attacked its skin, and its entire body soon became free from chafing.

Mennen Baby Oil is medicated and sterilized, pleasantly scented, and will not stain diapers or clothing.

The Mennen Company
Newark, N. J. Toronto, Ont., Can.

MENNEN
BABY OIL and BORATED TALCUM

$3300.00 Prize Contest for mothers for a new name for Mennen Baby Oil and for the best letters on baby oil. Go to your druggist for FREE Sample of Mennen Baby Oil, Entry Blank, and complete contest details.

RED, WHITE AND GREEN

[*Continued from page 96*]

"Jack, I'm awful' tired . . . I—I'd like to rest a little while . . . Feel better, perhaps, when I wake."

Foster's voice was so low Jackson could barely hear it above the swishing of the waves.

"Fight it off, Foster!" cried Jackson. "For God's sake try to keep awake."

"I'm all right—Jack . . . Wake me—if anything—happens."

"Foster! Foster! Stay with me!"

BUT Foster's burning eyes closed. A glorious feeling of well-being enveloped him. He felt almost happy. The waves didn't bother him now.

The frantic Jackson on the other side of the wreck yelled and screamed, but Foster gave no sign that he heard. Soon only painful gasps came from the raw and swollen throat of the observer. A sudden blindness assailed him; his mind drifted, derelict like himself.

It was some time after this merciful period of oblivion that Jackson noticed the periscope protruding from the waves not a hundred yards away. He didn't become excited; in fact it required painful concentration on his part to comprehend that a means of rescue was at hand. But at last came realization and a joyous light suffused the bruised and swollen features of the exhausted man.

New life flowed through his veins. He unfastened the line that bound him to the pontoon and laboriously climbed astride the half-submerged float. The waves strove to sweep him back into the sea. Then with arms that seemed made of lead he semaphored the Allied recognition signal of the day. He waited patiently for some signal or sign of acknowledgment. But the dark lens in the periscope continued to stare blankly at him. He tried again . . .

He became a little dizzy as he swayed back and forth on the pitching float. He tried to laugh but only a pitiful choking sound came through his bleeding lips. A vessel within hailing distance on this desolate waste—and it turns out to be an enemy! Something seemed to die within him.

No longer was Jackson in doubt as to the submarine's intentions. Foster and he were to be decoys . . . decoys for big game . . . big ships! Two half-dead decoys! An old game, but, thanks to the humanitarianism of the men who follow the sea, it still worked.

With a mind bewildered by the events of the day, Jackson tried to reason out this new turn of affairs: In spite of the submarine a ship could save them. Ships had guns; they could drive the sub away, or sink her. Or even if the sub got a torpedo into a passing ship and it had to be abandoned, the life boats would surely pick them up. But that meant a ship lost . . . perhaps lives . . .

The horizon in the west brightened as the sun lowered to meet the sea. The opposite sky was already shadowed by the hand of approaching night. His soul in his eyes, Jackson gazed toward the light.

Suddenly he stiffened, wiped his flaming eyes, looked again. Fascinated, he watched the black speck on the glowing horizon grow into a ship: A great fast ship from overseas, depending on her speed for safety in these enemy infested waters. If this ship maintained her present course she would pass within a half-mile of the plane . . . and the submarine whose baleful eye was just above the surface now.

"Foster! Foster! A ship!" he cried.

But Foster didn't hear.

Jackson began to shake as one with an ague. He fought to ward off the blackness which threatened to engulf him. Like a great dog he shook off the seas sweeping over the wreckage. He opened the little signal book to make sure of the signal he wanted, but it was a long time before his eyes would focus so he could read in the fading light. He studied the signal carefully, turned, and threw the little book into the sea. With lifeless fingers he struggled with the water-proof wrapping on the box of colored shells. At last he succeeded in loading the Very's pistol. In his hand, ready, he had two other shells.

Ensign Jackson looked up . . . toward the ship approaching from the west . . .

The Captain of the S. S. "Jefferson" paced his bridge with nervous strides. Two watch officers on either wing of the bridge gazed intently into the darkening east. The Naval officer navigator leaned over the chart tacked to the table on the rail. It was a secret Naval chart divided into little squares, each designated by a glaring red number. On the line representing their course he made a tiny dot; around this he drew a little circle and alongside he wrote the time. It was S. S. "Jefferson's" position. And under the little circle was printed the number *45. Position 45.*

"Doyle, this running through these hellish waters without destroyers is makin' a wreck of me," complained the Captain to his navigator. "Our luck can't last forever."

Suddenly a bright red star flamed in the sky ahead! A moment later it was followed by a white . . . and then a brilliant green one!

"Red, white and green Very's signal lights two points on the starboard bow!" roared one of the watch officers.

"Wha'd' they mean, Doyle?" bellowed the Captain.

THE navigator snapped open the signal book. It required but a moment to find the meaning of the three lights.

"'Enemy submarine on your starboard bow'!" read Doyle excitedly.

"Left full rudder!" thundered the Captain to the helmsman. *"Emergency full speed ahead!"*

The big ship careened drunkenly in answer to the sudden rudder. Black smoke belched from her stacks as she raced away from the menace in the southeast. No submarine on the high seas could overhaul the S. S. "Jefferson" now . . .

Midnight. The wind whistled in from the sea; great gashes of lightning lit up the somber, rain-swept town.

Within an opaque exterior, the British Officers' Club was brilliant with light and gay with laughter. At the end of the bar, swaying a little, stood the Commanding Officer of the Air Station.

"I could give you fellas more help," he said thickly to an English destroyer captain; "If they'd on'y give me some men—like I used t'have—in the ol' days. But, dam'em, all they send me is a lot of puling kids."

Behold... Four Million Women making jelly in ⅓ the time!

Enthusiastic Jelly Makers send letters from 47 States

"Imagine! Now I boil my jellies only one minute!"
from CALIFORNIA

"Why, jelly-making this new way takes only ⅓ the time."
from WISCONSIN

"It's like magic—in 12 minutes my jelly is done."
from VERMONT

For seven years Mrs. J. S. Schupp has been a consistent prize winner at the Missouri State Fair with her Certo-made jellies and jams. In 1929 she won a prize for flavor and texture with each of the jellies shown in this color photograph above.

All over the country, housewives by the thousand are adopting this easy certain way to make their jellies and jams.

TWELVE minutes to make jelly! Think of *that* . . . you who now spend hot, tedious, uncertain hours over the jelly kettles!

A few minutes to bring to a boil . . . add Certo . . . boil one minute . . . and there you are, scarcely twelve minutes later, triumphantly putting your jelly in the window to cool.

Certo makes this magic possible! It whisks away the tedious uncertainties of old time jelly-making. It gives you delicious tasting jellies and jams in less than one-third the time.

Certo fills your jam cupboard economically, too. Out of the kettle comes sudden abundance . . . half again more glasses than ever came before. Ten glasses when you expected a meager six! The one minute boil, you see, saves all the luscious, fragrant fruit juice that used to boil away and quickly turns it into jelly.

And such tantalizing, glorious tasting jelly it is! Such piquancy! Such sparkling clearness. Actually its flavor rivals the sun drenched fruit itself as you pick it fresh from the vine! Little wonder that more than 4,000,000 women have been won to this magical, modern way!

EXACTLY WHAT IS CERTO? . . . Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled.

This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY . . . Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the world famous authority on jelly-making.

Please remember that these recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter every time and your jellies will be greeted with the honors due a master cook.

Certo is a product of General Foods Corporation. More than 4,000,000 jelly makers are using it. Go ask your grocer for your supply today. ©1930 G.F. CORP.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES? No matter how disastrous your past experience may have been, with Certo you can make jelly quickly, easily, surely, economically. Even your grandmother with all her talent could never secure such a fresh fruit flavor.

FREE! Miss Palmer's new booklet "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard" contains many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jams and jellies. It will bring new inspiration to your meal planning. Another of her booklets contains 93 jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo. The coupon brings them both to you free. Simply fill in and mail the coupon.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York. (In Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) Please send me your new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." Print name and address—Fill in completely. M. C. 7-30

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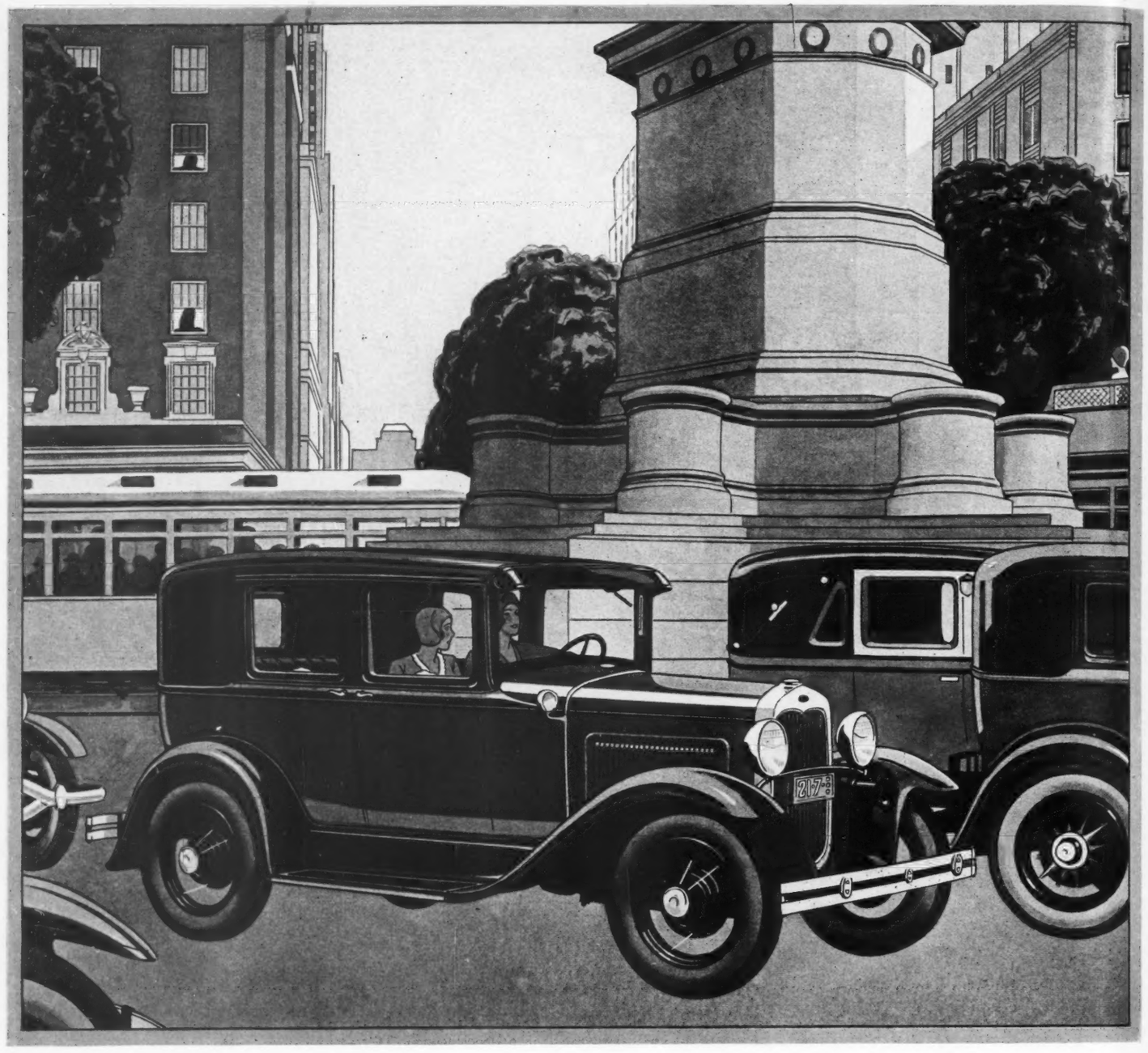
STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____



THE NEW FORD DE LUXE SEDAN

An easy car for a woman to drive

THE new Ford is a splendid choice for the woman motorist because it is so reliable and easy to handle. Particularly in heavy traffic, you will appreciate its quick acceleration, alert speed, effective four-wheel brakes, and ease in steering, shifting gears, turning and parking. Another factor that contributes to your feeling of confidence and security in driving the new Ford is the Triplex shatter-proof windshield. This reduces the danger of flying glass, a frequent cause of injuries in automobile collisions. The Ford Motor Company has provided it for you on the new Ford as a contribution to greater safety on every highway. « « « « «

Ford

Illustrated by
GEORGE BREHM

FOR THE SAKE OF HIS FUTURE

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

ONE of the great crimes against youth is to force a boy into a field of endeavor for which he has no natural inclination or mental capacity," says Dr. Kerley, in this frank discussion of the mistakes so many devoted parents are making today. Dr. Kerley's observations are based on a lifetime's study of children; and his plea for a keener appreciation of the rights of Youth sounds a note of warning to every thoughtful mother and father.—The Editors.

WE HEAR much today about the frivolities of Youth. Writers view with alarm what they call its insubordination. To me, this only seems a very natural revolt against tradition. It is evident to all of us that the customs and habits of modern youth are different from those of a few decades ago, but I feel very hopeful about this change. I believe it indicates that our boys are gaining mental alertness and independence earlier in life than we did; and I see, in this earlier development, a promise of progress in human relationships.

In a family that is fortunate enough to have a son, numerous problems arise when the boy's future must be considered from a serious standpoint. Soon he is to occupy a position in the world of men—to take his place in the great human family—and his preparation for a career is of the utmost importance.

One of the great crimes against youth is to force a boy into a field of endeavor for which he has no natural inclination or mental capacity. To everyone, the greatest satisfaction in life comes through accomplishment and we can only accomplish worthwhile things when we derive pleasure from work.

FOR several generations we have been drifting, as a nation, into the state of standardization which is guaranteed to develop the "Average Individual." All too often, environment has been the deciding factor in a boy's life. He has gone into the business of his father and his father's father, following the direct line of ancestral custom. This has made of him an exemplary and contented citizen, yes. But the exemplary citizen does not necessarily go far. Contentment and satisfaction are too apt to kill initiative, in the course of time.

In my professional life, I have seen several generations of boys pass through adolescence to manhood—made by formula, fashioned after a model. I have seen promising youths sink to the obscurity of the Average because the home, the school, and the college are trying to make every boy exactly like every other boy. These youths had originality, initiative, and a capacity for work; and they would have developed into outstanding men of force and individuality if their own desires and potentialities had been given intelligent consideration. As a result of the efforts to make our boys measure to a pattern, the United States today has an unfortunately large number of hand-fed college-bred boys who are round pegs in square holes.

Unless great care is used, vanity and mistaken ambitions will continue to produce a supply of misfits. Our country is a comparatively new one and it has become rich a bit too quick. A large number of fathers and mothers, whose parents or grandparents were pioneers or immigrants, have built up comfortable fortunes in spite of their handicaps, and they think that by giving their children the advantages *they* were denied, they can capture fame and success for their offspring.

These hard-working, devoted parents feel so much joy and pride in having their sons go to college, that they frequently fail to consider whether or not this is the best preparation for the boy's future. A large number of boys who are sent to college should go in an entirely different direction. If they were free to choose for themselves, they would select careers for which they are mentally and physically qualified and in which they would, in all likelihood, find signal success.

Parents should not plan a boy's life—particularly when he is too young to share in the plans. He has his inheritance—this you cannot change. Give him as good a physical equipment as science can afford, and a stimulating mental environment. Let him develop naturally without overmuch suggestion or compulsion from you. Help him to find himself by being his friend and confidant, as well as his parent. Give your boy guidance, but never for one instant forget that he is to live his own life—not yours.

Of course, ambitious parents will sometimes experience a severe disappointment when they learn what occupation or profession their son has selected; but this disappointment would be more poignant later on, if they should see him unhappily pursuing a line of work in which he had no real interest.

WHATEVER higher education a boy chooses, it should give him a specific preparation for the business he intends to follow. Much is written about the broad culture and mental training which a general education affords; but I think a student's training is more complete when he pursues a course of study in which he is genuinely interested.

The rapid progress being made in the development of occupational schools, trade schools, and specialized courses in our modern universities shows a tendency to "scrap the archaic, as well as a demand on the part of youth for instruction along lines which he may personally select and to which he is particularly adapted.

This is one manifestation of the insubordination, revolt and independence which characterize our boys today. Through it, I fancy I can see the dawn of a renaissance for Youth.

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make **8 BOTTLES** of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

Only 1½c per bottle for delicious Hires Root Beer

There is no worry about expense in homes where Hires Root Beer is served. It is such an economical luxury, compared to other bottled beverages.

Delicious and invigorating, always welcome, you can serve it generously to family and friends, no matter how modest the household budget.

May we prove both its economy and superior flavor—let us send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [7-7-3]
Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

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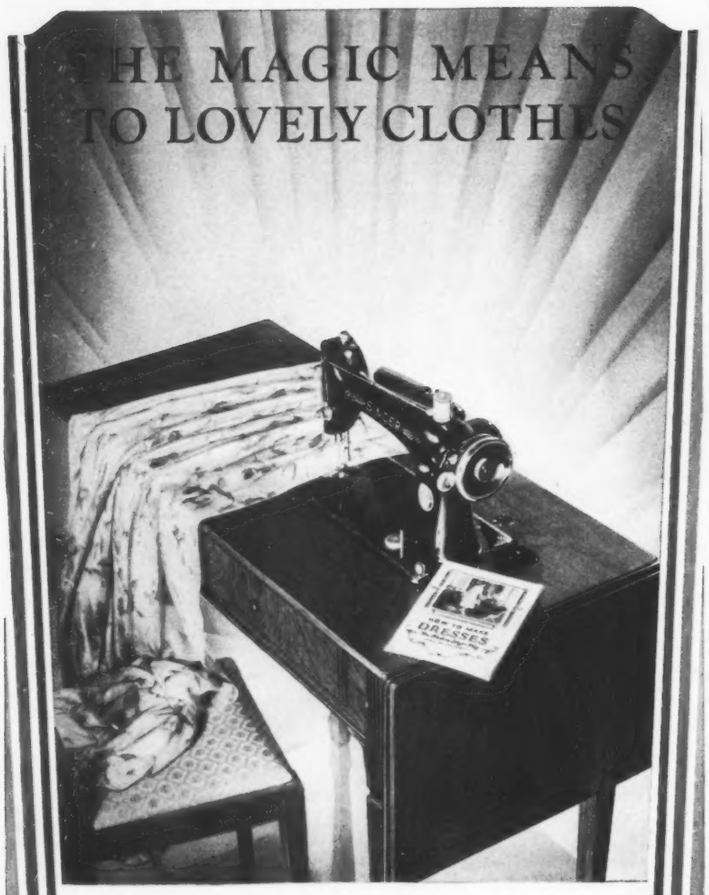

This book and a
... SINGER ELECTRIC

No wonder you want more dresses this season than ever before. The new fashions are so lovely, the new fabrics and colors so tempting... And now you *can* make them yourself—with all the style and smartness of the original design. For this book, "How to Make Dresses," which you may obtain *free* from any Singer Shop or Representative, tells you step by step just how to select becoming designs, fabrics and colors, then how to cut out your dress, fit it, seam it and finish it, even to the pressing. Every detail of importance in the new silhouette is made simple for you—sleeves, necklines, waistlines, skirt finishes... With this book and a modern Singer Electric you can successfully make a spring and summer wardrobe of lovely clothes. For this book will show you what to do and the Singer Electric will stitch the seams and do every bit of finishing swiftly, quietly, and with magic ease... Why not get a modern Singer now, enjoy its use in making your clothes this season, and let it pay for itself out of the savings?... Any Singer Shop or Representative will give you, free, a copy of "How to Make Dresses," and will send a modern Singer Electric to your home to try on Self Demonstration Plan.

SINGER
ELECTRIC
SEWING MACHINES

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A WORD TO THE BRIDE

[*Continued from page 8*]

beings from a reckless girl of twenty and her ardent twenty-three-year-old lover, although the young people bore the same names as the woman and the man. How can youthful lovers dare to contract for the lives of the mature woman and man?

EARLY marriages are like purchasing a pig in a poke. It is not until long afterward that you know what you've got. Then you may not like it as well as you anticipated, and even if you do you have a sense of uneasiness born of the realization you might have made a grave mistake. In no other phase of life can people give and take so blindly as in the marriage relationship, because it is so easy to be overcome by the emotion of early youth. First love is the most powerful stimulant the world has ever known. Under its influence men and women gamble with all their years of living, years which will make them mature individuals, whose natures they cannot begin to predict. And oh, so often, it is a losing game.

Those who marry extremely young have not yet had time to make up their minds about a lot of the big things. They have not worked out decided opinions on religion or politics, have no definite tastes in art, music, literature, have acquired no lasting hobbies, discovered no satisfactory diet. The day may come when one will turn to the Roman Catholic Church and the other to Christian Science; when one will be a rabid vegetarian while the other will insist on a diet of liver and steak; one will adore traveling and the other abominate it. Yet all these simple things have been established and are known by men and women marrying late in life.

Mature men and women really have more respect for love, yes and reverence, too, than young people. They think so highly of it that they are willing to make themselves worthy of it, a task fiery youth never would set itself. Consideration, kindness, mending of ways, are qualities injected from the start into a marriage made late in life. The participants in such a marriage have known solitude, and relish companionship.

But I can see the noses of youth wrinkled in disdain at the mention of these things. Such considerations destroy romance, they cry. How wrong is that idea! Because a marriage has taken in companionship as well as passion, need companionship be thought the only thing in marriage? I think the physical side of marriage is as important when it shares honors with friendship as when it is the sole vehicle of the partnership, as it so often is in early marriage.

The outward signs of physical love, holding hands under a table or cuddling in the darkened interior of a motion picture house, are no true indicators of that love's power. Mature physical love is not apt to be expressed so that the world, which older persons have found cold and uninterested, can gaze and snicker or be unmoved. But the physical side is important, and it can be very exquisite and perfect for experienced men and women. The blowzy untidiness, the rumpled enthusiasm of extreme youth, has given way to dainty care, unerring taste. The older woman pays more attention to her appearance in the walled privacy of her home than the young woman. She never lets her husband see her looking her worst.

These small niceties count a great deal in marriage; they help especially when children come. For here again the late marriage brings more satisfaction than the early one. The ignorant, untrained, little-girl wife, with her woeful ineptness in handling the myriad problems of caring for a baby, not only forgets but does not even know she should be trying at the same time she is learning to take care of her child, to preserve the delicate romance of her marriage. Contrast her with the mature mother, whose experience in fending for herself before marriage has given her the knowledge of how to plan and arrange and organize her duties, and who realizes besides that she must never neglect the more intimate side of her life with her husband.

The attitude of men and women toward their children is far more awe-inspiring than that of boys and girls. The adult parent does not regard a baby as a toy, to be played with when the spirit moves one, and to be treated with rigid adherence to scientific formulae when Mother or Father has a date at the country club.

The intensity of emotion in the love of a young woman for her child is the greatest enemy the child can have. It is a love which has sporadic outbursts, crushing the child with tenderness one moment, and leaving the child lonesome and confused the next. The mature mother is steadier in her devotion, more likely to be firm and logical, ready to sacrifice herself to a greater extent than the young mother over a long period of time. The mature father, too, makes a better advisor for his children than the young one who has not yet tried out his ideas in the stew pot of activity, where they can be tested before they are handed on to children.

Many obstacles in children's way are knocked down by parents who have become parents late in life by the fact that these people often have more money than young parents, too. It is all very well to exist on bread and cheese and kisses, if you are the only two who must live on this fare. It is quite another matter when a baby's uncomprehending wails are added to the scene. Besides, older people appreciate the value of money. They need time in which to learn how to spend money wisely. They must know what portion of the weekly stipend should go for food, for clothes, for amusement.

THIS sense of the complete unity of ideal and act, companionship which probably drew them together in the first place, guides men and women who marry when the first flush of youth has faded into the more becoming pink of maturity. The hard knocks the world gave them when they were beginning do not bring unhappy memories; they do not connect disappointment and suffering with the warm happiness of their long-anticipated union.

So, with marriage the reward instead of the struggle, those who came to each other because they saw they were bound by mutual tastes, thoughts and emotions, march hand in hand toward the sunset at the end of the road.

Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its greater comfort . . . its hygienic value . . . Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals . . . not for one or two purposes alone, but for important surgical work

PLEASE LOOK at this imposing list of hospitals at the right. Then consider that this list could be extended to cover the entire page! Indeed, Kotex absorbent is used today in 85% of the leading hospitals of America.

And these famous hospitals do not use Kotex absorbent for just one or two purposes. Many of them use it for important operations . . . for obstetrical work . . . wherever the very greatest care must be taken. Medical science has produced no finer, more hygienic absorbent!

Isn't it wonderful that every woman can have this same Kotex absorbent for her own, personal sanitary use?

The Kotex absorbent is Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Remember, Cellucotton is *not* cotton, but a cellulose substance which performs the same sanitary function as the softest cotton— but with five times the absorbency.

Kotex is made up of layer on layer of thin, soft absorbent tissues . . . each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:

CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL *of Chicago*
PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL *of Philadelphia*
LENOX HILL HOSPITAL *of New York City*
UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL *of Baltimore*
ENGLEWOOD HOSPITAL *of Chicago*
MT. SINAI HOSPITAL *of Milwaukee*
PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL *of Philadelphia*
THE SWEDISH HOSPITAL IN BROOKLYN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
PASSAVANT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL *of Chicago*
BAPTIST HOSPITAL *of Houston, Texas*

THESE AIR-COOLED LAYERS make Kotex lighter and cooler. And they absorb moisture *away from the surface,* distributing it throughout the entire pad. This leaves a surface soft and delicate, which is far more hygienic and prevents packing, chafing and any other possibility of irritation.

Hospitals say that dressings made of Cellucotton are more comfortable for the patient . . . are more practical, because they absorb more and last longer . . . and are more hygienic. You can readily see how these distinctive qualities of Cellucotton make Kotex superior for your own personal use.

SURELY, no woman can overlook the overwhelming medical preference for Kotex absorbent. For the right kind of sanitary protection is not just a matter of convenience and comfort. It is a matter of actual *health* protection.

Today, authorities stress particularly the importance of protection from mental and nervous strain during the use of sanitary protectives. Nervous vitality is low; and unless precautions are observed, the nervous system may be permanently injured.

Kotex removes one of the greatest causes of nervous strain and mental discomfort at this time.

Kotex deodorizes, for instance, assuring you a sense of complete security and daintiness.

Kotex has rounded, tapered corners, which make it inconspicuous. There is no bulk, no awkward, bulging corners.

AND Kotex is comfortable. So wonderfully comfortable that you are never conscious of the use of a sanitary protective. Think what that means in promoting perfect poise and relieving nervous strain. Remember, too, that the comfort *lasts.* Even after several hours of wear the surface remains soft and delicate.

Kotex may be worn on either side—doesn't have to be used in a certain specified way. That makes adjustment easier, protection safer. Any way you use it, Kotex is always comfortable and safe.

Then you know the great advantage of Kotex that first brought so many millions of women to its use . . . it is quickly and completely disposable.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that nine out of ten well-dressed women select Kotex for their sanitary protection. They find it permits a freedom and poise hard to maintain with substitutes. It is designed, you see, to safeguard your nervous as well as your physical health . . . and that means the removal of every discomfort and annoyance.

The regular size Kotex package never costs more than 45 cents. Every drug store, every department store has it. Ask for Kotex anywhere, without explanation or embarrassment. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1. Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
2. ***Safe, secure...*** Keeps your mind at ease.
3. ***Rounded and tapered corners***—for inconspicuous protection.
4. ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. ***Disposable,*** completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

"I have my proof!

I want to shout to everyone about it!"

SUCH a happy letter came to us recently from a mother in Germantown, Philadelphia!

"I just thought I'd drop you a few lines to tell you how wonderfully pleased we are with our twins' progress," she wrote. "I am sending you their pictures. You can understand why we are so proud of them because they were prematurely born (7¼ months), and one especially we all were very doubtful of.

"But on Eagle Brand they have gained rapidly. Our doctor has only seen them twice since they were born. He says I have surely had luck with them.

"I have also raised three other children on Eagle Brand—my oldest boy, now in his 21st year, my girl 18 years old, and Norman, my 9 year old son. I hold them up as examples of good health!

"I have my proof of Eagle Brand from babyhood to manhood, and just feel I want to shout to every one about it!"

Sincerely yours,
MRS. D. E. NICHOLAS,
2140 Grange St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother.

Mothers of bottle babies: In the last 70 years millions of babies have owed their good start in life to the remarkable digestibility and nourishing qualities of Eagle Brand. If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today!

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Dept. L-1, Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____ months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Print name and address plainly)

I BECOME A LANDLORD

HELEN STARR HENIFIN

MOST married women have overlooked what I've found to be a very remunerative sideline. They have thought that in order to do their whole duty by their family they must give up all idea of business. But this vocation of being a landlord gives a woman ample time to manage her own home, care for her children, and indulge in hospitality or social life.

One day a friend showed me some surprising statistics. By paying a monthly rental of $50, I would have given away at the end of twenty years, $22,071.28! Statistics also showed that only one man out of ten has saved enough by the time he is sixty-five to insure even a $50 a month income. I determined to acquire at least a roof by the time I was sixty-five.

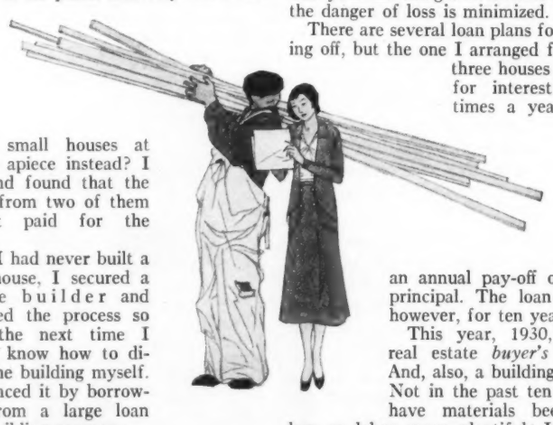
I had only $400 and my vision of a house, so I paid $300 (*first payment down*) on an $1800 lot in a suburb of San Francisco, and contracted with my bank, as trustee, to continue to pay $25 a month on the unpaid balance. I was so inexperienced that I didn't think to ask about taxes, deed restrictions, or assessments.

However, I hung on tenaciously until the lot was paid for. But that first buy taught me a valuable lesson. Never again will I buy a *vacant* lot. I will buy something with a house on it, which can be secured for almost as small a down payment as vacant land, but which can begin to earn immediately. Or, I will finance lot buying and house building, at the same time.

I asked many questions before I bought again and was given much terrible advice and some that was good. And then I searched—out in West Hollywood—and found a three room house, total price $1600. It could be bought for $400 *cash payment down* and $25 a month.

"Going to tear it down, aren't you?" questioned my neighbors. I did not commit myself, but had it painted. And for two years I rented it for $35 a month which helped to pay off my debt. Now the value of the lot alone has increased eight times.

A carpenter who helped me to remodel gave me another idea. He had built six little houses in odd hours and his family lived on the rentals. I had planned, when my house was paid for, to remove it and erect a good $6000 house in its place. But why not build three small houses at $2000 apiece instead? I did and found that the rents from two of them almost paid for the third.



As I had never built a new house, I secured a reliable builder and watched the process so that the next time I would know how to direct the building myself. I financed it by borrowing from a large loan and building company.

I had been told to look well into the character of the institution from which to borrow. It was good advice. It makes a great deal of difference in a hard year if you have an unscrupulous lender who can suddenly foreclose. Borrowing from your strongest banks or from your building and loan companies is far safer.

Banks are conservative lenders, and if they will not loan the full amount you need, you have to find "second money" at high interest. Also bank mortgages usually run only three years. On expiration, if money is close, you may have difficulty in renewing. However, after property is about three fourths paid off, bank mortgages are best as the interest rate is low.

For those beginning a venture in real estate, the building and loan plan is most satisfactory. The interest rate is higher than the bank rate, but the advantages counterbalance. You can borrow more generously, and the amortized loan may run as long as seventeen years. You can arrange such a nominal monthly payment that your incoming rent exceeds it and the danger of loss is minimized.

There are several loan plans for paying off, but the one I arranged for my three houses called for interest four times a year and an annual pay-off on the principal. The loan runs, however, for ten years.

This year, 1930, is a real estate *buyer's* year. And, also, a building year. Not in the past ten years have materials been so low or labor more plentiful. In any city or town you can find many owners willing to sell good property.

But before you begin on this new venture, take stock of yourself and your resources. If you have an inheritance, you are fortunate. If not, your husband may be able to help you with the initial capital or you may, perhaps, keep your own position in business long enough after marriage to start your venture. Your husband may be willing to look after the business end of property control while you attend to the upkeep, the renting, and the more domestic side of the investment. However, find out if your local building and loan companies will aid

[*Continued on page 108*]

What women want in a motor car

as women themselves see it

The New Essex Challenger has naturally won overwhelming favor with women. Because women on the engineering staff have so ably interpreted the feminine requirement in design, smartness, comfort, distinction and driving convenience.

This special contribution of woman's viewpoint is combined with the most rugged reliability and brilliant performance of Essex history. The events of Continent-Wide Challenger Week, with more than 5,000 Essex cars engaging, established its outstanding ability in fast get-away, speed, reliability, endurance and economy. Everywhere its achievements far surpassed any requirement you may have.

Yet you handle this powerful, brilliant performance with effortless ease. You start the motor by a button on the dash. Clutch, brake and acceleration pedals are easy to reach, and respond to light pressure.

Power is so flexible that little gear shifting is required. You have quick response in traffic. You turn easily in restricted spaces. You steer and park easily. Wide seats and ample head-room give a grateful sense of spaciousness and free movement.

The New Essex Challenger beauty will charm you. Not merely in general line and design, but the finish of every detail, fitting and appointment. It looks "well-dressed" and is "well-dressed", in just the smart woman's meaning of that word.

Come examine, drive and know the New Essex Challenger. You will like its beauty and quality that you can see and feel in the very upholstery, in the wheel you handle and the hardware you touch. And it will cap the proof of greatest dollar-for-dollar value, with a pride of ownership that is distinctive in its field.

the new

ESSEX

Challenger

You folks must be hungry . . Well, here you are

Says the Uneeda Boy

It's a long time since lunch . . .

Everybody gets hungry in the afternoon . . . and it's no wonder you began thinking about something good to eat from the "Uneeda Bakers."

Well, here it is . . . made for *you*. The "Uneeda Bakers" want you to have the *best* —so they use the very best of everything in all the good things they make.

I know all about their place . . . for I'm the Uneeda Boy.

And it's a *fact* that every time you see a package with the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal, you'll know there's something *extra* good in it—because the "Uneeda Bakers" made it.

Take these Fig Newtons, for instance . . . Where could you find anything better?

Fig Newtons make the eating of figs a mighty pleasant pastime. Luscious figs — baked in a sweet and crumbly jacket that's one of the "Uneeda Bakers" greatest creations. Buy them in packages or by the pound.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers"

TODAY'S BARGAINS BUT NEXT WINTER'S LUXURIES

By DOROTHY KIRK

I'VE found such an easy way to turn fruits into delicious jams and jellies and relishes, that my preserve shelf gets stocked for the winter almost without my knowing how it happened!

Instead of devoting a whole day to preserving, I put up a few glasses at a time while I am busy in the kitchen doing other things. I am sure I get better results in this way—particularly with jellies. Six or eight glasses of juice is the very most that should ever be attempted in one kettle. A small quantity requires less boiling, and this gives a more sparkling and tender jelly.

The same is true of jams. The less the fruit is cooked, the more natural its color and flavor.

And right here let me warn you not to attempt to make jelly from fruits that are not good jelly-makers—unless you use a commercial pectin. Tart apples, crab apples, quinces, currants, and under-ripe grapes are best adapted to the usual methods of jelly-making.

Pectin is the substance in fruits which makes jelly "jell." Some fruits contain more of it than others, and under-ripe fruits contain more than fully ripened fruits. Commercial pectin is natural fruit pectin, concentrated into a liquid or powdered form. With the addition of this product, fruits lacking in pectin can be made into delicious jellies and jams.

The best glasses for jellies are those from which the jelly can be turned out whole. The tumbler-shaped glasses, with or without ridges, or the squat-shaped ones are the most commonly used.

But for gifts, or for individual servings for the breakfast or convalescent tray, you can buy the very small straight-sided glasses illustrated on this page. Fill these with jelly or with pectin jam, and make them more decorative by topping them with fancy paper.

And now for some recipes:

Currant Jelly

Wash and pick over fruit. Place in preserving kettle with just the water that clings to the fruit. Heat slowly, pressing with wooden masher, until juices flow freely. Turn into jelly bag and allow juice to drip through. Measure juice. For each cup of juice, allow ¾ cup sugar. Boil juice rapidly for 5 minutes; add sugar and continue to boil rapidly until done. (See "Important Points" for jelly test.) Remove from fire; skim, if necessary, and turn immediately into clean hot jelly glasses. Cover with a thin layer of paraffin, when cold, cover with a second layer of paraffin.

Strawberry Jelly

4 cups strawberry juice (about 3 quarts fruit) 7½ cups sugar 1 cup liquid pectin

Wash and stem the berries. Heat slowly with only the water which clings to the fruit, crushing thoroughly with wooden masher. Heat only until fruit becomes very juicy. Do not boil. (Juice may be extracted from *cold*, thoroughly crushed fruit; not quite as much juice is obtained by this method, but the pulp can be made into a delicious jam or conserve alone, or in combination with pineapple or other fruits.) Turn fruit into jelly bag and allow to drip.

Measure juice, add sugar, and bring to a boil. Add pectin and stir continually until mixture comes to full rolling boil, allowing it to boil that way for a half a minute. Remove from fire, let stand for a minute, then skim. Pour into clean, hot jelly glasses and cover immediately with a thin coating of paraffin. When cold, cover with a second layer of paraffin. Raspberry or ripe blackberry jelly may be made in the same way.

IMPORTANT POINTS

THE kettle used for making jellies and jams should hold 4 or 5 times as much as the mixture to be cooked. This will allow for a full rolling boil without danger of boiling over.

Measure sugar accurately. Too much sugar is the cause of many a batch of soft, sticky jelly.

To make crystal-clear jelly, do not squeeze bag in which jelly is dripping. The pulp which remains need not be wasted. Empty it into a kettle and add water to cover. Cook ½ hour, pour into jelly bag, and proceed as usual.

Do not drip fruit over-night unless it has been first boiled; uncooked juices ferment quickly.

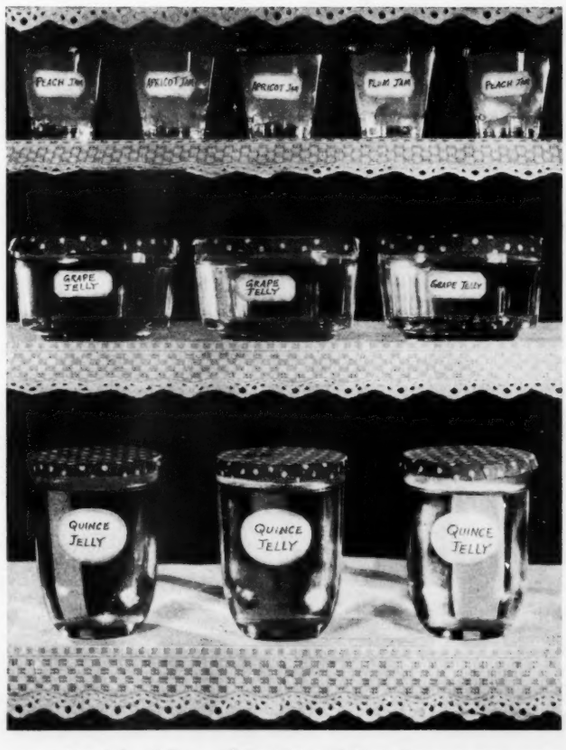
Cook jellies and jams *rapidly* to retain natural color and flavor of fruit, and to make them clear and sparkling. Almost constant stirring is necessary.

Cook fruit butters *slowly* to the consistency of a thick paste. Frequent stirring is necessary.

To test jelly, take small amount of boiling juice in spoon and allow to drop from side. When two partially congealed drops flow together and fall off in a "sheet," the jelly is done.

To paraffin jellies, melt paraffin slowly over water; pour on a thin coating as soon as glass is filled with the hot jelly. Allow to harden. Add a second layer of paraffin about ⅛-inch thick, tilting the glass so that the wax will thoroughly coat the edges where the jelly joins the glass, thus making a perfect seal.

Jams and conserves made without commercial pectin should be stored in air-tight jars. Pectin products may be coated with paraffin and covered with tin or paper tops.



Sparkling jelly neatly topped with fancy paper covers

Mint Jelly

Wash and cut tart apples in quarters. (Use Greenings or other colorless apples.) Put into kettle and almost cover with water. Cook slowly until apples are soft and mushy. Turn into jelly bag and allow juice to drip through. Measure juice. For each cup of juice, allow 2/3 cup sugar. Boil juice rapidly for 5 minutes, add sugar, and continue to boil rapidly. Put a few sprigs of fresh mint into the jelly while cooking, and color it a delicate green with vegetable color-paste or liquid. When jelly is done (see "Important Points"), remove from fire, take out mint, skim if necessary, and pour immediately into hot jelly glasses. Cover with thin layer of paraffin. When cold, cover with second layer of paraffin.

Crab Apple Jelly

Wash fruit, cut in halves, remove stem and blossom end, nearly cover with water. Cook slowly until fruit is soft. Turn into jelly bag and allow juice to drip through. Do not squeeze if a perfectly clear jelly is desired. Measure juice. For each cup of juice, allow 2/3 cup sugar. Boil rapidly until it meets the jelly test (see "Important Points"). Put a paper-thin slice of lemon or a rose geranium leaf in each glass and fill with hot juice. Cover immediately with thin layer of paraffin. When cold, cover with a second layer of paraffin.

If fruit is not squeezed, there will be enough flavor left in the pulp to make crab apple butter. Follow recipe for Apple Butter.

Sour Cherry and Currant Conserve

2 quarts pitted sour cherries 2 quarts currants Sugar

Wash and stem cherries, and remove pits. Wash and pick over currants, removing stems. Weigh the combined fruit. To each pound of fruit, allow 2 cups sugar. Starting with the fruit, arrange alternate layers of fruit and sugar in preserving kettle. Cover and let stand over night. In the morning, bring mixture to a boil and cook slowly, stirring frequently, until it thickens. Use jelly test to determine when it is done or try a little of the mixture on a cold plate; it will thicken as it cools, if sufficiently cooked. Fill clean hot jars to overflowing, adjust rubbers and tops and seal at once. This makes a tart conserve, excellent to serve with meats.

Plum Conserve

5 lbs. plums 5 lbs. sugar 3 oranges 1 lb. seeded raisins 2 cups walnut meats

Wash plums, cut in halves and remove pits. Cut oranges in quarters and remove seeds. Put plums, oranges and raisins through food chopper, using coarse blade. Combine fruit and sugar and cook slowly for about ½ hour. Add nuts and continue to cook until jelly-like in consistency. Turn into clean, hot jars, fill to overflowing, adjust rubbers and seal at once.

Cherry and Peach Jam

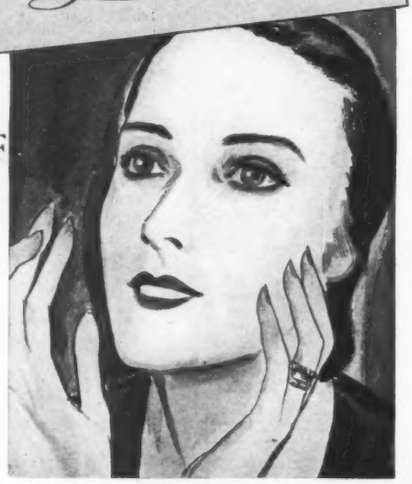
2 cups sour cherries (pitted and cut in halves) 2 cups peaches (thinly sliced) 7 cups sugar (three pounds) 1 cup liquid pectin 3 or 4 drops almond extract

Use *fully* ripened fruit and measure by packing *solidly* into cup. Add ¼ cup water to cherries and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Peel and slice peaches very thin. Add peaches and sugar to cooked cherries. Bring to boil for three minutes, stirring [*Turn to page 113*]

Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury formula for the care of the skin

The VEIL that hides your True Loveliness

CLEAR IT OFF



A SKIN that's fresh and rosy as a child's lies hidden just underneath the outer veil of dry, dead skin that covers it.

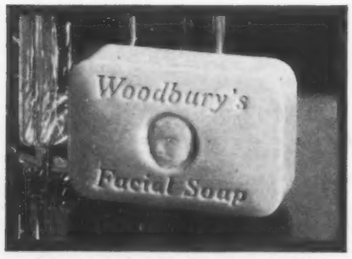
Day by day this outer veil is *peeling off*—invisibly.

Day by day the new skin is coming through.

DESQUAMATION—a natural process of every healthy skin.

To help this natural peeling-off process and *tone* the new skin as it comes through, there's a special treatment worked out by John H. Woodbury.

FIRST BATHE THE FACE in *warm* water. Then work gently into your skin a generous lather of Woodbury's soap. Now wash off with warm water. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. Now *tone* the new fresh skin with a brisk splashing of *cold* water.



See what a special soap made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you. Give your skin its first Woodbury treatment today

★ **DESQUAMATION**

—medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin that lies just underneath

In ten days, see how much fresher and clearer your skin is.

That's a promise of what the faithful use of this special treatment with a soap made especially for this purpose will do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a soap for the face, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

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I BECOME A LANDLORD

[*Continued from page 104*]

While paying off the mortgages on your house investments you may have to wield a paintbrush and renovate second-hand furniture

you in the financing. Of course, the rate at which you will show profits depends on the amount you have to invest, the price of your purchase, and the pace at which your particular city or town is growing.

If your capital is small, your investment at first will mean hard work and a few watchful, unproductive years. But in middle life and old age you will have cash profits and security. You must have faith in the venture and the long point of view on property. If you lack these and have no business nor home-making instinct don't ever start.

EDUCATE yourself in comparative values of vacant and improved properties in your own home town. Newspaper want ads offer surprises. Many owners sell cheaper through this medium because they have no agent's commission to pay. But don't pyramid too fast. You must keep some cash reserve for periods of vacancy and repairs.

In choosing a property, consider these precautions. Buy near transportation lines and keep out of districts which require toll rates to reach the nearest city. Buy property a few blocks from a school for this will solve half your rental problems. Search close to the heart of your town and invest on future business boulevards whenever you can afford it.

Buy large lots, and buy level lots, for masonry is costly. Corner lots achieve good future value. And buy property on alleys. With the latter, you don't have to waste a long strip of land, valuable for building purposes, on an unproductive driveway. And trees are an artistic asset. Few properties fill all these requirments, but you must weigh values and opportunities.

Examine your deed. Find out if you must build your house of a minimum value, or whether the lot is restricted to one house, or can you build several? Are there setback restrictions? And what are the possible assessments for paving, regrading, sewers, and lights? You must look up all these facts yourself at your own city hall or county recording offices.

If you supervise the building yourself, you can save a contractor's fee. Hire a good foreman who is also a good builder and who supplies his own men. Make a written agreement with the foreman on just the labor cost, and set a time limit for finishing the job. If unions are in control of the building trades of the city, the problem may be more complicated.

Before you start to build, have your lot surveyed. It's expensive later to find that you have built on someone else's property. Find out if your city requires building permits, light wires in conduit, special pipe material, or a certain amount of window space.

I've found that it is best to keep investment houses simple, comfortable, and attractive. Avoid frills. I can't emphasize enough the importance of starting with *small* houses regardless of the amount of your capital. The majority of people earn modest salaries and demand modest rates. Also, the average family is small.

In building little houses, remember that halls are a luxury, screen porches an added expense, and that every additional bedroom costs a surprising amount more. Breakfast nooks, instead of dining rooms, save your money and your tenants' time.

Buy a lasting roof. Tile is permanent, but costly. Shingles are beautiful, but dew and sun crack them in a few years. Many composition roofs are reasonable and are guaranteed for from ten to twenty years. Make a hardwood floor saving by using them only in the living rooms. Tile kitchens and bathrooms are not necessary for rental purposes. Tinted plaster walls are economical and can be rekalsomined at low cost.

NOW that you've cut down on expenses, add attraction and conveniences. A rented house is only a makeshift home at best, so make your tenants happy. I built living rooms with French windows on three sides for plenty of sunlight and cross ventilation. Bookshelves, window seats, cupboards, built-in ironing boards, closets, coolers, built-in ice boxes or space for electrical refrigerators, shelves and fireplaces all add a homelike touch. Each electric outlet is an expense, but install *plenty* because electrical devices are increasing in use. Beautify your little houses with flower boxes, shutters, trellises, and fences outside. I installed reasonable lawn sprinklers of perforated pipe laid above ground, but concealed by shrubbery. Some money should be laid aside to cover such expenses as screens, grading, planting, walks, driveways, window shades, and fire insurance.

Don't live on your rental property as all landlords are considered as watchful old eagles. And don't lose faith even when rentals exasperate you to madness. You have to keep faith in *most* human beings and your *sense of humor*.

HIS PRIVATE PRACTICE

[*Continued from page 21*]

on the subject of girls would merely have amused her.

Nevertheless, Tommy was quite right on one point. The Thorpes were in society and they had very little money. And—well, somehow the bills for Nancy's clever little costume suits, her smart hats and furs, her sophisticatedly naïve dance frocks, must be paid.

After her début she had danced her way, literally, through her first season, with never a lack of partners or cut-ins. She had gotten herself impulsively kissed several times, as she undoubtedly deserved, and had even been proposed to.

"By various ineligibles, who, the next morning, doubtless thanked whatever gods there be that I had sense enough to refuse them," was the way she summarized these impetuosities.

The truth was that Nancy had reached the point where she wasn't at all sure she was ever going to marry, for love *or* money. Lots of the debs she knew, confronting the same problem, were talking about "going in" for this or that.

"Looking," thought Nancy, "for the nearest exit."

This, however, she did not tell her mother. There were many things she didn't tell her mother. But: "I'm darned sick of eleventh hour invitations—just asked to fill in gaps," she assured herself with stark candor. "And sicker still of pretences which fool nobody."

The telephone rang. It was downstairs on the third floor, an extension of the house phone on the first floor. The call was for Nancy: it usually was. She rose swiftly, gathered her negligee about her and darting out the door started down the stairs.

The stairs were steep and narrow, poorly lighted and . . .

OF THE five men of medicine who had offices across the street four had departed—the four that had paying patients.

The fifth was still at his window when the maid broke in on him.

"Somebody wants a doctor?" he echoed idiotically, as if he had never heard of such a thing.

"It's just across the street—Thorpe's the name," the maid cried. "I guess something terrible has happened."

Tommy came to. "The mother had had a stroke!" he guessed.

But it was Nancy's mother who met him. She was close to hysteria.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, glimpsing Nancy. "What happened?"

The question was unprofessional, at least in that tone, but not unnatural. He had seen her, only a few minutes before, seated at the window. A pretty girl with a straight nose. But now!

"I—I tripped on the stairs and fell," she explained, and he realized that she was trying to be incredibly gallant. "And—and I think I hit every stair on the way down—on my nose."

She shuddered a bit, and with reason. Yet still she tried to smile.

"Am—am I to be permanently disfigured?" she asked.

To Tommy that seemed horribly possible. He had seen many damaged noses but few worse than hers.

He did not tell her so. "Sit down," he suggested.

She obeyed and he turned her head so the light fell on her face. The surgeon's fingers with which he had been born came into play, tender as a mother's fondling her first born.

"You might," suggested Nancy, "as well tell me the worst."

Tommy hesitated. Then: "It's a bad fracture. The septal supporting cartilage has been torn. If it were only a bone fracture—"

"Then—then I'm doomed to be a Miss Cyrano de Bergerac?" put in Nancy, trying to smile—and setting her pretty teeth into her lip to keep it from quivering instead.

TOMMY weighed his answer. "Not necessarily," he began. "I—"

Nancy's mother broke in on him. "We must have a specialist at once," she announced, agonized.

"But I happen to be a specialist myself," protested Tommy.

"I mean," she explained, "the very best money can buy."

Tommy was only human. "Then," he suggested, stiffly, "you had better telephone Dr. Sutton. I'm not sure you can get him at once—"

But Mrs. Thorpe was on her way to the phone before he finished.

Nancy glanced up at Tommy. "I don't think Mother means to be untactful," she apologized.

Tommy looked down at her. "You're a game kid," he assured her impulsively. "Sit still—I'm going to do what I can until my distinguished successor arrives."

It was a relief to Tommy when the great man came. The latter nodded to Tommy, practically ignored Mrs. Thorpe, who was all the more impressed, and proceeded to examine Nancy.

"H'mm," he said. Then, surveying Tommy as Jove might have looked at some young sprig who had wandered into Olympus, remarked: "Haven't I seen you at the Eye and Ear?"

The digression was too much for Mrs. Thorpe. "But doctor—aren't you going to do something?" she asked.

Jove glanced at her. "Everything that can be done at the moment, has been done, madam. As to what should be done next I shall consult with my young confrere here—"

"But I want you to handle the case personally," wailed Mrs. Thorpe.

"Flattered, my dear madam," he said, but hardly looked it.

He reached for his hat and coat, smiled at Nancy, nodded to her mother and said to Tommy: "My car is downstairs—can you drive along with me?"

Tommy drove along with him, in the chauffeured luxury ripe old specialists can command.

"What's your diagnosis?" demanded Jove abruptly.

"Why," said Tommy, "it's a bad smash and—"

"What have you in mind?"

"My idea would be to use a section of the scapula and—"

"All right, go to it," said Jove.

"Me?" echoed Tommy, touched. Then—Jove was a pretty human old scout—he grinned, if wryly and added, "That's ever so good of you. But Mrs. Thorpe—"

"I," announced Jove, with great finality, "will attend to her."

Dr. Sutton, reaching his destination, ordered his chauffeur to take Tommy home. And so, in the cushioned ease that ten thousand had purchased for another man, Tommy returned to the privacy that ten dollars a week purchased for him.

The curtains on the fourth floor across the way were, for once, closely

[*Continued on page 110*]

In brilliant **BERLIN**
"die eleganten Damen" use
"LYSOL" *for feminine hygiene*

A type of German beauty one sees in exclusive meeting places of Berlin.

TONIGHT, in the most exclusive cafes of Berlin—on the Kurfürsten Damm and the Potsdamer Platz—will gather "die eleganten Damen" of the gay German capital. Smart women of society, the stage and the screen, envied for their immaculate beauty and rare charm.

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HIS PRIVATE PRACTICE

[*Continued from page 109*]

drawn. Behind them Nancy, whose head and nose ached, set her teeth.

"Oh, my darling," her mother was wailing, for the fortieth time, "what *shall* we do?"

Nancy disciplined a desire to scream; schooled herself to speak reassuringly, only to be interrupted by a knock at the door. It proved to be the maid bearing a box. A florist's box and—orchids!

"Good gracious!" gasped Nancy. "Somebody has plunged!"

"Who are they from?" demanded her mother, breathlessly.

Nancy discovered the card. "William James Houston," she said and knit her brows over the name. Then "Oh—I remember. I met him at Sally Thaxter's dinner dance night before last—"

"Who is he—what is he like?"

"Well, he seemed big for his age—whatever that was," said Nancy, frivolously, "and I rather wondered who had brought him and why. He didn't seem to just belong. The sort that doesn't know what fork comes next—"

"But he must have money!" protested her mother. And then, sensing the crudity of that, added, "I mean that he wouldn't be at the Thaxter's—When do you expect to see him again?"

Nancy did not reply. She merely glanced at her mother.

And: "Oh my darling!" wailed the latter, for the forty-first time.

"In time," thought Nancy, "I may get used to that—I suppose it's to be my daily diet for days."

It was. The fourth floor front was to become virtually her prison for good and sufficient reasons, all of which were given to William James Houston, from Texas, over the phone.

He called up Nancy and was thanked by her—over the phone—as a man who sends orchids to a girl should be.

Especially when—the phrase was Sally Thaxter's—he is simply rotten with money.

"Oil," Sally had explained, also over the phone. "It simply gushes out of some hole on the ground he owns and spatters him with millions!"

"He seemed very nice," Nancy commented.

"Well, my dear, I'll be your bridesmaid—and please throw your bouquet straight at me."

"Don't be silly—"

"I'm not. I can see you in orange blossoms and veil right now—"

"If anybody saw me right now it would be in a veil," Nancy retorted. "That's the only part of a wedding gown that would become me."

THIS was very true. Nancy's nose was now swathed in cotton, surgical gauze and tape. But as the horrors of television had not become common there was no reason why she should not herself talk to this miraculous young millionaire—over the phone.

"He called yesterday—while you were at the hospital," her mother told her. "I didn't know what to say."

Neither did Nancy, exactly. "It was lovely of you," was what she did say. "They are still keeping wonderfully."

He said he was pleased. Then: "I—could you—would you let me call?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm not at home to anybody these days," replied Nancy. "Which means that I'm home all the time but—but indisposed."

"You mean—you're sick?"

Nancy hesitated. Then: "I suppose," she confessed, recklessly—Sally would probably tell him anyway, "that I ought to pretend that I am suffering from appendicitis or something interesting. But—well, the truth is I fell downstairs and broke my nose—"

"Oh," said he, "is *that* all!"

"All!" echoed Nancy. "If you could see it—"

"I'd like to," he assured her. "I—I've got to go back to Texas next week on business and—"

"I'm sorry," said Nancy. "Perhaps next time you come north—"

Silence for a moment. Then: "May—may I write you?" he asked.

"Do," said Nancy. "It would be nice—I'm a shut-in, you know."

She was, stubbornly so. Tommy told her so. For Tommy *was* Nancy's specialist, after all. Jove had arranged that, just how Tommy did not know.

"You have got to get out," asserted that young specialist. "You're not an invalid and you need fresh air and exercise." He paused then, impulsively: "Get ready now and come with me—I make a round of the Esplanade every night. You can wear a veil—and it will do you a world of good."

Nancy considered that for a second and then surrendered swiftly, slipping into her fur coat, jamming her hat on and adjusting a veil, all in a moment.

THE blue dusk of February was falling, the chill crystal of the air was heavenly.

"I'm glad you rooted me out," confessed Nancy.

Tommy glanced down at her. "So am I."

It was through instinct rather than by design that Nancy then led the feminine ace of trumps. "I should think your work would be wonderfully interesting," she ventured. "Examining, diagnosing and prescribing for all sorts of patients. Dr. Sutton told Mother that you were on the way to the top, that you were one of the best men at the Eye and Ear."

"Gosh!" gasped Tommy, surprised. "Did he really say that?"

Nancy reaffirmed it. "Well," said Tommy, "it's a long way to the top." He stopped there, briefly, and then, impulsively, blurted the truth: "In fact, you're all the private practice I've got at the moment."

"Not really!" she protested. "I suspected your private practice wasn't large but—"

"It isn't," he broke in. And audaciously added, "In fact I should say it isn't more than sixty-two inches tall and can't weigh much more than a hundred and ten."

Nancy smiled. "It doesn't sound to me as if it could support you in much style." And with characteristic candor she added, "I hope you're not counting on your bill being paid the minute you present it."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it won't be," she confessed. "We owe everybody—"

"And of course doctor's bills always come last."

"No, I promise to pay yours among the first, if it isn't too much. And," she added with a swift glance upward, "provided my nose suits me."

"Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded," he replied in precisely the same tone.

And so they walked and talked. Not only that night but every night. Until: "Do you think you ought to encourage

[*Continued on page 111*]

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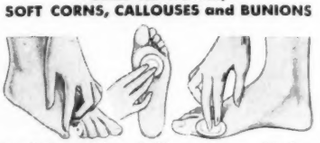

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HIS PRIVATE PRACTICE

[*Continued from page 110*]

him so?" demanded Nancy's mother.

"Oh, Mother!" protested Nancy. "Don't be such a goop! Do you think I could possibly suggest romance to him, or any man, at the moment?"

Even her mother could see that. "But when your nose is fixed—"

"And *if*," murmured Nancy, under her breath.

WHAT did he write you today?" asked her mother. She didn't mean Tommy. Every day brought a letter from William James Houston of Texas.

"The same thing he wrote yesterday," retorted Nancy. "He probably has a heart of gold but I doubt if his letters will ever be published."

"But he is so thoughtful," protested her mother. "Flowers every day!"

Impulsively Nancy gave her mother a swift kiss. It was, she knew, a terrific strain—all the unpaid bills, all the worry about her nose.

She was prepared to do her part only she preferred not to think of that just now. Instead she thought of Tommy. He was, really, awfully nice and amusing. And, like most nice and amusing men she met, quite impecunious and utterly ineligible.

As they walked around the Esplanade the next night that thought reoccurred to her. "I wish," she said abruptly, "that I were a man!"

Tommy glanced at her, surprised. "Why?" he asked.

"Oh, a man can have a career, do worth while things—but a woman—"

"Why should *you* worry about a career?" he asked lightly. "Aren't you —well, considering matrimony?"

"Isn't every girl?" she evaded.

"I mean rather definitely," he persisted. "I'm not blind and it has struck me that somebody is certainly saying something with flowers."

"Oh, he's worth millions," explained Nancy. "They mean no more to him than a bunch of daisies would to you—" She bit her lip and apologized swiftly. "I don't mean just that, of course. I just—"

"You are quite right," Tommy assured her grimly.

"But it's only temporary," she reminded him. "You'll make money—"

"And you'll marry it, so what's the difference?" said Tommy.

"Well, what would you do if you were me?" she asked. Her eyes met his challengingly. But he had nothing to say.

"I told you we owed everybody," she went on. "It's getting to be a nightmare. Well, why shouldn't I snatch at a kind and indulgent husband with a couple of million or so?"

Tommy couldn't keep a certain silly stiffness out of his voice, "That is your affair."

It was absurdly like a lover's quarrel, save that it couldn't be anything quite as absurd as that.

Nevertheless, at midnight, as Tommy moved toward his bureau ready to turn off the light, the X-ray pictures of Nancy's nose caught his eye. He gazed at them intently. Then abruptly he snapped out the light. "If she's the sort of girl who marries for money then that's the sort of girl she is," was his not illogical conclusion.

Four o'clock the next afternoon came at last, and so, on the dot, did Tommy. But Jove was very late: it was almost five when he entered without apologies. And Tommy, who had done everything save bite his finger nails, put those impatient fingers to work. He stripped off the crêpe de lisse, removed the cotton, and:

"H'mm," said Jove.

Mrs. Thorpe took a deep breath. "Oh—hh!" she fluttered.

Nancy glanced at the mirror, breathlessly. Then, even more breathlessly, "O—h-h!" she fluttered.

Her luminous eyes, a bit awestruck, sought Tommy's. But Tommy's were engaged by Jove.

"Congratulations," that great person was saying. "If you can drop in on me at this time tomorrow there's a case I'd like to discuss with you."

Tommy was stunned almost speechless. "I—I," he began.

But Jove, after running his fingers up and down Nancy's nose, had given it a final tweak and was saying: "You can thank my young confrere here that I'm able to do that."

The moment he left Nancy tried to. "It's one of the nicest noses I ever had," she assured Tommy, but with that in her eyes which belied the flippancy in her voice. "I don't know how I can ever repay you—"

"I am very glad that it turned out so well," said Tommy, ridiculously stiff. "I don't think it needs any further attention. If it does—"

He left it there, picked up his bag, took his hat, nodded to Nancy's mother and passed out of the door and presumably out of Nancy's life.

Nancy merely wrinkled her nose experimentally. She had seen young men act that way before; they *always* came back—

On his way out, Tommy had confronted a very tall young man standing at the door.

"Can you tell me if—if Miss Thorpe is at home?" the latter asked, his voice suggesting a customary drawl accelerated by some emotion.

Tommy guessed what. "The big oil and orchid man from Texas!" he told himself. Aloud he said, "She's at home —whether to callers or not I don't know."

A minute later he was back in his own room. That he had performed almost a miracle he knew. If he had doubted it, Dr. Sutton's swift interest should have made him sure of that. He should have been uplifted, exultant. But curiously enough, he wasn't.

"She certainly lost no time in getting him here," he was thinking, almost viciously.

THE interview the following afternoon was breath-taking. Dr. Sutton went straight to the point. "I need an assistant," he announced to Tommy. "Want to come in with me?"

That was what Tommy had expected, and he answered as he had already planned. "Young saplings are apt to be stunted when they grow up alongside great oaks, don't you think?"

Jove rubbed his nose. "There's something in that," he admitted. "In fact I had a chance to go in with an older man myself at the beginning, and decided not to. Never regretted it, to tell you the truth."

He puffed at his pipe. Then: "I've got a case," he announced abruptly. "Boy sixteen. Broke his nose playing football at St. Mark's. Rather a wicked looking affair. His mother wants something done. Want to tackle it?"

"Me?" gasped Tommy.

"I'll tell her," continued Jove, ignoring Tommy's surprise but savoring it none the less because Jove was human enough to like to play the rôle, "that you'll take it for a thousand—she won't think you're any good if you charge less, you see. And you'll earn it—she's that sort. I wouldn't take it myself for ten thousand."

[*Continued on page 112*]

Private confession of a French maid

"Mais oui, Madame, Amolin is the safe deodorant. It can't seal pores."

Amolin is a deodorant that is a sheer delight to use! It is a *powder*—fine, soft, snow-white. And the beauty of it is—Amolin is a *safe* deodorant. It can't seal delicate pores.

Amolin *neutralizes* perspiration in a healthful way. Just dust it on without fuss or muss and instantly it takes effect. No fear of irritation. No risk of Amolin's eating away clothing. Safely it prevents body odors and keeps you fresh all day.

Body odors are tricky! We never know when we may have them. Yet there is a safe way to avoid embarrassment now—use Amolin freely. Under the arms. Over the body. Sprinkle it on the sanitary napkin, too. It's a wonderful solution to this distressing problem.

On sale everywhere, 35c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for generous trial container. Write to The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. AD-7, Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

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Amolin
The dainty powder deodorant

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.
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Foot Troubles
ended quickly with safe, soothing, cooling, Cal-o-cide. Relieves sore, tender, swollen, burning, aching feet in one minute. Draws pain and inflammation right out. Walk, run, dance in comfort. Wear shoes you like. Guaranteed. 35c at all druggists with FREE Book "Care of Feet." Or order direct from Medco Co., Dept. 7-A, Dayton, Ohio.

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Write for Samples
100 Hand-Engraved $10.00
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Safety in canning

The New Approved Glass Top Closure

Again Presto leads. This time a round or square Mason jar with complete glass top closure, tested and approved by Good Housekeeping, Modern Priscilla, and other leading institutes. The New Presto Glass Top Screw Band Jar is furnished in regular Mason or in wide mouth types. Presto Jars are clear, flint glass, made exclusively by Owens-Illinois Glass Co. Presto Screw Bands are of Alcoa aluminum, made by the Aluminum Company of America. Easily sealed—easily opened. No metal touches the contents. *Price only a fraction of a cent more than Mason Jars with old style caps.*

Send for 1 Dozen Jars Today

If your grocer cannot yet supply you with this newest Presto improvement in home canning, send his name and $1.00 for prepaid shipment of 1 dozen Presto Screw Band Glass Top Mason Jars today.

CUPPLES COMPANY -- *Distributor* -- St. Louis, Mo.

Cupples Company, Dept. Q, Saint Louis, Mo.

Enclosed find $1.00 for prepaid shipment of 1 dozen quart Presto Screw Band Glass Top Mason Jars. (Please check) Round..... Square.....

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in your hair too!

{Rediscover it tonight in one shampooing}

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely *cleans*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

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Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Color of my hair:

HIS PRIVATE PRACTICE

[*Continued from page 111*]

"I," babbled Tommy, "don't know how I can thank you—"

"Don't bother to," suggested Jove. "The truth is that I'm getting no younger fast and I'm only passing on what an older man did for me. He gave me a lift the same way. I've asked about you and I know, aside from the case you've just finished, that you're good. Good men shouldn't be left to starve—and I can throw a few cases your way. That's all."

He rose, held out his hand—the fine hand of a surgeon. Tommy gripped it, hard, in a hand that matched.

JOVE was as good as his word—rather better in fact. Tommy was busy at last. Too busy, one might think, ever to give a thought to what might be happening across the street.

Nevertheless, he did know that the man who had flown from Texas had not gone back there. Instead he had purchased a car which Tommy saw parked outside often.

Not that any of this mattered, except that whenever, in the paper, he saw a headline "Engagement Announced" he paused to see whose it might be.

So March moved on toward April. Then, on the evening of April 1st, Tommy, spreading his paper, turned to the classified advertising page and searched until, under the head "Female Help Wanted" he found this:

OFFICE ASSISTANT: By Beacon Street Specialist. Should have some knowledge of typing and preferably of stenography and must be of pleasing personality. Hours 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. Address X768 Transcript Office, giving qualifications and salary expected.

Jove had prescribed the office assistant. "You've got to have one—both as an assistant and to create atmosphere," he had explained. "If you need a little ready cash—"

Tommy said he could manage that, and astonishingly he could, thanked Jove fervently and, privately continued to wonder just why Jove was so determinedly thrusting him ahead. He wouldn't know until he was nearing seventy himself. Then he, too, would know the thrill Jove was getting out of playing God, shaping a human destiny.

So Tommy, on the fifth floor, perused his ad while downstairs on the first floor, a lady waited to see him.

No, the maid didn't know whether it was a patient or not, but she had put her in the waiting room. And so Tommy put aside his pipe and used his military brushes and adjusted his tie and descended, looking as professional as possible.

The last person he expected to discover, seated in the waiting room, was Nancy. She flicked a feminine eyelid at him. "No," she said, serenely, as if answering a question, "I haven't fallen downstairs again, nor is there anything the matter with my nose. I'm just looking for a job."

"You're w-what?" he stuttered.

"And," she went on, "I saw your ad in tonight's 'Transcript'."

"How did you know it was my ad?" demanded Tommy.

"It sounded as if it might be—and I called up Dr. Sutton and asked him if he knew. He seemed very sure it was and so I thought I'd better come at once in person. I do need a job, and I'm a fairly good typist, with the aid of an eraser—"

"Typist?" echoed Tommy. "Where did you learn typing?"

"At a business school," she explained meekly. "I was taking a secretarial course evenings, from eight to ten, when I fell down and bumped my nose. Taking it on the sly—I didn't dare to tell Mother."

"I can't understand," confessed Tommy.

"It's really quite simple," she assured him. "I was getting on with my second season and we were getting more and more into debt. I knew I'd have to do something desperate unless my millionaire appeared."

"But he did appear," Tommy reminded her.

"He did—and departed too," she confessed. "And it wasn't because he wasn't nice or because I didn't like him a lot because—well, if he hadn't been so very nice I might have taken him on. But it wouldn't be fair—"

"You—you aren't going to marry him?" said Tommy inanely.

"I told you I was looking for a job. I am, truly. And I have some knowledge of typing, though I'm a rotten speller, and I can make a stab at stenography. And I can, truly, be quite pleasing when I try to—and I'll try—awfully hard."

Tommy swallowed; his head reeled. But he managed to say: "If you really want the position—"

Nancy rose. "Thank you," she said. "I think that is particularly sweet of you because I know you don't approve of me or, I suspect, really believe me qualified. But I'll prove that I am, or quit." She offered him her hand. "Shall we shake on that?"

There was a flutter in her voice. And when, instead of releasing her hand Tommy but gripped it the harder, she did not protest.

"I," began Tommy, with no idea of what he meant to say, "—I—"

Nancy's eyes were hidden. Gazing down at her he could only see the top of the hat that caparisoned her shining head. If she would only look up—Abruptly she did. Their eyes met and he took a deep full breath.

"You—you don't mean it!" he murmured, incredulously, as if she had said something.

Then suddenly it struck him that she did. He laughed, swiftly, triumphantly, and swept her into his arms.

"Is—is this the way to test applicants for an assistant?" asked Nancy. "I—I told you I was a rotten speller. But I'll buy a dictionary."

ARE you still talking about *that* job?" he teased.

"But I want *that* too," she protested. "I want to help, truly, and—"

"Come into my office," he suggested. "I'll test you right now."

Nancy obeyed, her hand still in his. She sat down at his typewriter, as he directed, and waited.

"Please take dictation, Miss Thorpe," he said, very formally. And after she had prepared a sheet of paper, he went on: "Dear Tommy, I love you—"

She gave him a swift, luminous glance. Then quickly, almost blindly she typed:

"de4f Tomjy, I loge you2"

He took it from the machine.

"Perfect!" he exclaimed, and opened wide his arms.

Smooth, white skin-quick safe way!

The alluring beauty of clear, petal-smooth skin may be yours, quickly, easily and surely! No more tan and freckles, muddy sallow color. Not a trace of pimples, blemishes, roughness to mar your natural beauty.

One wonderful beauty-aid, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, will transform your complexion quickly to radiant healthy loveliness. Before bedtime tonight smooth over your skin a little of this pure white, delicately fragrant cream. Instantly you feel its tonic effect. You see your skin growing whiter, smoother, more lovely.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream works mildly and gently yet quickly and surely. Positive money-back guarantee with simple directions in every package. Begin with Nadinola tonight. See how quickly it restores your skin to exquisite whiteness—clear smooth beauty.

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

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STOP PAINING

One drop does it immediately

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. Acts like an anaesthetic. In three seconds pain is deadened. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No cutting—that is dangerous. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers.

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Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores, 50c.

Write for free booklet Tells "Why you have freckles. How to remove them." Box 4, STILLMAN CO. Aurora, Ill.

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Men or women, earn fine income in business of YOUR OWN operating "Specialty Candy Factory"—begin Home Spare Time, make BIG PROFITS First Week. We furnish Tools and Supplies—show you how to make and sell large line PURE, DELICIOUS Candies. Nothing else like it. Booklet FREE.

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
Drawer 120 East Orange, N. J.

PICNIC MEALS

[*Continued from page 33*]

Hot Hamburg Sandwiches

1 lb. round steak, finely chopped
1 onion, finely chopped
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup boiling water

Sauté the onion in the butter until a delicate brown. Add the meat, salt and pepper and sprinkle with the flour. Cook, stirring frequently, until brown. Add the hot water and finish cooking. Serve on slices of buttered bread.

Nut Bread

2 cups whole wheat flour
1 cup white flour
1 teaspoon soda
1¼ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
1½ cups milk
1 cup walnuts, cut fine

Mix whole wheat flour, white flour, soda, baking powder, salt and brown sugar together. Add molasses and milk and mix well. Add nuts and beat thoroughly. Pour into a greased loaf cake pan; let stand 20 minutes. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 1 to 1½ hours.

Lemon Coconut Cake

⅛ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1¾ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Cream shortening, add sugar, and cream thoroughly. Add one egg at a time and beat vigorously. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add lemon juice and rind and mix thoroughly. Bake in 2 greased layer cake pans in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool and put layers together with

Lemon Coconut Filling

¼ cup sugar
4 tablespoons flour
½ cup water
1 egg yolk
Juice ½ lemon
Rind ¼ lemon
¼ teaspoon salt
1/3 cup coconut

Mix sugar and flour together. Add water slowly and mix until free from lumps. Add egg yolk and beat thoroughly. Cook over a low flame until thick. Add lemon juice, rind and salt. Cool slightly and add coconut. Spread between layers. Cover whole cake with

White Frosting

½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon vinegar
1 egg white
Few grains salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
Coconut

Boil sugar, water and vinegar together until the syrup spins a thread Pour hot syrup over the stiffly-beaten egg white. Add vanilla and salt. Cover top and sides of cake with frosting and sprinkle generously with coconut.

TODAY'S BARGAINS BUT NEXT WINTER'S LUXURIES

[*Continued from page 107*]

throughout the process. Remove from fire and add pectin. Allow to cool for about 5 minutes, stirring and skimming by turns. (This keeps the fruit evenly distributed and prevents it from floating as it cools.) Add almond extract. Pour into glasses or jars and cover with paraffin.

Apple Butter

Wash and cut apples into quarters, without paring or coring. Place in preserving kettle with just enough water to cover. Cook slowly until tender. Press through a coarse sieve. Measure the strained pulp and to each cup pulp add ½ cup sugar and the grated rind of ½ a lemon. Cook *slowly* until thick and of spreading consistency. If spiced apple butter is preferred, add ground cloves and cinnamon taste just before the desired consistency is reached.

Green Tomato Relish

2 quarts green tomatoes
6 onions
2 green peppers
Small bunch celery
1 quart cider vinegar
1/3 cup salt
1 tablespoon whole cloves
2 or 3 pieces stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon allspice berries
1 pound sugar

Wash tomatoes and slice. Peel and slice onions. Remove seeds from peppers and chop fine. Separate celery stalks, wash and cut into small pieces. Place alternate layers of vegetables in bowl or kettle, sprinkling each layer with salt. Let stand over night.

In the morning drain, add half the vinegar (1 pint) and 1 quart of water. Bring to boil and cook slowly ½ hour. Drain again.

Make a syrup by boiling together for 5 minutes the remaining vinegar (1 pint), the sugar, and the spices in a cheesecloth bag. Add tomato mixture and simmer for 15 minutes more, or until the tomato is tender. Pack in clean, hot jars and seal at once.

Spiced Ripe Grape Jam

3¼ to 3½ lbs. grapes
½ cup cider vinegar
1 teaspoon ground cloves
2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
8 cups sugar
½ cup liquid pectin

Wash and stem fully ripened grapes. Separate skin from pulp. Cook pulp slowly for 5 minutes. Press through sieve to remove seeds. Crush or chop skins and mix with the pulp. Add vinegar, cloves, and cinnamon and bring to boil, stirring frequently. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Measure cooked fruit into large kettle, adding water, if necessary, to make 5 cups. Add sugar, bring to boil, and boil hard for one minute, stirring continuously throughout the process. Remove from fire and add pectin. Stir well and skim. Pour at once into hot glasses or jars and cover with thin layer of paraffin. When cold, cover with a second layer of paraffin.

Pickled Watermelon Rind

Pare green skin from melon rind and remove any traces of red pulp. Cut into 1½ inch cubes or cut into rounds with small biscuit cutter 1 to 1½ inches in diameter. Soak overnight in salt water, using 3 tablespoons salt to 1 quart water. In the morning drain off brine, cover with fresh water and cook until tender. Drain again. In the meantime, make a pickling syrup as follows:

4 cups sugar
2 cups water
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 lemon, sliced thin
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon allspice
2 cups vinegar

Mix all ingredients together and boil for 10 minutes. Add watermelon rind to this syrup and cook until rind is clear and transparent. Pack rind into clean hot jars, fill to overflowing with the syrup and seal at once.

Will he kiss her?
NO!
Germs sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—ugly yellow teeth, stain, decay and sore, spongy gums. You can't hide it from others but you can remove it—with Kolynos. It kills the germs.

TEETH WHITEN

3 Shades in 3 Days

HERE'S the quick, easy way to sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums—the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.* Use it for just 3 days... Then note the results.

Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste.

Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned.

As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life.

This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure. It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and to gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.) Moreover, this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse the teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and so swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel—without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos. It will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist—or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

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The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way... to use a dental cream full strength... to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly.... Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night... Dental cream lasts longer... Teeth look cleaner and whiter... Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

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CELEBRATING THE FOURTH

By VERA HARRISON

WE DON'T need firecrackers and toy pistols to express the patriotism and pride that fill our hearts on Independence Day. The Fourth of July means flags flying, gay streamers, shooting stars . . . and a patriotic party for our friends before we all go to see the Community Fireworks display.

This day, of all holidays, should be celebrated out of doors. We'll hang flags of all sizes everywhere. Red, white, and blue streamers will flutter from porch ceilings; and rails and pillars will be draped with bunting. Out of the Christmas boxes on the shelf will come strings of colored lights. Paper lanterns and red, white, and blue balloons will dance and bob from trees and shrubbery.

Invitations to supper can easily be arranged in the form of a flag. On a white gilt-edged correspondence card paint, in the upper left corner, stars in a field of blue. Using a red typewriter ribbon or red ink, write the lines of your invitations. Or, they might be written in blue ink on white paper folded like a fan and tied with a red cord.

So that no sudden thunder storm may spoil the party, it would be wise to arrange the refreshment table on the porch. Buffet service is the most practical, and the hostess, always thinking of the comfort of her guests, will have on hand a number of trays so that they may help themselves and then go off and eat where they like.

A long narrow table may easily be made of two planks resting on two wooden horses which may be borrowed from a local lumber dealer. Cover the top of the table with several layers of bright blue paper sprinkled with hundreds of silver stars. Draw this taut and fasten to the edge. From the edge of the table, hanging to the floor, tack red, white, and blue crêpe paper cut into fringe. There should be several thicknesses so that the wooden horses will not show through. In the center of the table, place a large vase filled with red, white, and blue flowers from your garden.

FOR supper serve chicken salad or sliced ham and potato salad with hot buttered rolls. An attractive and appropriate dessert would be strawberry ice cream in star molds sprinkled with candied violets. With this serve squares of angel cake, iced all over and decorated with tiny American flags. Loganberry juice and ginger ale make a delicious cold punch, but there should also be hot coffee for those who desire it with their meals.

On a smaller table close by, arrange the favors, paper hats, and noisemakers. Every party shop offers all sorts of patriotic novelties for parties.

It is best not to plan games that will be too strenuous for hot weather. Tables might be set on the lawn for bridge and other card games, cross word puzzles, cut-out puzzles, and other pencil and paper games. A phonograph and a space at one end of the porch will please those who must celebrate by dancing, regardless of the thermometer. Wicker chairs, benches, cushions, and mats will provide a comfortable place for others who prefer to sit and chat. If it is possible, bring the radio out or near a window, so that the stirring patriotic programs planned for this day may be enjoyed.

If your town does not have a community fireworks display, provide your own. Pass around the sparklers, light the colored lights, and, seated in a circle, sing the songs that are so dear to the hearts of all . . . . "A Long, Long Trail," "Over There," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and others. Then with the last Roman candle's spurt of sparks and the last rocket's burst of colored stars, comes the end of a safe and sane, yet really glorious Fourth.

For the Children

Given a lawn, a nearby grove or even a back yard, any group of children may have a wonderful party. The affair should be managed by someone who understands children and who will enter wholeheartedly into their pleasures. It should be planned for late afternoon.

When the children have arrived at the starting place of the party, give each child a package—each one of different shape and size. When the destination is reached, the hostess blows a whistle and the children come to attention. The children are then directed to open their packages and they find an American flag, a patriotic hat, a noisemaker and a mysterious box which is marked "not to be opened until supper time."

The children then form in line for a grand march. Flags wave gayly, and each child plays lustily on his noisemaking instrument. After the march, the hostess announces that they will play a game called "Stars and Stripes." Two leaders are selected to choose sides. A line is marked off and on each side at equal distances, about twelve feet from the line, an American flag is stuck in the ground. The leaders guard their flags and the object of the opposing armies is to steal each other's flags. The leaders try to prevent this by tagging anyone who comes near, and the child thus tagged is out of the game. When a player finally siezes a flag and carries it over into his own line of defense the game is won and each of the players on this side receives a small silken flag or a red, white, and blue snapper or some other patriotic novelty.

Another lively flag game which all children like is played as follows: Stick ten small flags into the ground in a row, ten more in another row a little ahead and so on for ten rows. Ten players are then selected. At a given signal each starts to pick up his or her row of flags one at a time, runs across the allotted space and sticks each flag firmly into the ground at a designated goal. The flags must be stuck well into the earth and stand upright. If they fall over or break they are not counted. The player who gets the first ten flags in the ground at his or her goal wins the game.

AT SIX-THIRTY, the hostess blows a bugle and the young guests again come to attention. She opens her package and brings forth a crêpe paper tablecloth in patriotic design with matching napkins; also paper cups, plates and two thermos bottles. She spreads the cloth on the ground and directs the children to sit down and open their packages.

In each box is a delicious picnic lunch. Every article of food is wrapped in waxed paper. A paper cup contains a scooped out tomato filled with chopped chicken and celery mixed with mayonnaise dressing. A flat package contains two sandwiches, one of brown bread with cream cheese filling and one of white bread with jelly filling. Each box also holds two home-made cup cakes iced all over in white with a red and white peppermint stick in the top of each. Thermos bottles contain milk which has been flavored with a little strawberry syrup, or a malt cocoa drink.

Another picnic menu for children is minced chicken sandwiches cut in star and flag shapes with a cookie cutter, fruit salad in an orange basket, angel cake with chocolate icing, and milk.

When supper is over the hostess announces a hunt for firecrackers and torpedoes. These are hidden in the grass and shrubbery. The firecrackers are of candy, wrapped in paper. The torpedoes are squares of red, white or blue paper in which a few salted nuts and bonbons are tied with red, white, and blue ribbon. Bunches of harmless sparklers are then passed and these are lighted just at twilight as the children start for home.

If you would like directions for making patriotic favors and further suggestions for celebrating the Fourth of July, write to The Entertainment Editor, McCall's Magazine, (Dept. 4) 230 Park Ave., New York, N. Y., and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

New... utterly different!

This rare delight in CHEESE FLAVOR

* Digestible as milk itself!

It's a toss-up whether it tastes more delicious outdoors or in!

People who love the mellow flavor of finest Cheddar cheese . . . people who've never worked up any particular enthusiasm about any sort of cheese—*all* pay tribute to Velveeta.

And with enjoyment you have that comfortable feeling that you're eating something *good* for you!

Velveeta is as easily digested as milk, because it *is* a pure milk product. In making it—a secret, patented process—Kraft-Phenix restore the valuable milk elements . . . milk-sugar, calcium, vitamins.

That's why Velveeta is a food for young and old. One that you may eat freely in any form, at any hour.

If yours is an appetite responsive to the bubbling golden lure of toasted cheese—Velveeta will claim you. Or perhaps you like your cheese flavor uncooked, spread on bread or crackers. Velveeta does that too. If you long for a subtle, blended cheese taste in endless variety of cooked dishes, Velveeta still rises to the occasion. Versatile Velveeta!

Few pleasures are so easy to get. Just ask your grocer for a half pound package.

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For summer days, Velveeta with fruit dessert or cold meat with sliced Velveeta. And for something light yet substantial, you'll find the addition of Velveeta to hot, cooked dishes gives fresh urge to appetites

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FREE—a recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Full of suggestions for varying the old favorites. Many recipes for novel new dishes. There's new pleasure in cooking with Kraft Cheese. Send for your copy. Home Economics Department, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 404-E, Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

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4

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Slice by slice we grade our fruit for you—*then* give you this easy way to know what grade is in the can . . .

WHY are there *grades* of pineapple, and what do they mean? Come see for yourself—in the largest fruit cannery in all the world.

Here on these spotless tables the freshly-cut slices pass. Trained eyes—swift, gloved fingers—are sorting them by grades. That perfect slice is first grade fruit—it will be called DOLE 1. This one—less fine in appearance and texture—is picked for DOLE 2 grade. And here is a broken slice—that will be graded DOLE 3.

Sliced—Crushed—Tidbits—all come in different grades. And the number of the grade you buy is clearly stamped in the top of the can. Look for it—beneath the name DOLE.

"You can thank 'Jim' DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple."

***Do you know you can now buy unsweetened pineapple juice—packed by* DOLE?**

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

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Sales Office:
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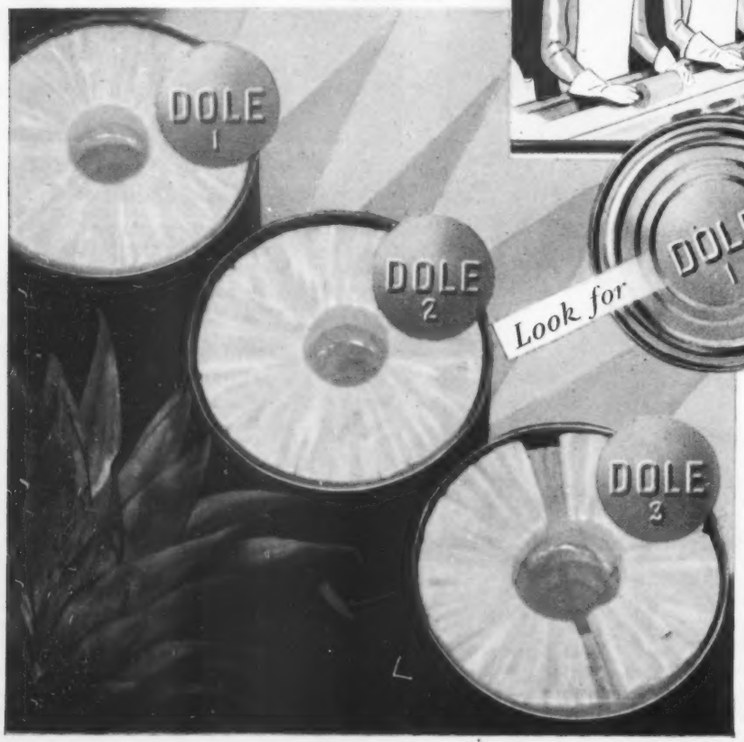
A color photograph

All DOLE grades come from the same delicious pineapples—nurtured by Hawaiian sunshine, soil and shower. But there are differences in appearance—color—texture—and that is why DOLE pineapple is so carefully graded, so exactly marked.



Look for DOLE *stamped in the top*

Here's the whole story of the new grade numbers

DOLE 1 · DOLE 2 · DOLE 3

These exact definitions will help you choose just the grade of pineapple you want for each dish you prepare:

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

A much-talked-of booklet free!

"The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" is in its fifth tremendous printing! And this edition is the most complete of all. In it are 39 delicious Hawaiian Pineapple recipes by four famous food editors—and the complete story of the new DOLE grade numbers. A free copy waits for you. Mail the coupon to:

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Camping in the open, cooking bacon over a wood fire, swimming, and canoe trips are vacation pleasures every boy enjoys

VACATION HOBBIES FOR YOUR CHILD

By RITA S. HALLE

VACATION time. Thousands of eager young minds and bodies, freed from the discipline of school, are clamoring for new activities. Now—more than at any other time of the year—children need wise guidance at home.

What sort of summer are you going to give your child? Should he spend it in camp? Possibly. Most boys and girls thrive in the wholesome atmosphere of camp life, and there are some children who require this complete change of environment for their best development. You'll know what your own child needs.

If you *are* thinking about camps, remember that the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, the Big Brothers and the Big Sisters, the Rotarians, the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, and many similar organizations conduct summer camps which provide the best sort of camp life at low prices. And then, of course, there are all kinds of private camps—some simple and inexpensive, and others luxurious and costly.

IF YOUR child is to spend the summer at home, you will have a wonderful opportunity to help him get the most profit and enjoyment from his vacation. What he needs most is some definite interest—some hobby—which will be important to him. This hobby should be one to which he can devote several hours every day, so that his enthusiasm will be sustained.

Don't make the mistake of forcing a hobby on a child. Suggest a number of things which he might do, appeal to his imagination by showing him the interesting possibilities ahead, and then let him choose a pastime for which he has a natural liking. Oftentimes, a vacation hobby gives the first indication of where real talents lie.

No matter how your child spends his summer, encourage him to keep a diary of his activities and discoveries. This will give him excellent practice in formulating his thoughts; and, in later years, he will treasure these records of his early impressions.

There are dozens of possible hobbies which you can suggest. Collecting things is a fascinating occupation and a valuable education. And if both parents will show a genuine interest in the growth of the collection, the child will respond by putting his best efforts into it.

Stamp collections are probably the most popular, and they have the advantage of being available everywhere. Stamps stimulate an interest in geography and history, as well as an appreciation of design.

The child who is a lover of Nature can do his collecting out of doors. Flowers can be identified and the pressed specimens fastened with gummed strips in a loose-leaf book. Ferns, collected in the same way, make an interesting book. Of course, a fern collection grows very slowly; and so, unless the child has considerable patience, he is likely to lose interest in it. A special notebook should be kept for trees. These can be drawn and colored, their leaves pressed, and specimens of their wood and bark kept.

In any of these plant collections, a small camera gives added interest to the study. The flowers, trees, or ferns may be photographed as they grow, and the finished pictures will add greatly to the attraction of the book.

If the child is fond of music, give him the opportunity to learn some musical instrument during his vacation. When practicing is squeezed into the few free hours of a school day, it is apt to become a hated task; but during the long summer months, it may easily develop into a fascinating pursuit. There are many instruments—banjo, mandolin, guitar, harmonica, ukulele—which can be mastered in a summer; and if they are properly learned, they will provide the fundamentals for a musical knowledge, and add much to the child's happiness and popularity later on.

For older boys and girls, the study of typewriting and stenography will prove profitable, both personally and commercially. With the invention of the inexpensive portable machine, the typewriter is now easily attainable.

MANY boys want to take paying jobs for the summer. They have the urge, strong in adolescent children, to get away from the family and be independent. Some parents give a willing consent, but there are many who hate to see their young people give up their leisure—who feel that they have plenty of time later on for work and responsibility. As a matter of fact, work and responsibility increase happiness, and the right job is often better for a child's health than idleness. It is an opportunity to get in touch with the world of business and to live with people on terms that are entirely different from those at school.

The occupation selected should be creative and related to the child's future. If he is interested in journalism, let him get a job—however small—on a newspaper.

Girls who like to sew will enjoy lessons in dressmaking or millinery. Cooking and other household arts also make interesting studies. They have commercial value and are an important part of the equipment for wifehood.

Wise mothers and fathers welcome the summer vacation which brings them a chance to share their children's interests and to become a guiding force in their lives.

Delightfully Mellow!

***because they are* Aged 6 months in the making**

THIS long, leisurely ageing process that develops rich, mellow flavor is the true secret of Clicquot Club's world-wide popularity. And although they are all aged 6 months in the making, they are very different in flavor composition to suit different tastes . . . or moods . . . or occasions.

GOLDEN—with its spirited tang of real ginger—is a zestful, appetizing drink. It has been America's favorite ginger ale for nearly half a century.

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Many hostesses always keep more than one kind on hand. People have such different tastes! But one of these three is sure to please. And you are sure of the same priceless purity that is guaranteed by *brand-new bottles.* No bottle is ever used a second time.

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GINGER ALES

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Smart women who have been looking for an approved deodorant and non-perspirant, now are eagerly recommending Heck to their friends. Heck Deodorant gives you instant, lasting protection from perspiration and odors. It is so pure, colorless and odorless that you can apply it as directed at any time without irritating your skin or harming your clothing. No wonder Dr. Heck's approved* deodorant has become so popular!

Your charm, your daintiness and the safety of your new dresses depend on this precious liquid, so be sure you get it.

50c and $1.00 at all drug and department stores—or send 10c for trial size and this charming silhouette for your room.

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THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 30*]

"Oh, ten days or more ago. In Los Angeles. Funeral private. Maybe that's what made Stede look so low at rehearsals."

Lester said slowly: "That elder brother of his was no good—no good at all. Stede hasn't mentioned his name to me in twenty years."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Once, at Cambridge. More than twenty years ago. He was a handsome fellow, but no good, no good. He went out to the coast; went on the stage. Then he got mixed up with a woman and did something—rotten."

TONY'S eyes met Lester's; he hesitated; but his insatiable curiosity prevailed. He began: "You don't suppose that—"

"I don't suppose anything," interrupted the other sharply. "No—no! Don't let's talk any more."

When Lester arrived at the theater, Seafield was already on the stage, looking gray and worn, but quietly attentive to the work in progress.

The actor-manager regarded him furtively. He was putting two of the principals through their paces, purely a matter of drill until Lester should appear.

"Where's Clarel?"

Seafield smiled. "Impudent little rascal. What do you think she's doing, Ed?"

"What?"

"Reading Shakespeare in her dressing-room. I went in and said: 'When Mr. Gaylord calls everybody, who do you think you are, Clarel?' 'Nobody,' said she coolly, 'so you needn't feel lonely, Mr. Seafield.' You'd better discipline your brat," he added, laughing.

Lester signaled Gaylord, who picked up a megaphone: "Everybody and Miss Cary!" he bellowed, amid universal laughter.

Clarel sauntered onto the stage, pink to the ears, but composed. Lester turned to Seafield: "How are you, Stede?"

"All right."

"You don't look very well."

"I am."

"Not worrying about *The Fifth Horseman?*"

"Well, you know—"

"Don't make any mistake. It's going all right. Why don't you go away for a week? You can."

"I'm going up to Brook Hollow."

"For a day—yes. You need a week."

"I need—years."

Seafield met Josephine at the Avignon for lunch. She was late, but came in looking very lovely, though a trifle pale.

"Well, darling," he said, "I'm going to Brook Hollow on the early morning train tomorrow. Will you miss me?"

"Are you sure you don't want me to go with you, Stede?"

"No use stirring up that community. If ever we go back there together—you know what must be the circumstances."

"Darling," she whispered.

"You know what you mean to me," he said. "It came suddenly then into my mind—suppose anything happened to you."

Josephine's clear laugh was unrestrained. "Oh, my dear! I'm the most vigorous thing on earth! I simply couldn't be ill! I don't believe I'll ever even be ill enough to die—"

"Don't talk about it—"

"—Darling!"

"—Don't speak of death!" he repeated sharply.

"No—I'm sorry. It was just a joke. But you're too tired to be teased. Please smile. I'm coming to the station tomorrow morning."

"Nonsense! It's an unearthly hour."

"Please!"

"No."

"Pretty please!" she pleaded.

He laughed: "You won't wake up, anyway. I'll be back here by six, you know."

"I know," she murmured:

"The sun sets when my lover goes;
It rises when he comes again;
I know more than a wizard knows
Of Day and Night and Love and Men;
Of Night—and Love of Men."

"Clever. Whose?"

"Mine," she admitted shyly.

"My dear, it's charming!"

"Oh, Stede, stop making fun of me."

But his surprised grin revealed unfeigned delight in her: "It's just as clever as it can be," he said. "You secretive little thing, when did you begin this sort of stuff?"

"That evening—at Brook Place—after you told me."

"Told you what?" he insisted, secretly thrilled.

"You know." She wouldn't discuss it further. However, under pressure, she finally admitted that she had written a few more verses in an old copy-book. "Just to try, Stede. I just wanted to try."

But he continued to tease her until, in sheer desperation, she promised to let him see the copy-book on his return. But, after her promise, she became grave and absent-eyed; and sat so, looking at the flowers until he paid the luncheon check and it was time to separate.

THEY took a taxi at the door; she dropped him at the theater, promising to dine with him that evening.

Instead, however, of going shopping, she drove back to the apartment in Grape Vine Lane, where Florrie was stitching madly on a costume for the forthcoming performance. A matter of alteration which the costumer had already failed with.

"Hang him!" said Florrie vigorously, sewing on another spangle as Josephine came in. "It should have taken that fool half an hour and it's taking me all day! Look! There's nothing to it—almost nothing! Did you have a nice lunch, dear?"

"Yes; did you?"

"I scraped a salad together. That and tea."

Josephine found needle and thread, picked up the tunic and offered to help. The sewing of the costume was soon finished. As Josephine rose and laid it on Florrie's lap, the telephone rang. She answered it.

YES, this is Josephine Moreland." Florrie, watching her, saw her face go white, her eyes widen as she listened. Suddenly she swayed, and giving a little cry, sank in a heap on the floor. Florrie rushed to her side.

"What is it, darling? What is the matter?" But Josephine lay limp and silent in her arms. Swiftly Florrie carried her to the couch and bringing a bowl of water, bathed her head and temples. Presently Josephine opened her eyes, smiled wanly and closed them again. For ten minutes or longer she seemed to sleep; her small hands clasped by Florrie's larger ones, like a lost child. Then she stirred, looked about and sat upright.

"Did I faint?" she said.

"What was it dear?" asked Florrie. "Do you want to tell me?"

"Yes, it's—Earl Holden again. He says that women may be afraid of Stede, but that he isn't through with me yet—and that as long as I am not Mrs. Seafield he can either force Stede to pay him a lot of money to keep still, or expose the fact that our names are on that register."

"But, my dear, the clerk at the inn will testify that it was merely a lark; that only appearances make such an attack possible."

"Oh, you don't understand, Florrie. It isn't that I care about proving to the world our complete innocence. It could be proved, as you say, easily enough. But the publicity would be fatal to Stede's reputation as a playwright. And I won't allow him to suffer that for my sake. Because after all, you know, it was my crazy caprice to stay there—the country was so lovely in the spring moonlight—and I was too ignorant of the world's ways. I didn't realize how people delight to misconstrue such simple acts.

"Ignorance again! There it is—the root of all evil, as Stede says, is ignorance. If only I had been trained as a child in worldly wisdom I wouldn't have made such a stupid mistake. I would have known better than to flout Mrs. Grundy, however innocently."

"But you're not ignorant, dear," protested Florrie. "You're only innocent, pure-minded. And there was nothing even faintly wrong in what you did. It's only Holden seeing a chance to blackmail you both, because of his hatred for you and because of Stede's prominence."

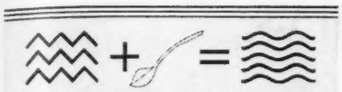
"Well, he shan't. I knew as I listened to him over the telephone, that it was the end—that I could never let Stede in for another such scene as he had with those women. If I disappear forever while he's in Brook Hollow, everything will be all right—and I'll never see him again—the man I love better than anything in the whole world. Oh! —Oh—"

Sobs shook her, and it was a long time before she finally fell into a troubled half-sleep.

Florrie drew a coverlet over her, and as she stood there looking down at

[*Continued on page 119*]

ARE YOU satisfied with your garden? Our garden booklet offers help and new inspiration. Send twenty cents in stamps for *Beautifying the Home Plot*. The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.



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But you can wash in *soft water!* Add two or three tablespoonfuls of Melo to a washtub full of the hardest water. Instantly it is softened. Suds are quick, rich and lasting; rinsing swift and thorough. Less soap is needed, yet clothes are *clean*—your white wash dries *snow*-white. And there will be no dirty ring around the tub.

Try a can of Melo tomorrow. It simplifies every washing and cleaning operation. Tender hands are saved from hard-water irritation. Comfort is added to the bath. Melo is sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

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Sets hair—and holds it—in soft perfectly-formed waves. Removes dandruff, oiliness. Gives hair a neat well-groomed effect.

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THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 118*]

Josephine's white face, panic seized her. She swiftly closed the doors, sped through the hallway to the telephone and called the Chelsea Theater.

SHE asked for Mr. Seafield. Waited. The answer came presently, that Mr. Seafield was on the stage and could not be disturbed.

"Tell him it's a matter of life or death," she said, tremulously.

"Are you telephoning from Mr. Seafield's home?"

"No, but—"

"Well, those are my orders—"

"But he'll speak to me!"

"Who are you?"

"Tell him Florrie Eden—"

"Say, little lady, don't make me laugh."

"Please—"

"Ta-ta, sweetness!"

The last act of *The Fifth Horseman* was on; and it was going well when somebody touched Seafield on the shoulder.

"I can't be interrupted," he said, not even turning.

"Sorry, sir; your house is on the wire."

He hesitated. "Find out what it is. I can't come. Take the message, Harry."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Seafield—"

He turned his head in the dusk. "Yes?"

"An important telegram from the West at your house. Your maid, Annie Cassidy, will read it to you."

Seafield found his hat and got up, stumbled, steadied himself, squared his shoulders, went out to the lobby and into Lester's office, closing the door behind him.

For a second he paused, pressed his temple with chilly fingers, then seating himself at the desk, he picked up the receiver: "What is it, Annie?"

"Mr. Seafield, sir, I have a telegram—"

"I know. Read it."

She read the date; the place; the name of the hospital in a shaky voice. Then the signature of the head of the hospital. Then the message.

Woman here Marie Seafield drug addict dying cancer desires notify you Stop Requests you take charge of body Stop Please bury in same grave with Donald Stop Forgive Stop Shall we ship Stop Wire reply

Seafield said hoarsely: "Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did it come?"

"Just now, sir."

"Annie!"

"Sir?"

"Pack a suitcase, take a taxi and meet me at the Grand Central—near the information bureau—near the clock—"

Then, turning to a desk, he wrote on a telegraph blank:

If Marie Seafield is still alive say to her that I forgive her Say also that her wishes shall be respected If she is already dead the body shall be properly cared for and the casket sent to Brook Hollow New York All expenses will be met by me Please telegraph me at the final moment

Stede Seafield

"Harry!" he called.

"Yes, Mr. Seafield."

"Please take this out and have it rushed. There's an office around the corner." He gave the young man money. "Hurry," he said, "—and get me a taxi, too." He picked up the telephone again.

But there seemed to be nobody at the apartment in Grape Vine Lane—no answer.

Then, on the stage telephone, he got Lester.

"I'm leaving for Brook Hollow on the six-thirty, Ed. I've an engagement to dine with Miss Moreland tonight at seven. Her house doesn't answer. Would you call her later if I don't get a chance and explain?"

"You bet."

"Just tell her where I've gone. Probably I'll return tomorrow. If not, say to her that I'll write."

"I will. Is anything wrong? Your voice sounds—"

"Oh, I don't know what's wrong or right any more. You won't need me if I stay away a few days?"

"I guess we can manage."

"Thanks. Goodbye."

From her post by the clock in the great station, Annie Cassidy, watching the marble stairway, caught sight of Seafield descending.

She had even bought his tickets. With them she gave him the telegram from the West.

"Oh, Mr. Seafield, sir, I hope that pleasanter days are coming to you now," she said with deep emotion.

"I hope so, Annie. These are bitter hours. But all things end—even shame."

WHEN Lester telephoned the girls' apartment Florrie answered in an agitated voice: "Yes, she's here, Mr. Lester. She's expecting Mr. Seafield, but she says she isn't well enough to see him."

"May I speak to her?"

"One moment, please. I think she's lying down."

"Don't disturb her," interrupted Lester. "I'm sorry I forgot to telephone earlier. Just say that Mr. Seafield left unexpectedly early for Brook Hollow on the six-thirty this evening and was very sorry he could not dine with Miss Moreland."

"Has he gone!"

"Yes."

"Oh, can't you stop him at the train? Can't you send—"

"It's half past eight. He's been gone two hours. What's the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Lester! Help me, please. Send a telegram to him to come back. Tell him it will be too late tomorrow. Tell him he'll regret it all his life if he doesn't come back."

"What the devil's the matter?"

"I can't tell you. He must come back. I tried to reach him. You must telegraph him. Say that it's a matter of life and death. Say that it's Josephine—"

"Is Miss Moreland ill?"

"No. But she's going to do something desperate."

"See here, young lady—"

"No, no! Don't say that to me. Do what I ask you. You'll never regret it, Mr. Lester. You'll—"

"You've got to tell me—"

"I can't!"

A silence.

"What is it you want me to telegraph?"

"Come back instantly. Josephine's happiness — perhaps her life — depends—"

[*Continued on page 120*]

Today women know more . .

about feminine hygiene

A HIGHER standard of cleanliness and hygiene is the rule among the modern women surrounding you on every side. There is a more general recognition also among physicians and nurses of the benefits of feminine hygiene.

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Zonite is non-poisonous, non-caustic —safe to use on the body and safe to have in the house, even with little children around. Yet Zonite is actually stronger, far stronger, in its effect than *carbolic acid itself* in any dilution you would dare use on the body.

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CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 119*]

"But I—whose name am I to sign to the telegram?"

"Josephine Moreland's. It's the only name that will bring him back."

Lester wrote his telegram:

Stede Seafield
Brook Hollow N Y
Matter of greatest concern to me unless you return before tomorrow
Josephine Moreland

"Rush this," he said to his man, who answered his desk bell.

SEAFIELD went out to the veranda of the Brook Hollow hotel and began to pace to and fro before the ranks of empty rocking chairs. Presently from where he stood in shadow, he saw the undertaker across the street, pulling on a black alpaca jacket. Seafield met him on the steps.

"How are you, Charlie?" he said, shaking hands.

"Man is but mortal, Mr. Seafield, but I guess I'm up to specifications."

Seafield said: "You look well. I came up in regard to that matter about which I wrote you—"

"Compose yourself, Mr. Seafield," said Charnall, in his most mortuary manner, "every detail was given my personal supervision."

"Another casket will be here soon," said Seafield quietly. "You will prepare another grave beside—my—my brother's. There should be a headstone similar to his. On it you will have this inscription placed:

'Marie Westwood'

and the date of her death, which I will give you later."

A boy came out of the hotel office. "New York on the wire, Mr. Seafield. The telephone is in the office—"

"One moment," said Seafield to Charnall, "and I'll give you that date of her death—"

"Mr. Seafield speaking," he said warily. "Who? Lester? Is it you, Ed? No, I've received no telegram. Yes, I've just arrived. No; I have no telegram from Josephine. Who sent it? You? Yes, I hear you plainly. Repeat the telegram."

He stiffened; took hold of the chair to brace himself.

"Yes, I got it, Ed. What is the matter? Has Josephine been taken ill? Has she been hurt? No, there's no train out of here tonight. No! I'll get a car somewhere. What? Certainly I'm coming—"

He went out to the lounge: "I've got to be in New York by morning. Get me a car. I must be on my way in less than ten minutes—"

"Hey, Jake!" roared the clerk. "Tell Patsy Blake to fill her full o' juice and get his flivver here inside the minute! Tell him Mr. Seafield's due in Noo Yorruk b' sun-up!"

Seafield, ghastly white, went out to the veranda as Blake's car rolled up.

To Charnall he said: "Wait till I write you." Jake threw his suitcase into the car.

"Tires? Gas? Oil?" he asked hoarsely.

"All ready," said Blake.

Seafield got in: "What can she do?"

"Forty-five."

"Is there a better car—"

"No better in this town."

"All right. Break loose."

"New York?"

"New York."

"I'll want fifty dol—"

"Anything you want I'll double. Get me there; that's all."

It was an early and warm July morning when they rushed upon the first far-strung suburban town that marks the outskirts of Manhattan.

Blake's nightmare was ended, thanks to the traffic police. But Seafield's was scarcely beginning in the early sunshine of a cloudless day.

It was after eight o'clock when their mud plastered car stopped at the entrance to Grape Vine Lane.

SEAFIELD reeled as he stepped out; made his way unsteadily into the alley; leaned against the door as he rang. At that instant Florrie came into the hall. She had been crying. When she saw Seafield she took hold of him.

"What's the matter—" But his lips uttered no sound.

"She's in there—dressed to go. Oh, don't let her go—don't leave her—ever—again—"

"No, I never shall."

He passed a dirty hand over his dusty face; drew a long, uneven breath; rested an instant against the wall, then straightened up and went in.

He saw a suitcase on the sitting room floor. The bedroom door was closed; but he heard somebody moving in there.

HE OPENED the door in silence. Josephine was pulling on her hat before the mirror on the bathroom door. She saw him in the glass and her face flamed.

When he could control his voice: "Well, darling?" he said.

She gazed at him in silence. Then, finally she told, between sobs, her resolve not to disgrace him at any cost, that just to slip out of it forever was the only way.

"Only our marriage can stop this man, unless I disappear. And you know we are not free to marry—and not being free, I must go away—oh, Stede, my dear, my very dear."

Only once had he ever seen tears in her eyes. He never had seen her cry. Now, in this passion of tears, her whole slender body was shaking.

He did not stir to intervene. Presently, in the doorway, he became aware of Florrie; got up and went to her.

"Thank you," he whispered. "It's all right now. Will you do something for me?"

She smiled consent through her tears.

"Get my house on the wire. Ask if there is a telegram for me."

"Yes—" Florrie slipped away through the hall. Then her touch on his shoulder. "Yes; a telegram. They'll read it to you—"

He went back to the kitchenette; picked up the detached receiver, which was standing on end upon the shelf.

"Annie."

"Yes, Mr. Seafield."

"Read it, please."

She read, carefully, distinctly.

"Mrs.—Seafield—died—eleven—forty-five—last night. Stop. Sent—you thanks—for forgiveness. Stop. Ohio—East—on—noon train. Stop."

"Is that all, Annie?"

"All, sir."

"Thank you."

As he hung up the receiver, Trouble, who had been watching him, turned and fled before him.

The last remorseless touch—the Happy Ending—or the Beginning. Truth—obvious, shopworn, redundant, but Truth, no less. The real thing—The Apocalypse of the Commonplace.

[THE END]

CHARLIE BUYS A PRESENT FOR HIS GIRL

[*Continued from page 40*]

Mr. Blakely was in the act of plucking the topmost letter from his morning mail, when Charlie's name was brought in.

"He says you want to see him," his secretary announced.

The motor magnate said, genially, "Well, well, let him in. Maybe he'll tell me what I want to see him about." And he repeated this to Charlie, for Mr. Blakely liked the taste of his own jokes. "Well, Charlie, I understand I want to see you. What do I want to see you about, Charlie? I don't seem to remember."

"A job," Charlie told him.

Mr. Blakely looked him over, sobering in the process. "Well, Charlie, you look as if you needed one."

"I need a shave," said Charlie, without any embarrassment.

"But I thought we had this job question all settled, Charlie. You remember the last time you came to see me—"

"That was six months ago," Charlie reminded him. "But the other day in New York—"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," remembered Mr. Blakely. "In Ed's place, it was. You had an old Rameau you were trying to sell—"

"And you said you'd give me a job if I sold it. And I did."

"Eh?"

"For three hundred, like I said I would. See, here it is—all but a couple of bucks I spent to get home."

Mr. Blakely, completely sobered now, looked at the bills and scratched the place where his hair had been. "Well, well, Charlie. You did, did you? And now I suppose you think you can sell some of mine, eh?"

"Listen," said Charlie quietly. "I could sell boxing gloves to a one-armed man and a sight-seeing bus to an institution for the blind. I can sell electric fans in Greenland and woolen mittens in the tropics. I can sell baby booties to old maids and scooters to the Home for the Aged. I could sell New York to the bird who says he wouldn't have it for a gift—only I don't like New York so I'll peddle your Christmas tree ornaments instead."

After a little while, Mr. Blakely said, "Well, Charlie, you'd like to start right in, I suppose?"

"No," said Charlie firmly. "I'll start tomorrow. Today I got to get a shave—and besides, I got to buy a birthday present for my girl."

WITH THE PRECIOUS TEETH OF CHILDREN

trust only the finest dentifrice

SO WIDELY known are the benefits which Forhan's brings to mouths marked by the effects of age, that another important function of this dentifrice is sometimes overlooked.

It is so pure, it is so mild and cleansing, that this "dentists' dentifrice" is ideal for children.

Young teeth need exceptional care. Fully 85% of all molars coming through the gums contain tiny surface cracks or fissures—the breeding place of future trouble unless they are watchfully cleaned with a safe dentifrice, and checked also by your dentist. During those critical years, avoid particularly harsh toothpastes and those with unnatural bleaching power.

Health authorities also recommend that you clean and massage the gums, even of infants, and urge that children's gums receive regular care.

And care of the gums is the other function of Forhan's. This dentifrice was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Out of his experience and his scientific training, he compounded it with the same professional care which he would use in treating his patients.

He prepared a dentifrice which gives the teeth a wonderfully gentle and thorough cleansing—and claims to do nothing more for the teeth. But he added another benefit which his practice had shown him was important—the benefit of a preparation used everywhere by dentists in the care of the gums. In fact, this treatment for the gums, also originated by Dr. Forhan, was the starting point of his excellent dentifrice.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea, and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5

Use Forhan's in the mouth of youth—and to keep the mouth of youth into middle age. When teeth are sound and gums are healthy is the time to adopt this excellent dentifrice. Let it cleanse the teeth and add its help to the care of the gums. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it livens circulation, and aids the gums to stay young and firm.

You can buy Forhan's with the comfortable assurance that no finer dentifrice is made.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—just a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

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Magic Chef

PRODUCT OF

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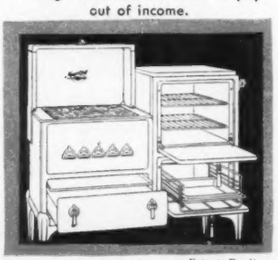

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At the edge of the lot, shade trees and tall shrubs form a background for a garden seat and flower beds

MIDSUMMER GARDENING

By ROMAINE B. WARE

HOT sun, burning winds, and summer drought followed by torrential thunder storms make midsummer gardening somewhat difficult. But, if we are willing to study our plants and learn their needs we may plant and transplant safely. By study and experimentation we find that some things, such as Peonies, may be transplanted only in the fall, while others, like the Japanese Anenomes, can only be moved in the spring.

Midsummer is the best time to transplant Iris as it is now in a somewhat dormant state after blooming, especially if the weather is inclined to be dry. Midsummer planting insures the plants becoming fully established before freezing weather and usually such plants may be depended upon to bloom well the next summer. On the other hand, fall planting is usually safe if care is taken to see that the plants are not heaved by winter frosts.

Another perennial that may be transplanted in the summer is the Oriental Poppy. Its natural habit is to die down and practically disappear within a short time after blooming. During this dormant period it may be transplanted safely, but if it is moved in the spring it will probably die.

IN THE dormant period the Oriental Poppy may be propagated successfully. About the middle of July, dig up one of the old plants, cutting off all the roots below the crown and then cut each root into pieces two inches long. Plant these pieces two inches deep and eighteen inches to two feet apart where you want them to bloom. Within a few weeks each piece of root will have produced a young plant and most of them will bloom the next summer. Unlike planting from seed, which usually produces the common brick-red variety, this method will propagate faithfully the choicest varieties such as Olympia, scarlet overlaid with glistening golden salmon; May Sadler, salmon pink; Mrs. Perry, orange apricot; and Perry's white.

To propagate the delightful old-fashioned perennial, Bleeding Heart—Dielytra Spectabilis—follow the same method but set back the old fleshy central root, after cutting off all the side roots to within two inches of the crown. These roots, cut in three inch lengths, if planted two inches deep and six inches apart, will quickly produce plants that may be transplanted very early in the spring.

Midsummer is the best time to start most seed perennials. Many persons advise waiting until late August but if you plant your seeds now in a cold frame where the moisture and shade may be controlled you will have stronger plants. Be sure that your seed bed is well drained, the soil light and friable, and with sufficient leaf mold in it to aid in retaining the moisture. Do not plant the seed thickly nor too deep as this will interfere with germination. Shade with a strip of burlap and later with a screen made of lath spaced an inch apart.

In sections where the autumn is long, the more vigorous plants may be transplanted then. Set them four to six inches apart for the best results. This will make it possible to move them next spring, soil and all, without disturbing the roots. Although a wide variety of perennials may be grown from seed, they usually produce inferior flowers. Peonies, Iris, Phlox, Poppies, and Gypsophila are best purchased as plants in named varieties only.

Midsummer is not too early to begin preparations for fall planting. Bulbs of all kinds should be ordered. Not only should your planting plans be made now but the soil should be prepared also. New beds or borders should be dug deeply, eighteen inches or more, and fertilizers added and thoroughly mixed with the soil. If the soil is well prepared in advance it will have time to settle and the first crop of weeds will have been gotten rid of by planting time. It is well to plant all blooming perennials in the fall; and the Peony should be planted at no other time.

The transplanting of shrubs is seldom practical at this season unless they can be moved with a large ball of earth which keeps the soil around their roots intact. A study of the root structure of plants will show that most of the absorption of food takes place through a system of fine hair-like rootlets near the outer ends of the root mass. If in transplanting you destroy these fine feeding rootlets, the plant will suffer seriously until new ones are formed. If many of them are destroyed, some of the top of the plant should also be cut off.

IF IT is necessary to move shrubs or trees when they are in full leaf during the summer, be certain that they are bountifully supplied with water and the surface above their roots well mulched to keep it cool and moist. In extremely hot or dry weather, the foliage should be sprayed occasionally. It is perfectly possible to move almost anything if sufficient care is taken.

Established perennials should be fed in midsummer with liquid manures or top dressing of bone meal. A plant cannot thrive nor remain healthy if starved or if spraying is neglected.

Of recent years, dusting has largely taken the place of spraying and there is much to recommend it. Roses should be dusted every ten days with "all-in-one" mixture. Phlox, Delphinium, Hollyhocks, and other plants need regular spraying with Bordeaux or other fungicide to control the various plant diseases. The Red Spider which is so prevalent upon evergreens can be controlled by spraying with a strong stream of water from the hose. This should not be done if certain chemicals have been used to purify the water as is the case in many communities. This point can be determined by writing to your agricultural college or by consulting a competent nurseryman.

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6-DD

BITTER SWEET

[*Continued from page 28*]

them. I advise you, for your girl's sake, to be quiet. Don't speak to her. I'll come down and see you tomorrow. I'll bring Roger. Your accusation, or rather, your suspicion, is about equally insulting to my boy and to your poor daughter . . . ." His tone hummed suddenly like a falling lash— "You pay your child a poor compliment."

"What does she know? She's only sixteen," stammered Rossiter.

ALL day Curtin could not bring himself to speak to his son. After dinner, smoking on the dark terrace, the moon not yet up, he blurted out with violent suddenness: "I've told you a thousand times not to write a letter like that to any woman."

Roger started and sat still. Before the story was half out, he was on his feet, quivering from head to foot, his face altogether white, dazed and horrified. "Oh, my God," he said—"Oh, my God, what a devil he must be! What a devil! Sue . . . whom I hadn't the nerve to kiss! . . . Sue . . . and I'd give my soul to marry her . . ."

His father came and patted the shaken shoulders. "We'll fix it. It's all right. I beg your pardon, my dear." He hated the thought of a marriage between his son and Susan Rossiter, but he was sensible enough to keep this to himself.

The next morning, as early as might be, Roger tore down through the rainy, windy woods to see his love. When Sue came into the shabby room where Hetty had left him to his suspense, he forgot his own emotions. He had never seen this Susan Rossiter. She spoke to him gravely and steadily, standing well back from him, her hands behind her.

"My father has told me what he thought and did and said. My father has told me what he wants to make you do. I will never marry you, Roger, I will never see you again."

She opened the door with a hand put back, for she had kept just inside the threshold, and, still with those unlighted eyes upon him, went out of the room, and closed between them a barrier of impenetrable pride.

So, very early, Sue entered into humanity's long acquaintance with grief. After Roger had gone and his house up above her woods had been closed and darkened, she was relieved of her shifts at avoidance, but winter brought an icier desolation. She outlived it and came into the perilous pain of spring. She could not drag herself to the old playground, she went more often to the library and began in spite of herself to mingle a little with the small life of the village. Therefore, she was seen again by Charles Derringer. He had now been divorced and appeared to have more liberty than the world had been ready to grant him; for, as yet, the fulfilment of a rumored obligation to Averil Wende had not been performed. As the languid summer droned itself out gossip linked another name with the new mill-owner. Astonishingly it was the name of little Susan Rossiter.

She was now past seventeen and pretty enough with those eyes and lips of hers to be an enchantress; but . . . well . . . it was too bad, when you came to think of it, and her father ought to watch her. To many such clacking and cluckings Roger's ear was introduced when after a year of absence he came back, hardened, to an autumn fortnight near his former love.

Trotting home from a long ride he saw a girl standing on the bridge near Rossiter's smothered entrance and that hard and merry heart of his swooped, spun, stopped and hammered in his breast. He dismounted, white as dust, he led his horse and came beside her.

"Sue," he said, "Sue . . . Oh, Sue . . ."

She looked at him and did not smile at all but put her hand for a cool instant into his.

"Roger . . . how well you look. You've been abroad?"

"Oh . . . Sue . . . You haven't forgotten me, have you? You must have forgiven me . . . You must have thought better of your injustice to me . . . how unkind you were . . . !".

Sue answered very slowly, "I haven't forgotten you—no—" But her eyes had a queer, cold shining. "I am going to marry Charles Derringer."

He lost his head. He followed her along the lane, reminding her of foolish speeches of her childhood, how that man "made everything black," how she had "hated him." At last she turned upon Roger and silenced him with one swift speech and a white, bitter look.

OCTOBER painted the surface of Charles Derringer's lake with flecks of tawny color from its wooded banks. Here just below his house he had a little landing and a canoe. On her way to a meeting with this lover, after a

[*Continued on page 126*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St. London, Eng.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5404	1-6	25	6164	14-18, 36-42	65	6175	14-18, 36-42	50	6186	14-20	45
5435	1-6	25	6165	14-18, 36-42	45	6176	14-18, 36-42	45	6187	14-18, 36-42	45
5436	1-4	25	6166	14-18, 36-40	65	6177	14-18, 36-42	45	6188	14-18, 36-42	65
6156	2-8	35	6167	14-16, 36-42	35	6178	14-18, 36-42	35	6189	4-14	35
6157	14-20	45	6168	14-18, 36-42	45	6179	14-18, 36-42	45	6190	4-14	35
6158	14-18, 36-42	50	6169	14-16, 36-42	35	6180	14-18, 36-46	45	6191	4-14	35
6159	14-18, 36-42	65	6170	14-18, 36-42	45	6181	14-18, 36-42	45	6192	4-14	35
6160	Sm. med. Lg.	50	6171	14-16, 36-42	35	6182	14-18, 36-42	65	6193	14-16, 36-50	35
6161	14-18, 36-42	45	6172	14-18, 36-46	45	6183	14-18, 36-46	50	6194	14-18, 36-46	35
6162	14-18, 36-42	65	6173	14-18, 36-46	50	6184	14-18, 36-42	35	6195	14-18, 36-46	50
6163	14-18, 36-42	50	6174	14-18, 36-46	45	6185	14-18, 36-42	65			

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No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price
1713	2, 4, 6 yrs.	35	1795	1, 2, 4, 6 yrs.	35	1796	2, 4, 6 yrs.	35

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gradually lose their power to grip and securely hold the teeth in place. The daily use of Pyrozide Powder stimulates the gums to resist this softening tendency.

Unless the root-supporting tissues retain their firm grip, pyorrhea and premature loss of the teeth are almost certain to follow. Nothing can save loose teeth surrounded by soft, receding gums that have lost their grip.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for April 1, 1930.

State of New York, County of New York, ss

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall Co., publisher of McCall's Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 230 Park Avenue, N. Y. C., Editor: Otis L. Weise. Managing Editor: E. M. Millen. Business Managers: None.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, N. Y. C. McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (Owner of The McCall Co. Stock): The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

John D. Hartman, Assistant Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March 1930. Grace A. Flinn, Notary Public. New York County No. 81. New York County Reg. No. 1F206. My commission expires March 30, 1931.

"Hurry along!" cries Tiger Tom. "The party is already on!"

ANIMALS IN THE GARAGE?

BETTY BROWN had been married just a month. Her little home was complete at last and she was very proud. "Let's give a party—a housewarming," she said to Bob one night.

"Oh," groaned Bob, "You too! I'll never forget the housewarming the Hawthornes gave, where there was nothing to do but admire and admire and then admire some more. Then out came the delicatessen store chicken salad and the half-baked chocolate cake that kept me awake with indigestion all night. No, we can't inflict anything like that on our friends."

"But listen," said Betty, "we won't have the usual kind of housewarming. We'll use the garage and the lawn. Here, look through this little booklet and see just how amusing parties can be."

Bob turned the leaves of the book and suddenly let out a shout. "Now here's my idea of a lot of fun—a *Who's Zoo Party*. Everyone must represent a different animal in the zoo and you and I will be the keepers. There are funny animal games to play, and even the supper is a cinch. It says to have a help-yourself supper on the porch, so you needn't worry a bit about your precious dining room rug. Let's get busy with the invitations."

The party was a huge success and it was voted the best of the season. Much praise was given Betty on her ability as a cook. She had planned a simple menu with foods that could be prepared the day before. There was a delicious, cold ham and chicken mousse with crispy potato chips and hot buttered rolls and a chilled tomato cole slaw salad. The dessert was ice cream in animal molds and sugar cookies that had been cut out with animal cutters.

If you would like to give the kind of party Betty and Bob gave, send for *Unusual Entertaining* and *What to Serve at Parties*—twenty cents each.

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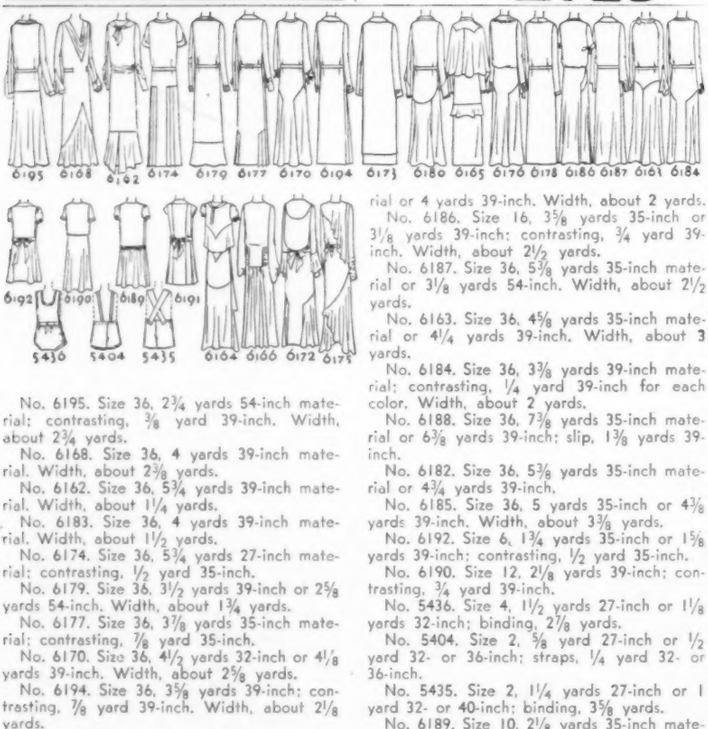

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No. 6175. Size 36, 5¼ yards 35-inch material or 4⅝ yards 39-inch.

BITTER SWEET

[*Continued from page 124*]

two days' absence of his in the city, she came along the road to a gate which opened upon her short cut to the lake. Here stood a motor, very shining and discreet, a uniformed chauffeur motionless behind its wheel.

On the other side of the gate, under the flaming trees, a slight woman, gray-eyed with a sensitive, marred, charming face, looked up at Sue. After looking, the eyes softened and deepened, their owner came through the gate.

"Are you Susan Rossiter?" she asked.

"Yes."

Scarlet leaves drifted between them, one clinging for an instant to the woman's veil; she moved it with a sighing breath which just carried the sound of "Poor child . . . poor child . . ." She held out her hand. "I hope you will bring him real happiness, real peace, my dear . . . I was his wife . . ."

She turned then and walked down the road, from which she was drawn away with a smooth humming.

LISTLESS and haunted, Sue wandered down the path and, coming to the landing-place too early for her rendezvous, she let herself down into the moored canoe and sat there, sad and idle. So possessed was she by the lovely patient face of her lover's wife that when a movement on the bank drew up her eyelids she expected to see the ghost returned.

There stood, however, a quite different figure . . . one half familiar, tall, full-bodied, under whose eyes lay two brown marks like autumn leaves. Averil Wende was several years older than Charles Derringer; that afternoon she looked many more than several. Susan rose, but before she could leave her boat, the woman stepped out on the landing and down carefully into the stern to face her.

Averil unchained the canoe and pushed off with a vigorous paddle. "Now we can have an uninterrupted talk, Sue Rossiter," she said.

"You are Miss Wende?" Sue stammered. Her heart resented this second interview; it hung ill-balanced already under a freight of half recognized emotion.

"Yes. I am Averil Wende. You've heard of me?"

"I've seen you often, painting. I think you do it beautifully."

"Thank you." Miss Wende drew off her gloves, and took the paddle in her strong artist hands. "I saw Charles today in the city. At the end of our talk, during which I tried—and failed, my dear—to make him see my point, he told me, just to prove his firmness, that he was going to meet you here at five o'clock. I caught an earlier train and forestalled him, hoping you'd be a little ahead. You see, I have something to say to you." She smiled quite naturally and with a genuine sympathy. "It's as much for your sake as for mine."

"What is for my sake, Miss Wende?"

The woman seemed cold again and harder than she had been at first. "Between you and my—lover—there hasn't been much talk of loyalty, of fidelity."

Sue looked with all her eyes. "Your *lover . . . !*"

"Don't pretend you never heard him called that, Sue."

"Oh, Charles has told me there was gossip . . . I believed . . ."

"What Charles *hasn't* told us! What we *haven't* believed!" The caldron of pain which was this woman's heart boiled over. She threw down her paddle, leaned over her locked and knitted hands, fixed her eyes of concentrated violence like burning glasses on the girl's face and her story poured, dark and wild, across her lips.

"I've given my youth, my good name, all that I have or ever will have. Don't you believe an honorable man pays off such debts as these? Don't you believe that the man who doesn't feel the weight of such sacrifices about his neck will carry other burdens carelessly? I trusted so to his promises . . . I waited—so—for my happiness, with a blind heart, with a dry throat. Do you suppose I love secrecy and hiding and shame . . . ? He gave his best to me . . . You'll drink the dregs. What's left in such a heart? There was that other girl—his wife—"

"Hush . . . hush . . . hush . . ." Sue prayed.

"Don't you suppose he loved her, and others, we don't know! I must believe *I* had the best. But it's gone. I drank it dry. I was too greedy. After all, why don't I let you alone? Why don't I? There's nothing for you. Nothing real. If you love him, *you'll* go thirsty all your life . . ."

Sue did not know she had stood up in the canoe until she heard Averil saying in a changed voice, "Sit down, you little fool . . . do you want to upset us? We're too near the chute for that, much too near . . . sit down . . ."

She didn't even then understand. She saw Charles Derringer running down the path with a white face. He looked frightened, yes, that was the way he looked . . . frightened . . .

"Take him, both of you!" Sue said. She flung out her hands. "He's poisoned for me. Take him, I tell you, take him . . ."

Averil crouched forward and laid hold of her to pull her down. It was Sue's recoil from this touch that threw the boat over, and as it sank, the current caught them in its hurried hands.

Charles Derringer, flinging himself from the end of the landing, came up close to Sue where she struggled, gallantly, tight-lipped, for her young life; but, before he could reach her, Averil's face rose just behind him and two strong wet hands closed round his throat. He was wrapped about in blind and drowning limbs, the woman's dreadful strength and weight pulled him down and under, as though the weight of her misery had lent her aid, down and under, past the depths of love into the depths of death.

AT SIGHT of those two terrible faces Sue gave her first cry . . . and this was her salvation. It was heard by a factory hand loitering above them and he, plunging down through the brush, waded out into the channel down which the overturned canoe had vanished and caught Sue's twisted clothing in the hooked end of a branch. So he coaxed and dragged and worried her out of the fretting white-flecked water and, once in his hands, he found her light enough.

He did not know who the half-drowned little lady was but after a period of hard-breathing rumination he carried her up to the old Curtin house on the hill above the lake.

For one merciful minute after her consciousness returned, Sue did not remember. She looked up at Roger where he sat beside her and her eyes, as though they saw the happy future, widened into a dewy shining and there stole across her face a wan child-smile. Afterward, this stiffened and she turned her face away and wept.

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 25*]

And now Sue took admiration where she could get it. Even Joel went over gladly to play bridge at the Gilmans'. There was always a gay crowd; and Sue in the rustling taffeta gowns which she affected, of turquoise and apple-green and orange was a brilliant and arresting figure.

Jacqueline did not blame him, yet she was always afraid. "What if he should find someone, some day, who would make him care less for Mary?" But she put the thought behind her. Joel was good-looking and attractive; but he would never, *never,* forget what Mary had been to him.

JACQUELINE had hoped as she had said in her letter that when Yolanda came she would fill Joel's life for him. But water and oil do not mix, nor do those of Joel's generation and of Yolanda's. Joel admired his daughter immensely, but he was not at ease with her. "She's too modern for me, Jack," he had complained; "and as for those boys that hang about her . . . ."

He hated the thought of lovers for Yolanda. "The child's too young!"

But now as Jacqueline watched her dancing, Yolanda did not seem young. Not with that unselfconscious youth which had belonged to her aunt and her mother. All of the girls of Yolanda's set gave an effect of sophistication.

Yolanda, holding up her glass for Stuart to pour more ginger ale, called, "Why aren't you eating, Aunt Jack?"

"I'll have something later."

"Where's Dad?"

"He's having supper with the Gilmans. There are some people up from Boston."

"Good," Yolanda shelved Joel, drank her ginger ale, and again danced with Stuart. Stuart's devotion to Yolanda seemed unabated, yet, of late, Jacqueline had noticed a difference in its quality. It was as if during his years at college, he had learned that a rich and attractive man might have his pick of the girls he gathered about him. Yolanda still held her head high and issued her commands; but Stuart yielded with an air of amusement rather than with the eagerness he had once displayed. He was listening now to all she said, and laughing. But when Yolanda a little later urged some plan for the evening of which he did not approve, Stuart said masterfully, "No," nor could she shake his decision.

Yolanda affected an attitude of good-humored acquiescence which Jacqueline was sure she did not feel. Three years ago, Yolanda would have stayed at home if Stuart had attempted to play the master. But tonight she did not stay. Before they left she asked the night nurse who was passing through on her way to the kitchen, "Is Mums awake?"

"Yes."

"I'll run up and see her for a minute before we go."

"Don't tell her you are going for a sail," Jacqueline advised.

"Why not?"

"Oh, she hates to have you out at night."

"Silly. Oh, she'll get used to it, Aunt Jack."

Upstairs, Jacqueline's dress lay on the bed. It was white, like a bride's, without sleeves and with a little coat. And there was a white fox fur, and a white felt hat. She wouldn't wear the hat tonight, however, for Kit would want to see her hair.

She slipped the sleeveless frock over her head and went again to the mirror. She drew a quick breath as she saw her reflection. The years had dropped from her. She was the child Kit had known, the child Kit had loved; and she was going to meet him . . . .

Suddenly, all her small vanities seemed shallow. What would Kit care for shining hair and subtle perfumes? She was his and he was hers, and had been from the beginning!

She put on the little coat, and with the white fur in her hand went downstairs. The house was very still as she opened the door and followed the path through the garden. On the high bluff was Kit, her lover, and for the moment there was no one else who mattered in the whole wide world.

She saw him at last, standing under the white stars, and she heard herself crying, "Kit, Kit, is it really you?" Then she was in his arms, and all the rest was a whirling ecstasy.

And after a while, she said, "Oh, Kit, to think you waited!"

He drew her closer, "It was worth it."

"Was it, darling?"

"Yes, to have you now, like this . . ."

She clung to him, "I wanted you so much."

"I know."

She was shaken by a storm of feeling. His strength was hers, his adoration. Never again would she be alone, afraid of life, unhappy. "It is heavenly to have you, Kit."

He led her presently to the shadow of a great rock, which overlooked the sea, and she sat with her head against his shoulder, and all the night was a glory round about them. And there they talked of their plans. She was to go home and tell Mary and Joel and Yolanda. And as soon as possible, she and Kit would be married, and have their honeymoon at Kit's camp in Maine—a long rest and a holiday before they were off for India.

It was late when they parted. He went with her as far as the garden, and there he picked a white rose which was silver in the starlight, and tucked it in her hair.

"I'll come tomorrow," Kit said. He kissed the rose in her hair, and then her lips. "You are lovelier than ever."

"Really, Kit?"

"Really, blessed one! And now I must go. Can you hold me in your heart until tomorrow morning?"

"I can hold you in my heart—forever . . ."

WHEN she entered the house Jacqueline went at once upstairs to see Mary. In the upper hall she was met by Miss Ogden. "Mrs. Hutchins is in great pain," she said, "you'd better not go in."

"Is she worse?"

"No. But she suffers, and she hates to have me give her an opiate. She wants to bring herself out of it. I've persuaded her to let me put on hot towels. That will ease things a bit."

[*Continued on page 128*]

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 127*]

"Can I help you?"

"Not now." She turned back into the room but stopped to say, "How lovely you look, Miss Griffith."

"Do you like it?"

"It's just sweet."

Jacqueline smiled at her, and went downstairs again. The night was warm, so she took off her little coat, and stood bare-armed, looking out of the sun room window. Under the great lamp that lighted the pier, she saw Stuart's boat arrive, and a little later he and Yolanda climbed the hill together. When, however, Yolanda came into the room she was alone. She gazed at her aunt, as Jacqueline turned to greet her. "For Pete's sake, Aunt Jack!"

"What's the matter?"

"What have you done to yourself?"

"Bought a new dress."

"It isn't just the dress. It's everything . . . " Yolanda was puzzled. Then as her mind went back through the years. "You're shining, just as you used to be." She caught at Jacqueline's hand, "Aunt Jack, has Kit come home?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"I saw him for the first time tonight."

"Here?"

"No. On the bluff."

Yolanda was staring at her. "When"—the words seemed to come with difficulty—"when are you going to be—married."

"As soon as possible."

"How soon is that?"

"Oh, a month, perhaps. And then a honeymoon at Kit's camp—and then, India."

Yolanda was still as a statue, her face dead white in its frame of bright hair. "Oh, well you deserve all the happiness that is coming to you."

SHE went to the window and stood looking down at the lights in the harbor. "I think Kit's been marvelous," she said over her shoulder. "Not many men are like that—constant. Half of them don't know their own minds; they leave the women to make up their minds for them."

"It seems to me," Jacqueline said, "that if a woman had to make up a man's mind for him, he wouldn't be worth having."

"Our generation is different," Yolanda argued, leaning back on her hands. "In your generation the men wooed, and wooed hard. That was because the girls had oodles of proposals and could pick and choose. But now, the men are in demand, and the girls have to work for what they get."

Jacqueline opened her lips, but before she could answer, Miss Ogden came running down. Her left arm was wrapped in a towel, her face was flushed and drawn. "I have burned myself," she said, "badly. I was lifting the pan and let it slip, and the boiling water poured over me. I've put on a lot of ointment, and the pain isn't so bad. But I must have a doctor."

The doctor came, but another nurse was not to be had until morning.

Having made Miss Ogden comfortable in one of the guest chambers, Jacqueline went in to Mary. The room was lighted faintly by a low lamp, and by that faint light Jacqueline saw that things had been left exactly as they were at the time of Miss Ogden's catastrophe. Yolanda, in a Chinese coat, sat in a big chair, with her feet under her, apparently oblivious of the confusion about her.

Jacqueline got into a wash frock and tied on an apron, and when Joel arrived a little later, he found her in Mary's room on her knees, sopping up the water with a sponge. Yolanda was still curled up in the big chair talking to her mother.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Joel began, then uttered a startled exclamation. "What's happened? Where's Miss Ogden?"

Yolanda told him.

Joel leaned down and kissed Mary. "I should have been here, dearest, but we went for a sail after supper. It's a gorgeous night."

"Yolanda was sailing, too," Mary said. "Joel do you think I shall ever go sailing under the stars?"

The wistfulness in her voice brought her husband to his knees, "I thought of you a dozen times tonight, sweetheart, and wished you were with me."

"Did you, Joel, really?"

"Really, Mary."

It was decided that Jacqueline should sleep on the couch in Mary's room, and that Yolanda was to keep an eye on Miss Ogden.

Yolanda and her father went downstairs together. "Do you want anything to eat, Daddy?" Yolanda asked.

"Not a thing, my dear. If I don't look out I'll lose my figure; and the Gilmans had a feast for the gods. There was chicken with curry, and a salad of chilled asparagus with cress and green peppers—and—"

Yolanda broke in with, "Aunt Jack's going to be married."

"*Married?*" Joel's countenance had the dazed look of a man struck suddenly on the head.

"Yes."

"Who's she going to marry?"

"Kit, of course."

"But my dear child, their engagement was broken off years ago."

"It was never really broken, Dad. She let people think it, but she has always felt that when she was free Kit would come back to her."

"Free, what do you mean, Yolanda?"

Yolanda sat up straight and looked at him, "Free of us, Daddy. Free of the whole darned family."

"We're not a darned family, Yolanda."

"We are. We've been perfect pigs! But being us, we couldn't help it, and Aunt Jack being Aunt Jack couldn't help it either."

"But I can't quite see . . . ."

"Oh, well, she wouldn't have been happy with us all at loose ends; so she has waited until I was out of school, and until Joey could go away . . . ."

Joel stuck his hands in his pockets and considered it. "We're going to miss her a lot. I'm afraid we can't ever repay her for all she's done for us, Yolanda."

"Oh, well . . . . she's got Kit . . . ." Yolanda stood up. "I'm dead for sleep. If you hear Miss Ogden's bell, just call me, Daddy. I told her not to hesitate to wake me if she wanted me."

She kissed him on the cheek as she passed him. "Nice old Daddy," she murmured.

He caught at her hand, "Love me?"

"You know I do."

"I'm a bit—lonely sometimes, Yolanda."

Her arm went around his neck. "I'm not much at saying things, Daddy, but I'll try to make up for a lot . . . ."

"My dear child"—his tone was tense. He held her close for a moment, her bright head against his coat. Yolanda, fighting against the net that was drawing her in, curbing her freedom, weighting her down with cares, was aware that Joel was already caught in the net. It had begun with the war, and then—Patsy, and then his leg, and then her mother's illness.

And now she, too, Yolanda, was caught. She wanted to go to Wales more than she wanted anything in her life, and she couldn't go because Aunt Jack was going to be married. Fate had it in for her; but she wouldn't submit tamely. There must be some way out.

Upstairs, Jacqueline having set the room in perfect order, lay down on the couch. She was spent with excitement. The hours had been packed full since Kit had tucked the silver rose in her hair. The rose was still there, she had forgotten it in the midst of the old heart-breaking worries.

WAS it too late for her ever to find happiness? Hadn't she been so long a part of this household that the tearing apart would be like the tearing of flesh?

Yet, before she slept, peace came in the thought of Kit. He was strong, wise. He would be a bulwark against the storms which had assailed her. She would go with him, curled up in his heart hidden from all the cruel blasts in the nest that he would build for her.

The next morning Jacqueline told Mary that she was going to be married. It was very early in the morning, before the day nurse came, and while Miss Ogden was still sleeping. Mary was much better, and took the news calmly. "I shall hate having you go, Jack; but it is splendid to know that Kit has come for you."

Jacqueline outlined her plans. "It will be a very quiet wedding."

"I don't see why it should be. I should think you'd want to ring bells and sound cymbals after all this waiting. And we've a big house and a lot of friends, and Yolanda could be your bridesmaid."

Jacqueline shook her head. "I'd rather put on a white dress and run around the corner to the little church, and come back and have a party up here in your room."

"Kit's position demands more formality than that, dearest."

"I don't care anything about Kit's position . . . "

"But you know he's rich now, Jacqueline."

"If he is, what matter? He's my same Kit."

Mary laughed and patted her hand. "You'll never grow up, darling. But whether you'll admit it or not, you're really making a grand match." She lay looking out toward the east. The sun had not yet risen, and the sky was suffused with the white pearl of the dawn. "I wonder what Sue will think of it," she said.

"She's probably forgotten that she ever cared."

"No, she hasn't forgotten."

"But she never speaks of him, Mary."

"Which shows how much he means to her."

BUT Jacqueline didn't want to talk about Sue. Some day, perhaps, Kit would tell her, and she could wait.

She was glad, therefore, when Yolanda appeared in the doorway. "I heard you talking. How are you this morning, Mums?"

"Much better."

"I had a beastly night. Miss Ogden slept but I couldn't. I'm going for a swim. I adore the water at this time in the morning."

"I don't like to have you out alone," Mary said.

"I shan't be alone. Stuart's coming."

"Stuart? How did he know?"

"I called him up. And we won't be back to breakfast. I'm taking bacon and bread, and a thermos of coffee, and we'll build a fire on the rocks."

"But my dearest . . . "

"Oh, don't be stuffy, Mums. You're going to say that we oughtn't to eat in our bathing suits, or that we ought to have somebody along to play propriety. But I shan't listen, darling," she crossed the room and cupped her mother's face in her hands, "Oh, Mummy, Mummy, you're such a back number."

"Am I, 'Landa?"

"You are. And you've got to trust your darling daughter *not* to hang her clothes on a hickory limb, or go too near the water."

"Please put on your coat, 'Landa," her mother begged.

Yolanda wrapped it about her. "I bought it the other day in Boston. Like it?"

"Yes," Jacqueline said. "You have the art of choosing things. I shall want you to go with me to Boston and help me buy my wedding clothes."

"Not to Boston. New York."

"But why desert our home town?"

"Because Stuart will be in New York next week and the week after, and he says he'll give me the time of my life if I'll come. And you know Mums and Dad wouldn't let me go alone. So we'll kill two birds with one stone. Wedding clothes, n'everything."

She kissed the tips of her fingers and fluttered them in a gay "Goodbye." She had, as she had told them, spent a dreadful night. But now she was going to meet Stuart, and nothing else mattered.

The telephone rang, and Marta came to say it was for Miss Griffith.

Kit was at the other end of the line. He was stopping at the big hotel on the town side, and he was wondering if he and Jack couldn't run away and have breakfast together. He simply couldn't wait until later to see her. "I thought I could, but I can't. And I know a wonderful place on the North Shore."

"Kit, I've just had my coffee, and the day nurse hasn't come, and the night nurse burned her arm, and Yolanda's gone swimming."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing that I can think of."

"Well, not any of it counts with me. You're going to have breakfast with me. I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

"But Kit . . . !"

There was no answer. He had hung up the receiver. Jacqueline was thrilled by his high-handedness. She flew upstairs, stripped off her morning frock of blue linen, and got into a skirt and sweater of white wool.

She gave breathless orders to Marta about the family breakfast. "I'll not be back. You and cook must see to things."

As she stepped out of the front door, she met Joey. He too, had been for his morning swim, and was wrapped in his bathrobe, with his pale gold hair plastered close to his head.

"Darling," Jacqueline said, all flushed and radiant, "I'm running away."

"Where are you going?"

She put her hands on his shoulders, "Joey, I am going to be married." [*Turn to page 130*]

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(*Left*) "I was troubled with constipation for years," *writes* A. M. COOKE *of Chicago*. "This caused skin eruptions and headaches. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. My elimination became normal. Headaches and pimples disappeared."

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 128*]

So absorbed had she been in her own happiness that she had not considered the effect of her abrupt announcement on Joey. He had been smiling his bright confident boy's smile, but her words swept the smile from his face—"You mean—" his voice caught, "you are going to be married—now?"

"Oh, no, Joey. But Kit has come back and I am having breakfast with him this morning."

"I don't think I—like it. Does it mean you're going away?"

"Yes. To India."

Then he said a strange thing for a child to say, "My heart aches." But Joey had the maturity of the poet-mind; and this was no pose. Not another soul would miss her as would this slender lad who had been for so many years so close in spirit. Now he said, "Oh, well, Aunt Jack, you've got to be happy." And when the car came he shook hands with Kit, and said, with that odd air of maturity, "The only thing I've got against you is that you're going to take Aunt Jack away."

Kit said, heartily, "I had to. But what about your coming out to us some day?"

"To India?"

"Yes. It would be a tremendous lark, wouldn't it?"

Joey was lighted up. "I'll say it would!"

"Well, then that's settled. Our boats are always going back and forth—a slow voyage, but a stunning one. We'll plan for next year—it won't hurt him to lose a few months from school, will it, Jacqueline?"

"No, he's far ahead of the boys of his age."

The big car slid away, with Joey waving, and when they were out of hearing, Jacqueline said, "Kit, how do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Settle things with a gesture. Joey was so unhappy, and now he'll dream all day of coming out to us."

Kit laughed. "If I could have settled you with a gesture, I'd have done it long ago. To even things up, I'll have to rule you for the rest of your life."

They came at last to the place Kit had chosen, the house of a retired skipper, who, with his own hands, cooked the food he served his guests; and there they had Rhode Island corn bread, and crisp small pan fish and clear strong coffee.

SO SITTING there in the sweet and shining little room, with the sound of the sea in their ears and the sight of it in their eyes, Kit poured out his heart. It was a long history of a man's loneliness, of a man's constancy. "Now that I look back, I wonder how I did it. I wonder why I didn't come and carry you off; but something always warned me. There was a part of you which didn't belong to me, that would never belong until you called me back, and so—I went on living as best I could—and waiting—and there has never been any other woman."

Then, before she knew it, she was asking. "Did you ever love—Sue?"

He gazed at her for a moment in silence before he asked, "What makes you ask that?"

"Well, there's that heart by the fireplace in your old house, and your initials and Sue's in it."

"Who told you I carved it?"

"Miss Phoebe."

"Why did she tell you?"

"I don't know."

"And you—thought I had—cared?" There was a touch of sternness in his voice.

"What else could I think?"

His face softened. "I know. And here's the story. It was Valentine's Day and Sue and I, just boy and girl, were popping corn over the coals, and making rhymes to fit the day; Sue borrowed my knife and cut the heart, and I put in the initials; and we laughed, and it was all a great joke, and that was the end of it. I never thought of it again, until one night Sue came to the library and—" he stopped.

"And what Kit?"

He laid his hand on hers. "She wanted to dig up what she called our old romance . . . and there wasn't any . . . never had been." He shook his shoulders as if he shook the thought away from him. "But why should we waste our time with this, my blessed one? It's past and gone—forever."

Stuart would not, under any circumstances, have called Yolanda, "My blessed one." He didn't think of her that way. He thought of her as challenging, charming, arousing his man's sense of conquest by her sudden flares of independence. But of that spiritual quality which drew Kit and Jacqueline together, he knew nothing. He was apt in his most melting moods to call Yolanda, "Dear thing." It was the best he could do, and he did it now. "Dear thing, what about the New York trip?"

"Aunt Jack is going down to buy clothes and I am going down to sell myself to you!"

The impudence of her! "If you meant that you wouldn't say it."

"I do mean it . . . You've changed a lot, Stuart. You're spoiled. And you're too good to go to waste like that. What you need is a friend who knows your faults and tells you of them. But you don't look upon me as a friend . . . you just list me with all the other lovelorn lassies who wait for your smile . . . " she shrugged her white shoulders; "and I'm not. That's why I've got to sell you the idea of friendship, with a very large F. It is really a lovely relationship, Stuart."

"But just what do you mean by it?"

"Oh, companionship, confidences, but no kisses."

"Nothing new about that—but it isn't my fault if you go to your grave unkissed."

"No," she had been tending the toast, and now accepted his offering of bacon on a slice of it. "No, nothing new. But something defined. Otherwise we might drift."

"Drift where . . . ?"

"Away from each other, precious." She tossed a crust into the flames of the little fire, and gave him a long level glance from beneath her lashes, "away—away—away." Her white arm seemed to wave him to some distant spot on the horizon. "Another girl for you—another boy for—me!"

"There isn't going to be any other girl for me."

"Well, there might be another boy—for me."

"Cut that out, Yolanda."

"Why?" Coolly. "It can't go on this way, Stuart. Crumbs from the king's table. You've been handing out your favors to me lately, as you handed me that strip of bacon, casually; and I won't have it."

"Oh, look here, Yolanda."

"Well, last night on your boat. Four girls—one every fifteen minutes and saying the same things to all of us."

He laughed. "Jealous?"

She nodded her head. "Yes. I missed the friend who used to be mine."

There was a shake in her voice, which brought him to his feet. "I am all yours, if that's any satisfaction to you." He was very much in earnest, his fair face flushed. "That's why I want you to go to Wales . . . why mother wants it. She likes you a lot," he drew a deep breath, "and I want you to marry me, Yolanda."

She sat still as a statue for a moment, then turned to him and said, "You darling . . . " and wept a little on his shoulder, as her mother and grandmother had wept before her.

IN THE days that followed, Jacqueline saw little of her niece. The child was forever up and away, going and coming in a sort of rushing excitement. And it was not until the two of them were in the train, on their way to New York and their shopping adventure, that she noticed Yolanda was very pale and quiet. Even when they reached the hotel by the Park, and came into the rooms which Joel had engaged for them, she showed little enthusiasm. Yet when the telephone rang and she found Stuart at the other end, she was lighted as by a flame. "He's downstairs, and wants me to have tea with him, Aunt Jack."

"You might tell him that Kit has invited the three of us to dine with him."

"Here?"

"Yes."

Yolanda having relayed all this to Stuart, went down to meet him, and Jacqueline stood looking out of the window at the peaceful scene below. Except for the noise, and the castellated line of skyscrapers beyond the Park on the west, she might have been miles away from the metropolis.

Jacqueline told Kit about it all later. He had come up to her sitting room, and they were waiting for Yolanda, who was not dressed, and for Stuart who had not arrived.

A door opened, and they turned to see in the threshold Yolanda. The room was lighted only by lamps, but Yolanda shone with an effulgence which spread a glory round about her.

"Aunt Jack says we're going on to a play afterward. You were a dear to ask Stuart."

"I did it in self-defense. No Stuart, no Yolanda."

"It's not as bad as that. Aunt Jack and I are going to run around alone all day tomorrow."

"No, you're not. Your Aunt Jack it going to lunch with me at India House, and nobody is asked but ourselves."

During the hour that followed Yolanda was brilliant, gay, whimsical. Stuart delighted in her. In the dining room and in the theater people turned to look at her; and she knew it, and played up to their admiration with a somewhat regal air of remoteness.

After the theater, she and Stuart went off to dance, and Kit and Jacqueline had a few minutes alone in the lounge of the hotel.

Jacqueline had been for a long time in bed before she heard Yolanda come. She did not open the door between the rooms, and Jacqueline fell asleep thinking of the child's affair with Stuart. It was fast and furious; but nothing would surely come of it. They were both so young.

When she waked in the morning, she went in to see Yolanda and found her awake and propped up on her pillows. "I've ordered orange juice and coffee sent up for both of us," she told her aunt, "and toast for you. Aunt Jack, I've got to tell you. I'm going to marry Stuart."

"Marry—Stuart!"

"Yes. Right away. Oh, Aunt Jack, haven't you seen it coming? I love you and I love Mother. But I love Stuart more than either of you. And Stuart isn't like Kit. He loves me, but if he can't have me . . . he'll find somebody else. And I won't—lose him. There's no reason why if I get married, you should have to stay at home. I know you'll say that Mother needs one of us; but it isn't Mother's life we are thinking about, is it, but yours and mine? Of course if Mother means more to you than Kit, then you'll have to stay with her; but Stuart means more to me than anyone else in the whole wide world, and that's why I'm going to marry him!"

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Your family's health will permit no compromise on cleanliness . . . particularly when food is to be considered. Things must be *clean;* merely to *look clean* is not sufficient. For that very reason, every household needs Old Dutch.

Old Dutch is unique . . . there's nothing else like it. Put its flaky, flat-shaped particles to work, and you can be sure the dirt will go . . . all of it. Unseen impurities, so menacing to health, are removed with those you see . . . all with the same smooth, clean sweep. In their wake comes wholesome, hygienic, Healthful Cleanliness.

A good rule is to clean the refrigerator every week with Old Dutch . . . oftener in Summer when food spoils easily. Food contamination causes many ills. Old Dutch has innumerable uses . . . for porcelain, tile, enamel, woodwork, windows, on any surface where water may be used for cleaning. Old Dutch is modern . . . a perfect cleanser. It's absolutely safe . . . doesn't scratch; contains no harsh grit, acid or caustic. Housewives value this Old Dutch feature as it protects the lustrous beauty of modern household equipment. Makes cleaning easy on the hands, too.

With all its distinctive advantages, Old Dutch is economical to use—a little does a lot of cleaning . . . and you'll thrill over the ease and speed with which you complete your task. Keep a can of Old Dutch handy in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—it's all you need for all your cleaning . . . and rest secure in the knowledge that your home is a healthful home.

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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